★ Sept. 17, 1949

THE NEW YORKER

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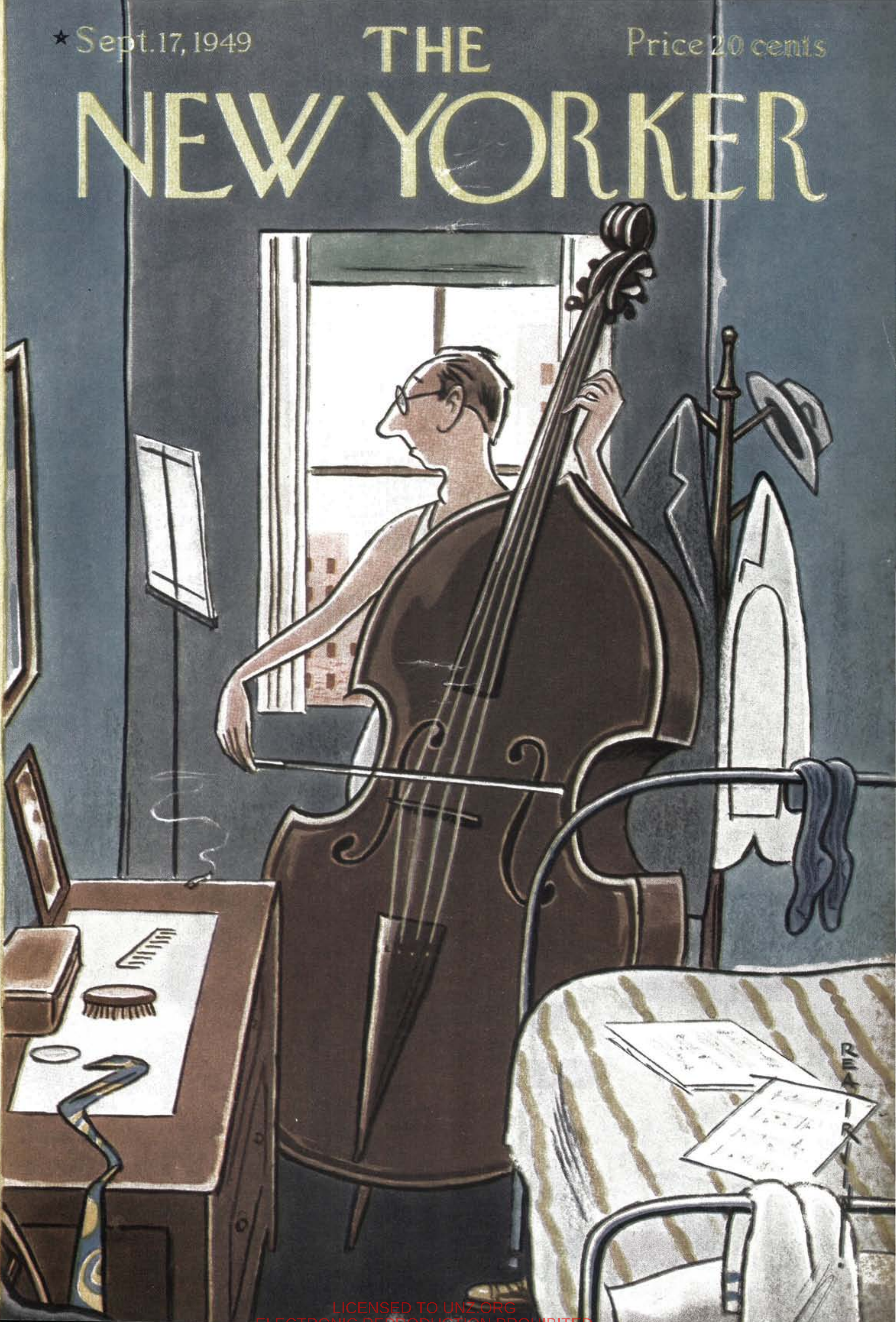

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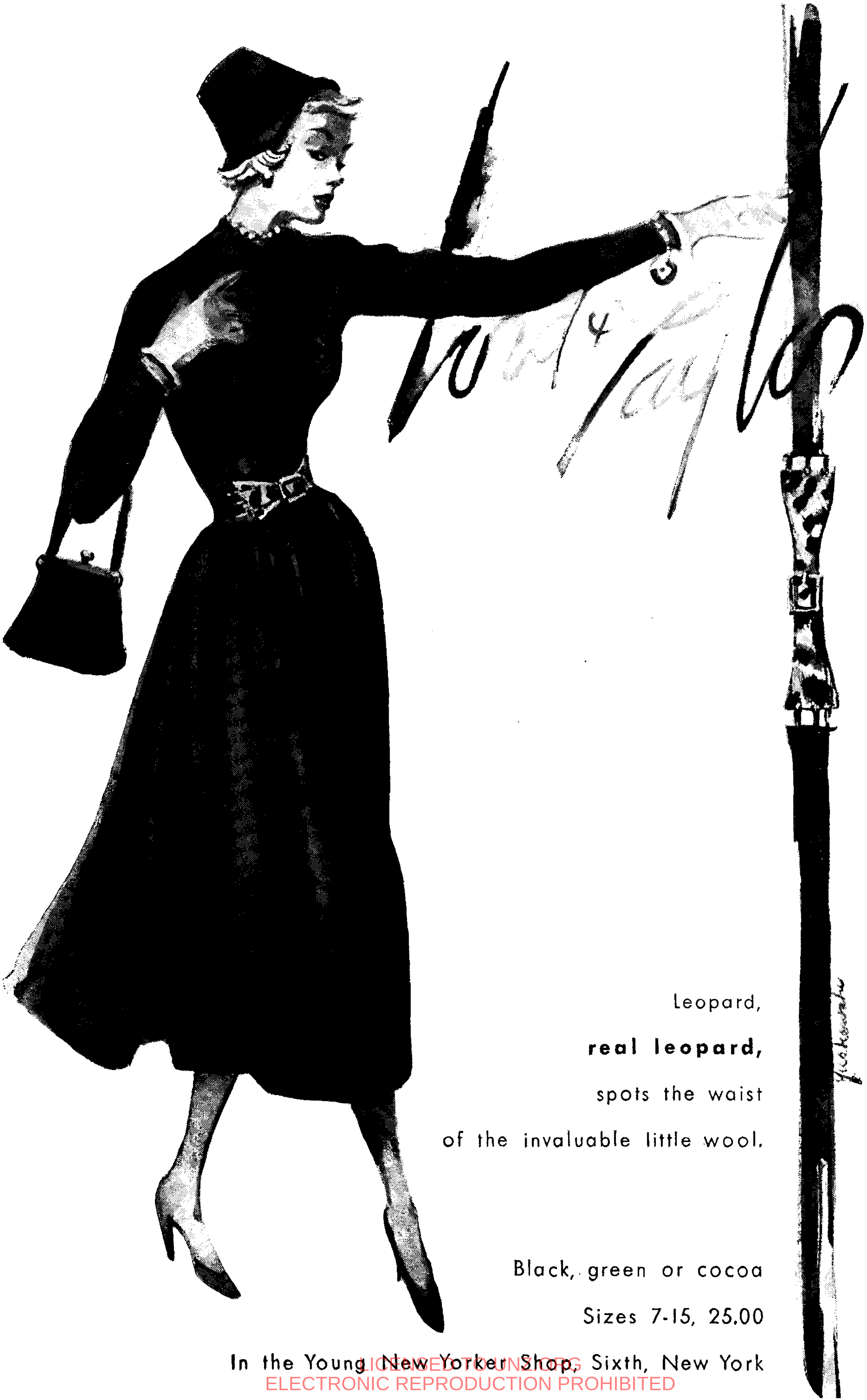

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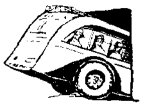
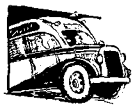


GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST



THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Anne of the Thousand Days—Maxwell Anderson's tribute to Henry's second wife, with Rex Harrison and Joyce Redman. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Death of a Salesman—This fine play about a man who suddenly comes to realize that he can't go on any more is impressively acted and superbly staged. Lee J. Cobb is exemplary in the leading role. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Detective Story—Sidney Kingsley's play, laid in a New York police station, is rather complicated by a social message, but it is still lively and amusing. Ralph Bellamy is convincing as a tough cop. (Hudson, 44th St., E. LU 2-1087. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Diamond Lil—Mae West inviting her friends to come up and see her sometime just as engagingly as she did in 1928. Among the members of the saloon society she dominates are Billy Van and Walter Petrie. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Goodbye, My Fancy—A play concerning a college president, a famous congresswoman, and a *Life* photographer. Slick but entertaining. With Ruth Hussey and Conrad Nagel. (Fulton, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Moves on Monday, Sept. 19, to the Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Madwoman of Chaillot—Martita Hunt, Estelle Winwood, John Carradine, and Nydia Westman in Jean Giraudoux's witty play about a loony old Parisian lady and her good works. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Long Runs—**BORN YESTERDAY:** The piece about a conniving junk dealer. Now with Joan Morgan and Jesse White. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **MISTER ROBERTS:** Henry Fonda still patrolling the deck of a Navy cargo ship. With William Harrigan. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **A STREETCAR NAMED DESIRE:** Tennessee Williams' drama concerning the tragic end of a woman's life. Now with Uta Hagen and Anthony Quinn. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

MUSICALS

As the Girls Go—The book, something about the first woman President of the United States, is on the slight side, but it doesn't matter, because Bobby Clark is on hand to cover up for it. Irene Rich, Bill Callahan, and Kathryn Lee are also in the cast. The music and lyrics are by Jimmy McHugh and Harold Adamson, respectively. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-2887. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

Kiss Me, Kate—A captivating show, very vaguely based on "The Taming of the Shrew," that offers some of Cole Porter's best music and lyrics, and splendid performances by Alfred Drake and Patricia Morison. (Century, Seventh Ave. at 59th St. CI 7-3121. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				15	16	17
18	19	20	21	22	23	24

Miss Liberty—The Berlin-Sherwood-Hart musical concerning a girl who may or may not have posed for that statue in the Harbor. It has a few nice tunes and some fair dancing, but otherwise it is a distinct disappointment. Eddie Albert, Allyn McLerie, and Mary McCarty head the cast, but Ethel Griffies unquestionably provides most of the fun. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

South Pacific—Richard Rodgers, Oscar Hammerstein II, and Joshua Logan have collaborated triumphantly on this musical about the war in the Pacific. Ezio Pinza contributes a remarkable singing and acting performance, and Mary Martin is delightful in the other leading role. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:25. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:25.)

Where's Charley?—The addition of Ray Bolger and Frank Loesser's neat, fresh tunes do wonders for this old chestnut, which used to be called "Charley's Aunt." (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**LEND AN EAR:** Carol Channing, William Eythe, and Yvonne Adair running through Charles Gaynor's sketches, lyrics, and music. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6609. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

BALLET

Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo—Opening performances—Friday evening, Sept. 16: "Swan Lake," "The Mute Wife," "Pas de Deux," and "Gaité Parisienne." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Sept. 17: "Les Sylphides," "Pas de Deux," "The Mute Wife," and "Gaité Parisienne." . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, Sept. 18: "Swan Lake," "The Nutcracker," and "Schéhérazade." . . . ¶ Sunday evening, Sept. 18: "Concerto Barocco," "Rodeo," "Quelques Fleurs," and "Le Beau Danube." . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Sept. 20: "Coppélia," "Paquita" (American première), and "Rodeo." . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Sept. 21: "Swan Lake," "Graduation Ball," and "The Nutcracker." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Sept. 22: "Giselle," "Madroños," and "Graduation Ball." . . . ¶ Friday evening, Sept. 23: "Ballet Imperial," "Pas de Deux," "Paquita," and "Gaité Parisienne." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Sept. 24: "Les Sylphides," "Pas de Quatre," "Igrouchki," and "Graduation Ball." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Sept. 24: "Coppélia," "Pas de Deux," and "Graduation Ball." (Metropolitan Opera House. PE 6-1210. Evenings at 8:15. Matinées at 2:15.)

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CHANGE OF ADDRESS

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MISCELLANY

Ken Murray's Blackouts—A large, various, but not especially gifted assortment of human actors appears in support of some very appealing lovebirds in this vaudeville show, which has run for seven years in California. (Ziegfeld, Sixth Ave. at 54th St. CI 5-5200. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

Ice Show—"Howdy, Mr. Ice of 1950," produced by Sonja Henie and Arthur M. Wirtz. (Center Theatre, Sixth Ave. at 49th St. CO 5-5474. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:40; Sundays at 8:15. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40 and Sundays at 3.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places at which you will find music and/or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Ambassador, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—The Garden, airy as an Alp but so sunken it's halfway to China, offers Jules Lande's dance orchestra. No music Sundays.

Biltmore, Madison Ave. at 43rd St. (MU 7-7000)—On the Cascades Roof, through Saturday, Sept. 17, dinner and supper dance music, by Harold Nagel's and Don Bestor's bands. On Monday, Sept. 19, the Bowman Room will reopen for business, which will include dancing. Closed Sundays.

Café Society, 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737)—Maxine Sullivan, perennial and impeccable, is home again. Also around are Jack Prince, to amuse the guests, and Johnny Bothwell's band, to get them to dance. Cliff Jackson plays interlude piano. Closed Mondays.

Diamond Horseshoe, 235 W. 46th St. (CI 6-6500)—A large and amiable, if not especially cerebral, pageant of girls, violin music, and ballet, and a thin edge of comedy. Dance music by Billy Banks' band.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—Park Avenue's castle in Spain, palace in Xanadu, ivory tower in Manhattan. Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band.

Larue, 45 E. 58th St. (VO 6-6374)—A bright new Larue on the ashes of the old, equipped with Larry Siry's and Bernie Dolen's orchestras and other modern conveniences. Closed Sundays.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—The Cotillion Room will reopen on Tuesday, Sept. 20, with a benefit for the Henry Street Settlement. Eddie Garr will supply the laughter, and Stanley Melba's orchestra and a rumba band will do the dance music. Square dancing at suppertime Tuesdays, Fridays, and Sundays. Closed Mondays. . . . ¶ In the Café Pierre, Stanley Worth's orchestra makes modest noises every afternoon for tea dancing, and later on during dinner and supper.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—The Persian Room reopens Friday, Sept. 23, with a benefit for the Travelers' Aid Society. Victor Borge and piano will be the incumbent humorists, and Bob Grant's and Mark Monte's orchestras will occupy the bandstand. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ The Rendez-Vous Room, which is open every day but Sunday, will close for a week, starting Saturday, Sept. 24, to have its pretty nose powdered. Until then, and afterward, the lively dance music of Nicolas Matthey's and Payson Ré's orchestras after eight-thirty.

St. Regis, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—On the Roof, Milt Shaw's and Laszlo and Pepito's rambling orchestras for dancing all evening, through Monday, Sept. 19, when the

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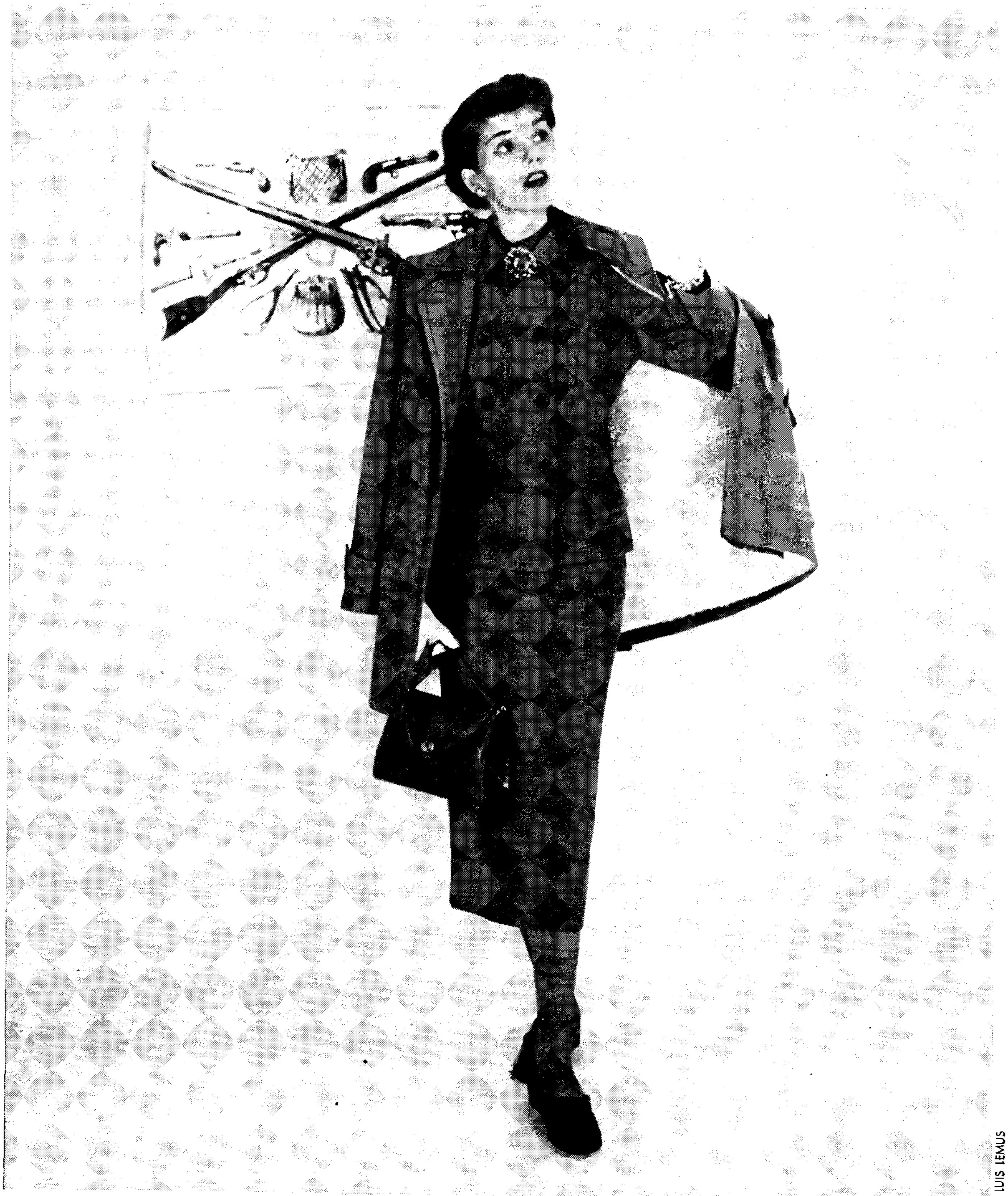

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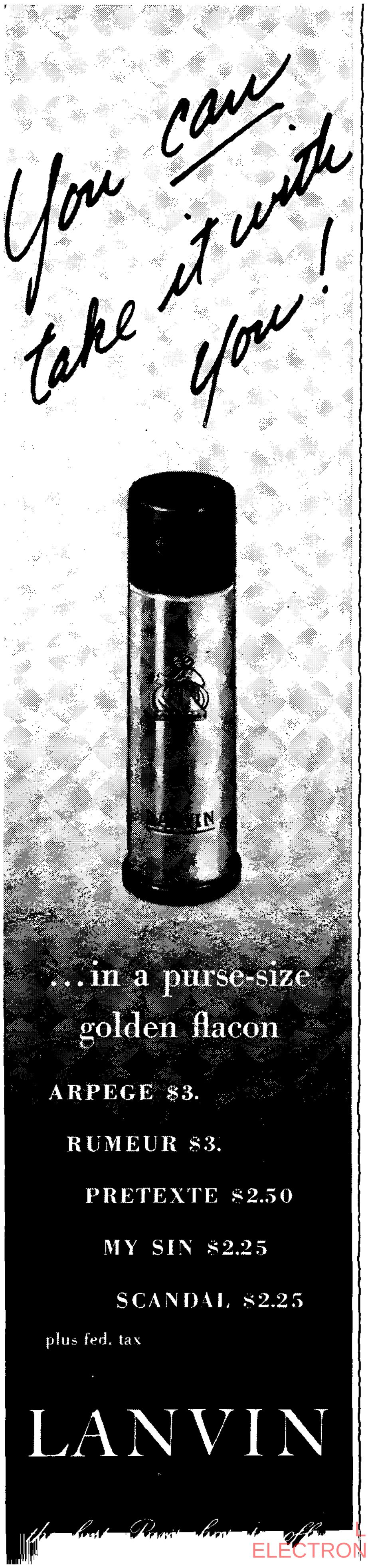
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

room shuts up for the season. Closed Sundays. On Tuesday, Sept. 20, the Maisonette reopens, and Kitty Kallen will start singing there. The two orchestras will go down cellar to join her. Closed Sundays.

Savoy-Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (VO 5-2600)—In the Café Lounge, Irving Conn's orchestra plays dance music every afternoon and evening.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-1940)—The most beguiling Pied Piper in the world couldn't persuade the children in this establishment to go anywhere else. An orchestra and a rumba band play for dancing.

Tavern-on-the-Green, Central Park W. at 67th St. (RH 4-4700)—An easy cure for Indian-summer claustrophobia is the al-fresco court, which offers dancing, as well as inner nourishment.

Versailles, 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310)—Edith Piaf, France's major postwar export, airing some new Parisian songs and some new American words in her celebrated fashion. Emil Petti's orchestra and Panchito's rumba band supply dance music.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—On the Starlight Roof, Jack Fina's orchestra provides music every evening but Sunday. Mischa Borr's industrious virtuosos assist after the dinner hour and go it alone on Sundays, when curfew is at ten o'clock.... ¶ Michael Zarin's orchestra for dinner and supper dance music in the Flamingo Room. Dr. Sydney Ross performs his parlor magic. Closed Sundays.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

DRAKE ROOM, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): Les Crosley's bland and witty cocktail and dinner piano sets a brisk pace for his eminent co-worker, Cy Walter, who takes over later in the evening. Closed Sundays.... **COQ ROUGE,** 65 E. 56th St. (PL 3-8887): Eddie Davis, one of the founding fathers of night life, is now operating his amiable grin and band in here, from eight-thirty on. Ernie Warren is the solo pianist. Closed Sundays. ... **CAFÉ TROUVILLE,** 112 E. 52nd St. (EL 5-9234): Mary McNally plays cocktail piano and Harry Taylor after-dinner piano. Closed Sundays.... **ARMANDO'S,** 54 E. 55th St. (PL 3-0760): Piano and violin music, after nine-thirty, for a clientele as glittery as the striped upholstery. Closed Sundays.... **LITTLE CLUB,** 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): Rudy Barron's violin from dinnertime on, every evening but Monday, and Marshall Grant's trio after ten, every night but Sunday.... **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): What might be called Latin-American jump, along with dancing to match by both cast and customers. Closed Sundays.... **ONE FIFTH AVENUE,** Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000): Simone Dolphen, a new French thrush, and some baritone work by Wilton Clary, an "Oklahoma!" alumnus. Harold Fonville and Bob Downey dish out tandem piano music. There are Rudolph Valentino movies on Sunday nights.... **PENTHOUSE CLUB,** 30 Central Park S. (PL 9-3561): At suppertime, Gigi Durston and William Tabbert, two personable youngsters-about-town, sing gaily and unaffectedly. Kurt Maier at the piano. All quiet Sundays.... **NINO,** 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-9014): In the bar of this stirring example of Christmas-package décor, Harry Meyerowitz plays cocktail piano, and (except Tuesdays) Rudy Timfield plays dinner and supper piano. Closed Sundays.... **SHERRY-NETHERLAND,** Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (VO 5-2800): Cy Coleman's piano études embellish the café bar every evening except Sunday.... **MADISON,** Madison Ave. at 58th St. (VO 5-5000): At cocktail time, there's piano music Mondays through Fridays and Bernie Dolen's band Saturdays and Sundays.

BIG AND BRASSY

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-1060): Joe E. Lewis, telling his very broad-gauge Times Square fables, and Kay Starr, cutting grooves in some breezy songs. Dancing.... **RIVIERA,** Fort Lee, N.J. (Fort Lee 8-2000): The Ritz Brothers, a peculiar but often comic form of group play; Joan Merrill's voice neatly combined with Hal Kanner's band. Dancing.

SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): Humor by Phil Gordon, one of the funniest boys in town; torch-carrying by Irene Williams (indigenous) and Mme. Claude Alphand (French); and other excellent merriment by two young Californians, Eddie and Tony. In the lounge, from suppertime on, except Mondays, Eadie and Rack's subtle piano nocturnes. ... **RUBAN BLEU,** 4 E. 56th St. (PL 3-6426): Paula Drake's merrily malicious wasp's-eye view of the Battle of the Sexes, plus the bumptious songs of Bibi Osterwald and the escapist songs of Michael Brown. The King Odom Quartet sings, and the Norman Paris Trio plays some handsome music of its own devising. On Monday, Sept. 19, Julius Monk returns as master of revels. Closed Sundays. ... **SPIVY'S ROOF,** 139 E. 57th St. (PL 3-9322): In this mountain fastness, Mme. Spivy unleashes her well-known bedtime ditties, and Mabel Mercer chimes in with a few of her special Alec Wilder songs. Closed Sundays. ... **VILLAGE VANGUARD,** 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Mary Lou Williams, in a new mood (bebop), rattling off a bit of remarkable non-representational piano; J. C. Heard's trio now and then collaborates with her and also takes care of the more extrovert auditors. Dancing. Closed Sundays.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 47 W. 3rd St. (GR 5-8639): The lethal trumpet of Wild Bill Davison, as well as Peanuts Hucko, Gene Schroeder, Cutty Cutshall, and other hotheads. Ralph Sutton contributes some instructive ten-finger exercises. On Tuesday nights, the racket is increased by eager-beaver visitors. Closed Sundays.... **NICK'S,** Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): Phil Napoleon and his Memphis Five, complete with the trappings, and traps (such as cowbells), of another day, are at work in this bustling boiler factory. Jam sessions on Sunday afternoons. Closed Mondays.... **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 53 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-9600): Hot Lips Page and a few cronies, conferring noisily around the local cracker barrel. Don Frye plays piano between sets. Jam sessions Monday nights. Dancing.... **RIVIERA LOUNGE,** Seventh Ave. at 4th St. (WA 9-9663): After ten every evening but Monday, Willie the Lion Smith, who can treat a Steinway in a nice, dishevelled manner, and Chippie Hill, booming out her chanteys. Mondays through Fridays, Art Hodes is around. Tony Parenti, Frank Orchard, and Herb Ward assist them from time to time. Guest night is Thursday.... **BOP CITY,** 1619 Broadway, at 49th St. (JU 6-3170): Duke Ellington's and Red Norvo's bands, to make sure that there'll never be a dull moment for those hypnotized gallery gods in the back rows. Closed Mondays.... **THREE DEUCES,** 72 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-9861): Errol Garner, quite a stranger in these parts, is performing small miracles with the churlish piano provided for him by this smokehouse.

MOSTLY FOR DANCING

STATLER, Seventh Ave. at 33rd St. (PE 6-5000): In the Café Rouge, Jimmy Dorsey's orches-

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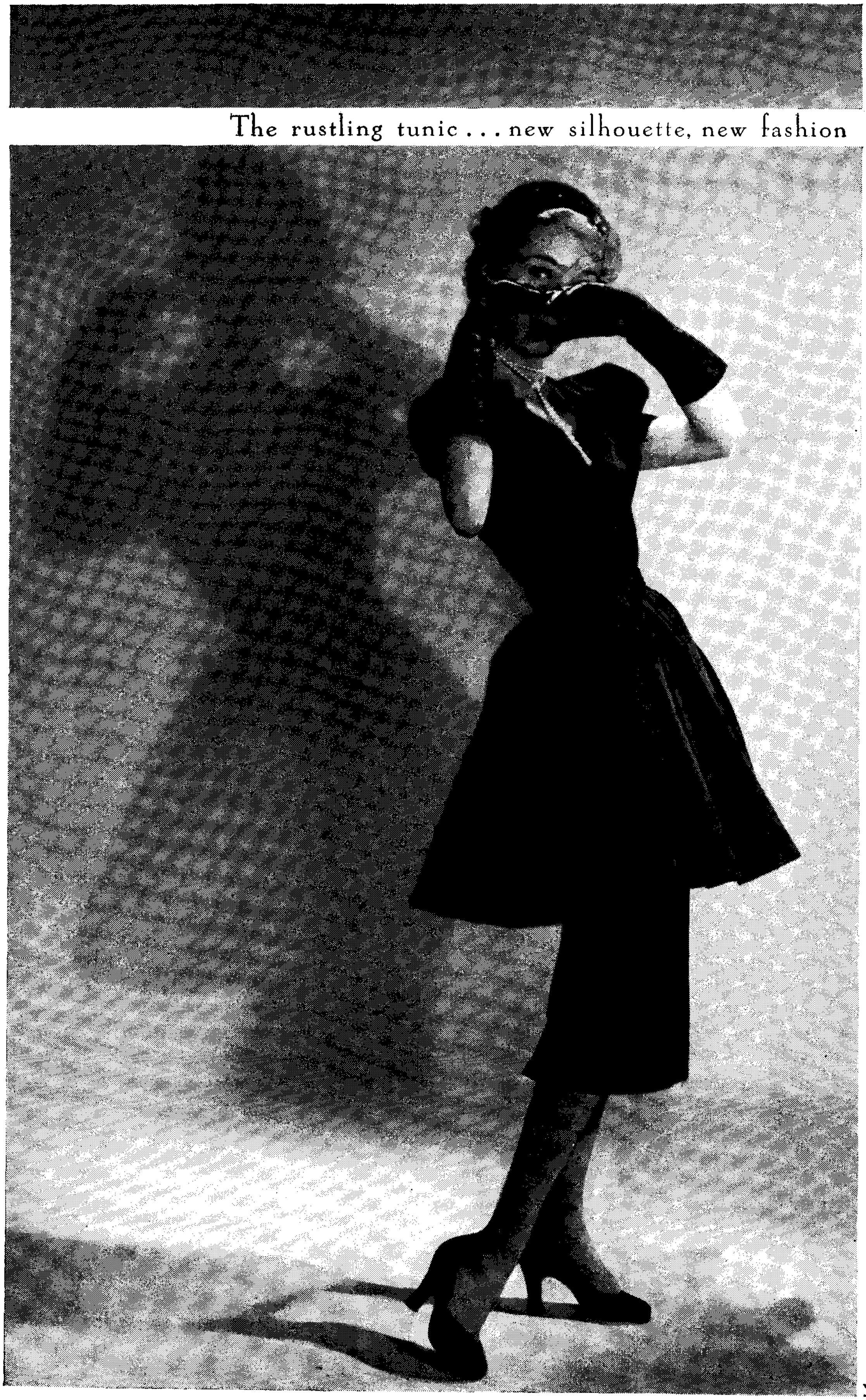

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

tra. Closed Sundays. . . . ROOSEVELT, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200): Nat Brandwynne's orchestra, through Saturday, Sept. 17, when the Grill will close for a week. . . . NEW YORKER, Eighth Ave. at 34th St. (LO 3-1000): The Terrace Room reopens Thursday, Sept. 22, with Don McGrane's orchestra and a floor show.

IN THE COUNTRY

DANCING—CHANTICLER, Millburn, N.J. (Millburn 6-1454): Maximillian Bergere's orchestra, except Mondays. . . . BOWDEN SQUARE, Southampton, L.I. (Southampton 788): The Sonny Kendis Trio, every night but Tuesday.

DINNER—Places to dine (without dancing, unless noted) while out motoring—BETHPAGE, L.I.: Beau Sejour (Hicksville 3-0091); closed Tuesdays. . . . CLOSTER, N.J.: Closter Manor (Closter 5-0277); closed Mondays. . . . COLD SPRING HARBOR, L.I.: The Moorings (Cold Spring Harbor 998); Harold Cooke at the piano, except Mondays. . . . CONGERS, N.Y.: Jean's (Congers 378); closed Mondays. . . . CROTON FALLS, N.Y.: Massé's (Croton Falls 960); closed Tuesdays. . . . DANBURY, CONN.: White Turkey Inn (Danbury 2667). . . . DOVER PLAINS, N.Y.: Old Drovers' Inn (Dover Plains 2781). . . . EAST HAMPTON, L.I.: Sea Spray Inn (East Hampton 475). . . . EAST NORWICH, L.I.: Rothmann's (Oyster Bay 6-0266). . . . FISHKILL, N.Y.: Boni's Inn (Beacon 167). . . . ¶ Gertrude Hart's (Beacon 979). . . . GARRISON, N.Y.: Bird and Bottle (Garrison 342); closed Tuesdays. . . . GLENWOOD LANDING, L.I.: Swan Club (Roslyn 3-0037); dancing on Friday and Saturday evenings; closed Mondays. . . . HAMPTON BAYS, L.I.: Canoe Place Inn (Hampton Bays 150); dancing on Saturday evenings. . . . ¶ Cruiser Club (Hampton Bays 342). . . . HARTSDALE, N.Y.: Tordo's (White Plains 8-0597). . . . MAMARONECK, N.Y.: Le Postillon (Mamaroneck 9-5048); closed Mondays. . . . MANHASSET, L.I.: Mori's (Manhasset 1842); closed Tuesdays. . . . NEW HOPE, PA.: Tow-Path House (New Hope 3784). . . . NORWALK, CONN.: Stirrup-Cup (Norwalk 6-5044); dancing on Saturday evenings. . . . ¶ Silvermine Tavern (Norwalk 6-2588). . . . ¶ Jolly Fisherman (Norwalk 8-3246). . . . POUNDRIDGE, N.Y.: Emily Shaw's Inn (Bedford Village 0371); closed Mondays. . . . RIDGEFIELD, CONN.: Hearthstone Outpost Inn (Ridgefield 1120). . . . ¶ Stonehenge (Ridgefield 232). . . . ROSLYN, L.I.: Blue Spruce Inn (Roslyn 3-0253); closed Mondays. . . . SMITHTOWN, L.I.: Riverside Inn (Smithtown 1016); closed Tuesdays. . . . SOUTH HUNTINGTON, L.I.: Round Hill (Huntington 1371); closed Mondays. . . . SYOSSET, L.I.: Villa Victor (Syosset 6-1706). . . . ¶ Stockholm (Syosset 6-1798); closed Mondays. . . . TARRYTOWN, N.Y.: Tappan Hill (Tarrytown 4-3031); dancing on Friday and Saturday evenings. . . . WAPPINGERS FALLS, N.Y.: Wendover Farms (Poughkeepsie 8100); dancing on Saturday evenings. . . . WESTBURY, L.I.: Westbury Manor (Westbury 7-0839). . . . WESTHAMPTON BEACH, L.I.: Dune Deck (Westhampton 1400). . . . WESTON, CONN.: Cobb's Mill Inn (Westport 2-4330); dancing on Saturday evenings.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries open around 10 and close between 5 and 6 Mondays through Saturdays.)

GALLERIES

GROUP SHOWS—At the SERIGRAPH, 38 W. 57th St.: A large, diverse collection of silk-screen prints, sensitively executed; through Sept. 16. . . . SALPETER, 36 W. 56th St.: Some small pictures, uneven in quality, by the gallery's artists. Weekdays, noon to 6; through Sept. 24.

MUSEUMS

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—A fairly jumbled but quite entertaining exhibition tracing the classic influence in art from early Greek times to Picasso. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

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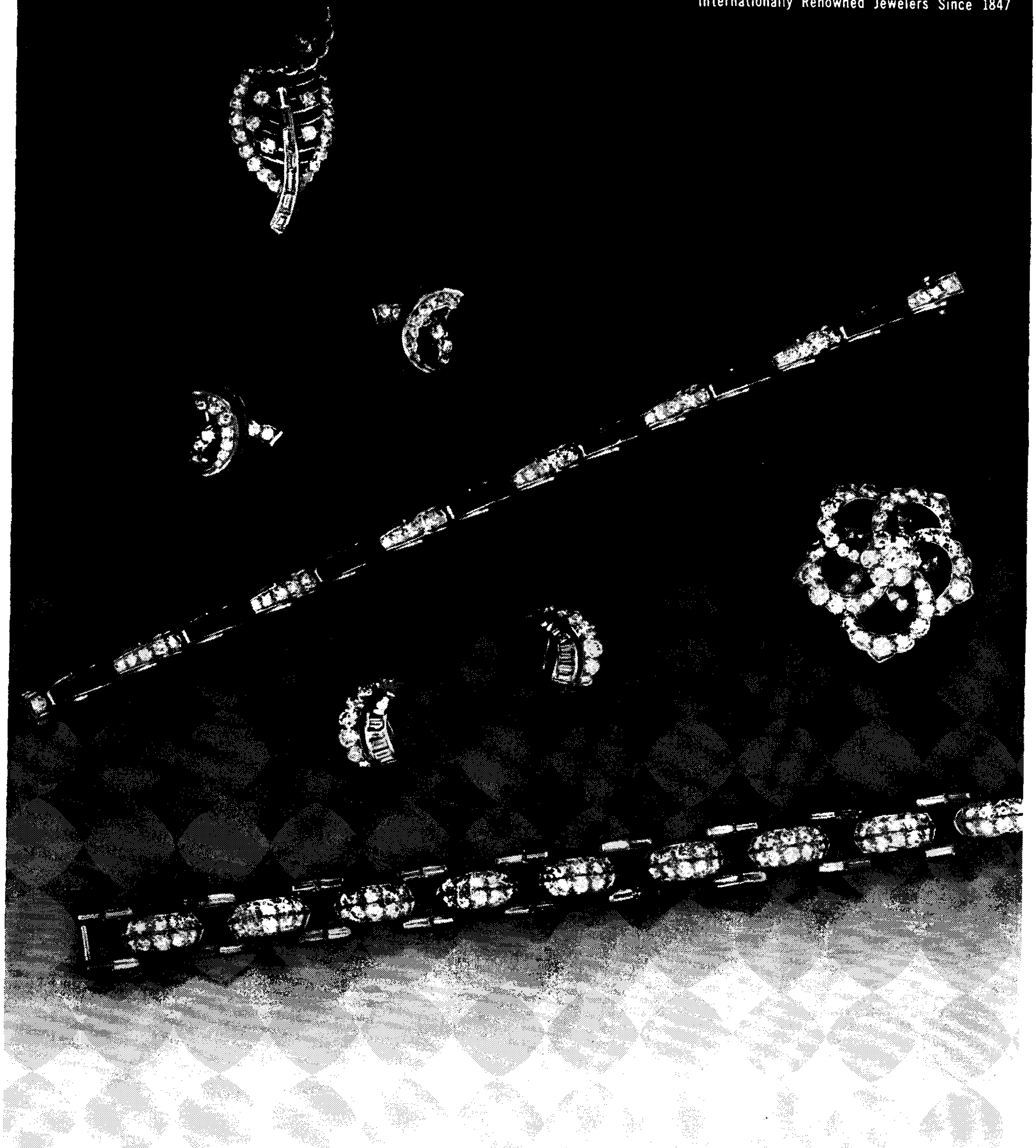

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tures, and prints by the Austrian Expressionist Oskar Kokoschka; through Oct. 4. . . . ¶ An extensive and practically definitive show of twentieth-century Italian art, from the early Futurists down to the present day. It includes works by a number of young postwar artists not generally known here. Through Sept. 18. . . . ¶ A collection of prints by Gauguin, Vuillard, and Bonnard, many of them in color; through Sept. 25. . . . ¶ In the Museum garden, a one-family house, designed by Marcel Breuer; through Oct. 30. (Weekdays, noon to 7; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

MUSIC

Lemonade Opera—Mendelssohn's "The Stranger," along with Kurt Weill's "Down in the Valley," both in English. (Greenwich Mews Playhouse, 141 W. 13th St. CH 2-9360. Thursday, Sept. 15, through Saturday, Sept. 17, and Monday, Sept. 19, through Thursday, Sept. 22, at 8:40. Matinée Saturday, Sept. 17, at 2:40.)

Jazz Concert—Ella Fitzgerald, Coleman Hawkins, Lester Young, Flip Phillips, and others. (Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7460. Saturday, Sept. 17, at 8:30.)

Morton Estrin—Piano. (Town Hall. LU 2-4536. Monday, Sept. 19, at 8:30.)

SPORTS

Automobile Road-Racing—A cross-country course for the Seneca Cup and the Watkins Glen Grand Prix—and what *prix* could be grander? (Watkins Glen, N.Y. Saturday, Sept. 17.)

Baseball—At **YANKEE STADIUM:** Yankees vs. Cleveland, Thursday, Sept. 15, at 2:30. . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Detroit, Friday, Sept. 16, at 2:30, and Saturday, Sept. 17, at 2. . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Cleveland, Sunday, Sept. 18, at 2:05, and Monday, Sept. 19, at 2:30. . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Chicago, Tuesday and Wednesday, Sept. 20-21, at 2:30. . . . **EBBETS FIELD:** Dodgers vs. Philadelphia, Saturday, Sept. 24, at 8:30. . . . **POLO GROUNDS:** Giants vs. Boston, Saturday, Sept. 24, at 2:30.

Boxing—Willie Pep vs. Eddie Compo, 15 rounds for the World's Featherweight Championship. (Municipal Stadium, Waterbury, Conn. Tuesday, Sept. 20. Preliminaries at 8:30; main bout at 10.) . . . ¶ Enrique Bolanos vs. Terry Young, lightweights, 10 rounds. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6811. Friday, Sept. 23. Preliminaries at 8:30; main bout at 10.)

College Football—Saturday, Sept. 24: Army vs. Davidson, at West Point, at 2. . . . ¶ Columbia vs. Amherst, at Baker Field, at 2. . . . ¶ Princeton vs. Lafayette, at Princeton, at 2:30. . . . ¶ Yale vs. Connecticut, at New Haven, at 2.

Golf—Metropolitan Golf Association Open Championship. (Metropolis Country Club, White Plains. Tuesday through Thursday, Sept. 20-22.)

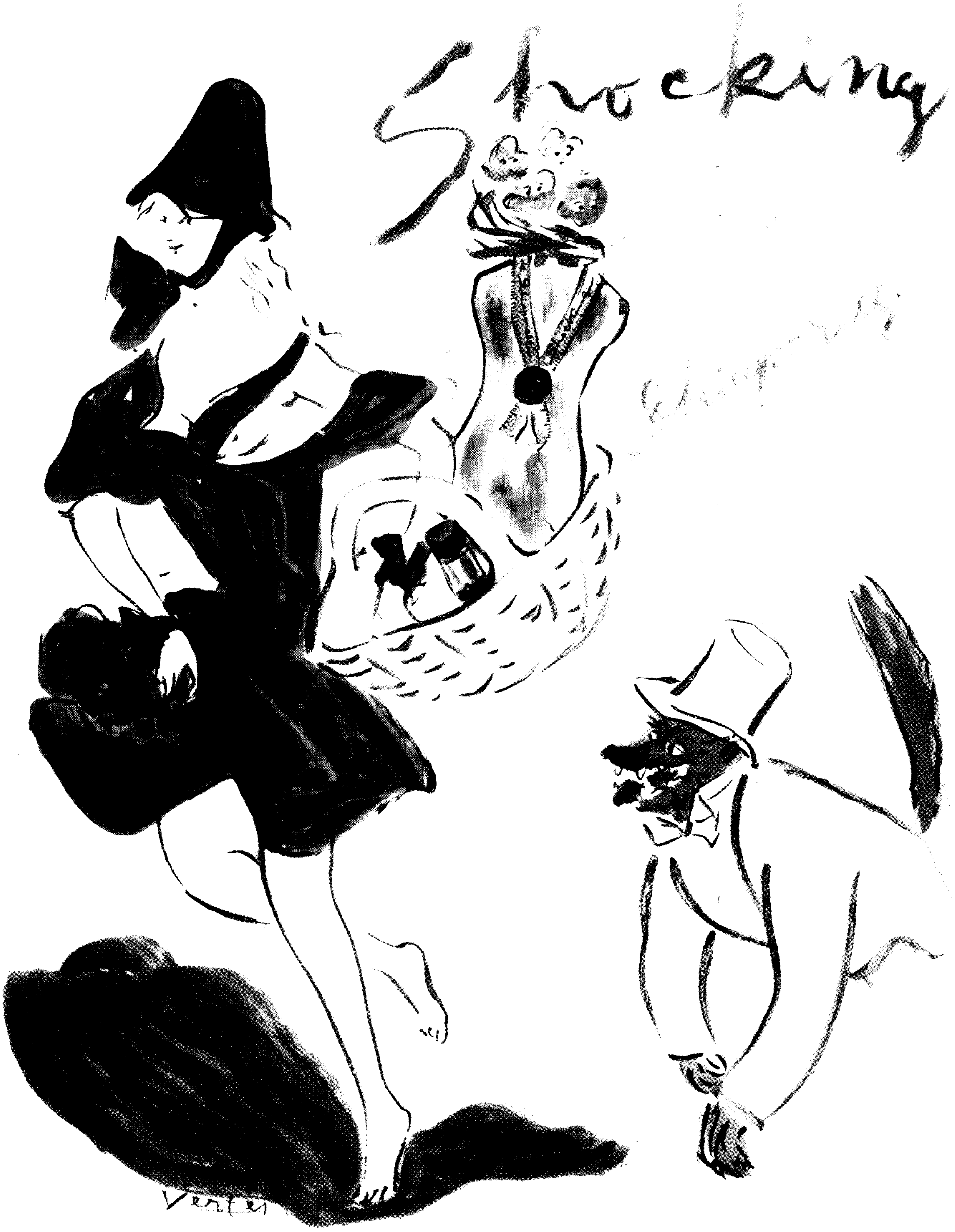
Horse Shows—Piping Rock Horse Show. (Locust Valley. Thursday through Saturday, Sept. 15-17.) . . . ¶ Wilmington Horse Show. (Wilmington, Del. Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 17-18.)

Hunt Racing—Radnor Hunt Club. (Malvern, Pa. Saturday, Sept. 17.)

Polo—Final of the National Open Championship. (Meadow Brook Club, Westbury. Sunday, Sept. 18, at 3:30. A special train for the polo field leaves Penn Station at 2.)

Professional Football—At **YANKEE STADIUM:** Yankees vs. Los Angeles, Thursday, Sept. 22, at 8:30. . . . **POLO GROUNDS:** Bulldogs vs. Philadelphia, Thursday, Sept. 22, at 8:45.

Racing—At **AQUEDUCT:** Weekdays at 1:15; through Saturday, Sept. 17. The Beldame Handicap, Saturday, Sept. 17. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Thursday and Friday between 11:10 and 1, and Saturday between 10:47 and 1:25.) . . . **BELMONT PARK:** Weekdays at 1:15; starting Monday, Sept. 19. The Fall Highweight Handicap, Sept. 19; the Jerome Handicap, Sept. 21; the Manhattan Handicap and the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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays between 11:10 and 1, and Saturdays between 10:47 and 1:25.)

Trotting—At **roosevelt raceway,** Westbury: Weekdays at 8:40. (Special trains leave Penn Station Mondays through Thursdays at 7:03, and Fridays and Saturdays at 6:49 and 7:03.) . . . **saratoga springs:** Weekdays at 8:15.

OTHER EVENTS

United Nations—Starting Tuesday, Sept. 20, the General Assembly will hold plenary sessions at Flushing Meadow. About nine hundred visitors are admitted to each meeting. At Lake Success, committees of the General Assembly will confer Mondays through Fridays in rooms accommodating up to a hundred onlookers, and about five hundred visitors will continue to be admitted to open meetings of the Security Council, the Atomic Energy Commission, and the Commission on Conventional Armaments. For tickets through Friday, Sept. 16, call FIeldstone 7-1100, Ext. 2126; starting Monday, Sept. 19, for tickets to either place, call FLushing 8-2000, Ext. 62, the day before you want to go. Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the United Nations Station at Flushing Meadow, and for Great Neck, where they connect with buses for Lake Success.

Mineola Fair—Six hundred carrier pigeons, together with golden hamsters, a men's knitting exhibit, feats of ox strength, a band concert, dancing, fireworks, and such usual county fair activities. (Fair Grounds, Mineola. Thursday through Saturday, Sept. 15-17, from 10 A.M. to 11 P.M.)

Transatlantic Liners—DeGrasse: Arrives Thursday, Sept. 15; sails Saturday, Sept. 17, at noon. . . . ¶ Media: Sails Friday, Sept. 16, at 3:30 P.M. . . . ¶ Caronia: Arrives Friday, Sept. 16; sails Tuesday, Sept. 20, at 4:30 P.M. . . . ¶ Queen Elizabeth: Arrives Monday, Sept. 19; sails Tuesday, Sept. 20, at midnight. . . . ¶ America: Arrives Sunday, Sept. 18; sails Wednesday, Sept. 21, at 4 P.M. . . . ¶ Ile de France: Arrives Thursday, Sept. 22; sails Saturday, Sept. 24, at 11 A.M. . . . ¶ Mauretania: Arrives Friday, Sept. 23. . . . ¶ Parthia: Arrives Saturday, Sept. 24.

ON THE AIR

(Since programs are often changed at the last minute, the newspapers should be consulted as final authority.)

RADIO

Music—N.B.C. Symphony, Milton Katims conducting, Saturday, Sept. 17, at 6:30 P.M., WNBC. . . . ¶ C.B.S. Symphony, Anthony Collins conducting, Sunday, Sept. 18, at 3 P.M., WCBS. . . . ¶ Leonard Warren, baritone, Sunday, Sept. 18, at 7:30 P.M., WJZ. . . . ¶ Eleanor Steber, soprano, Monday, Sept. 19, at 8:30 P.M., WNBC. . . . ¶ Pia Tassinari, soprano, and Ferruccio Tagliavini, tenor, Monday, Sept. 19, at 9 P.M., WNBC.

Drama—Rosalind Russell in "This Thing Called Love," Friday, Sept. 16, at 9 P.M., WNBC. . . . ¶ Rex Harrison in "Libel," presented by the Theatre Guild, Sunday, Sept. 18, at 8:30 P.M., WNBC. . . . ¶ Lana Turner and Van Heflin in "Green Dolphin Street," Monday, Sept. 19, at 9 P.M., WCBS. . . . ¶ Ruth Hussey in "Troublesome Jane," Tuesday, Sept. 20, at 8 P.M., WNBC.

TELEVISION

Music—Eleanor Steber, soprano, Monday, Sept. 19, at 8:30 P.M., WNBT.

Drama—Paul Lukas in "The Great Gabbo," Monday, Sept. 19, at 10 P.M., WCBS-TV.

Sports—Baseball: All home games of the Yankees are shown on WABD, and of the Dodgers on WCBS-TV. (Dodgers' night games are also shown on WOR-TV.) . . . ¶ Racing: At Aqueduct; the Beldame Handicap, Saturday, Sept. 17, at 3:30 P.M., WNBT.

Miscellany—The twentieth installment of the film of General Eisenhower's book "Crusade in Europe," Thursday, Sept. 15, at 9 P.M., WJZ-TV. . . . ¶ Eddie Condon, with Wild Bill Davison, Ralph Sutton, and others, Sat-

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION AND APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE IN THE PROGRAM SCHEDULES THAT FOLLOW.

Devil in the Flesh—A fine French film that deals sensitively and tolerantly with an adolescent boy's affair with an older woman. Gérard Philipe and Micheline Presle. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-0134.)

Dolwyn—Dame Edith Evans is outstanding in this Welsh tale, written and directed by Emlyn Williams, who also turns up—and quite frighteningly, too—in the cast. An English picture. (World, 153 W. 49th, CI 7-5747.)

Hamlet—Sir Laurence Olivier as the melancholy Dane, in a distinguished English picture, which Olivier directed. (Park Avenue, Park at 59th, PL 9-7242. Showings are at 2:30 and 8:30; extra performances Saturdays and Sundays at 5:30 and Saturday evenings at 11:30. Reserved seats only.)

Home of the Brave—Race prejudice and its effect on a colored G.I. in the South Pacific. One of the best films on this subject that have come along. James Edwards, as the Negro, does a first-class job. (Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; through Sept. 18.... ¶ Lexington, Lexington at 51st, PL 3-0336; Loew's 72nd St., 3rd Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-7222; Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd, TR 7-3100; Olympia, B'way at 107th, AC 2-1010; and Loew's 175th St., B'way at 175th, WA 7-5200; through Sept. 20.)

A Letter to Three Wives—Paul Douglas and Linda Darnell are very droll as a pair of tough citizens who love but never trust each other. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; starting Sept. 20.)

Quartet—An English picture based on four Somerset Maugham short stories. A couple of the episodes add up to fairly entertaining stuff, and the large cast is excellent. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 3-5520.)

The Red Shoes—A lengthy British job having to do with dancers. Its chief distinction is a striking ballet, based on the Hans Christian Andersen fairy tale. With Moira Shearer, Leonide Massine, and *Ludmilla Tcherina*. (Bijou, 209 W. 45th, CO 5-8215. Showings are at 2:30 and 8:30; extra performances Saturdays and Sundays at 5:30 and Saturday evenings at 11:30. Reserved seats only.)

Saints and Sinners—An English film about a village in Eire that teems with daft characters, whose dilemmas are persistently captivating. The picture evolved from a script by Paul Vincent Carroll, and the bulk of its cast is made up of Abbey Theatre Players. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-1365.)

Some of the Best—Forty minutes of excerpts from a lot of famous movies, new and old, ranging from "Ben Hur" and "The Big Parade" to "Mutiny on the Bounty" and "Mrs. Miniver." The idea is to mark some kind of anniversary. (Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; through Sept. 17.... ¶ Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; Sept. 18-21.)

REVIVALS

Belle of the Nineties (1934)—Mae West outwitting the censors. (Avenue Playhouse, 6th Ave. at 47th, PL 7-4295.)

Cover Girl (1944)—Gene Kelly, Rita Hayworth, Jerome Kern music, and Ira Gershwin lyrics. (Carlton, B'way at 100th, AC 2-2862; Sept. 18-19.)

Crime Without Passion (1934)—The Hecht-MacArthur film of night life and murder. With Claude Rains. (5th Ave. Playhouse, 5th Ave. at 12th, OR 5-9630; and 55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th, CO 5-9438.)

Dear Ruth (1947)—A comedy involving romantic wartime mixups on the home front. With Billy De Wolfe and Joan Caulfield. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; through Sept. 18.)

Goin' to Town (1935)—Mae West in the midst of Southampton society. (Avenue Playhouse, 6th Ave. at 47th, PL 7-4295.)

Louisiana Story (1948)—Robert Flaherty's poetic chronicle of Cajun life on a Southern bayou. (Embassy Cinema, Park at 42nd, MU 7-8723; starting Sept. 21.)

The Mikado (1939)—Kenny Baker, along with Martyn Green and other D'Oyly Carte people. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; Sept. 16-17.)

Monsieur Vincent (1948)—Pierre Fresnay in a French picture that tells of the struggles of Saint Vincent de Paul. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; starting Sept. 20.)

None but the Lonely Heart (1944)—London's lower depths, interpreted by Ethel Barrymore, Cary Grant, and Barry Fitzgerald. (Trans-Lux 72nd St., 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; through Sept. 16.... ¶ Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; Sept. 19-21.)

Pygmalion (1938)—The G.B.S. business. A British film, with Leslie Howard and Wendy Hiller. (Embassy Cinema, Park at 42nd, MU 7-8723; through Sept. 17.)

The Scoundrel (1935)—Noel Coward, Julie Haydon, and Alexander Woollcott in the Hecht-MacArthur legend of a phantom publisher. (5th Ave. Playhouse, 5th Ave. at 12th, OR 5-9630; and 55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th, CO 5-9438.)

The Search (1948)—An account of the effects of war on the lives of some children in Europe. With Montgomery Clift. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; through Sept. 19.)

The Seventh Veil (1945)—Good music and a dash of psychiatry. An English film, with James Mason and Ann Todd. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; starting Sept. 20.)

Sidewalks of London (1940)—English stage people. A British film, with Vivien Leigh, Rex Harrison, and Charles Laughton. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; Sept. 15.)

Symphonie Pastorale (1948)—Michèle Morgan and Pierre Blanchar in an adaptation of the André Gide story. A French picture. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; through Sept. 19.)

That Hamilton Woman! (1941)—Vivien Leigh playing Emma to Laurence Olivier's Lord Nelson. (Embassy Cinema, Park at 42nd, MU 7-8723; Sept. 18-20.)

When Tomorrow Comes (1939)—Irene Dunne and Charles Boyer deep in labor problems and hurricanes. (Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; through Sept. 17th.)

The Wizard of Oz (1939)—Judy Garland, Bert Lahr, and the Singer Midgets, in Technicolor. (Gracie Square, 1st Ave. at 89th, SA 2-2478; through Sept. 16.... ¶ Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, BU 8-9468; through Sept. 17.... ¶ Trans-Lux 85th, Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; through Sept. 18.)

Wuthering Heights (1939)—Merle Oberon and Laurence Olivier on the Brontë moors. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; starting Sept. 20.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Through Sept. 18: "To the Shores of Iwo Jima" (1945), "The Battle of San Pietro" (1945), and "Le Retour" (1945), documentary films of the Second World War.... ¶ Starting Sept. 19: "The True Glory" (1945), another war documentary. Showings are daily at 3 and 5:30. A limited number of reservations are available, but only if applied for in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after noon on the day of the showing.

• • •

THE BIG HOUSES

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
"Lost Boundaries," Beatrice Pearson, Mel Ferrer.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (CO 5-1250)
Through Sept. 21: "Madame Bovary," Jennifer Jones, Van Heflin.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (LU 2-1796)
"Sword in the Desert," Dana Andrews, Marta Toren.

Globe, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-5555)
Through Sept. 16: "The Crooked Way," John Payne, Sonny Tufts.
From Sept. 17: "Abbott and Costello Meet the Killer, Boris Karloff."

Mayfair, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CI 5-9800)
Through Sept. 16: "The Kid from Cleveland," George Brent, the Cleveland Indians.
From Sept. 17: "The Fighting Kentuckian," John Wayne.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
"Under Capricorn," Ingrid Bergman, Joseph Cotten.

Palace, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-2626)
Through Sept. 21: "Stampede," Rod Cameron, Gale Storm.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (BR 9-8738)
"Top o' the Morning," Bing Crosby, Barry

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
Through Sept. 21: "Come to the Stable," Loretta Young, Celeste Holm.

Roxy, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
"I Was a Male War Bride," Cary Grant, Ann Sheridan.

State, B'way at 45th. (LU 2-5070)
"Jolson Sings Again," Larry Parks, Barbara Hale.

Strand, B'way at 47th. (CI 7-5900)
"White Heat," James Cagney, Virginia Mayo.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"The Window," Barbara Hale.

FOREIGN, SPECIAL, ETC.

Avenue Playhouse, 6th Ave. at 47th. (PL 7-4295)
BELLE OF THE NINETIES, revival; and **GOIN' TO TOWN,** revival.

Bijou, 209 W. 45th. (CO 5-8215)
THE RED SHOES.

Embassy Cinema, Park at 42nd. (MU 7-8723)
Through Sept. 17: **PYGMALION,** revival.
Sept. 18-20: **THAT HAMILTON WOMAN!,** reviv-

5th Ave. Playhouse, 5th Ave. at 12th. (OR 5-9630)
CRIME WITHOUT PASSION, revival; and **THE SCOUNDREL,** revival.

55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th. (CO 5-9438)
CRIME WITHOUT PASSION, revival; and **THE SCOUNDREL,** revival.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-1365)
SAINTS AND SINNERS.

Little Cinémet, 6th Ave. at 39th. (LO 4-1141)
Through Sept. 21: "The Dream of Madame Butterfly" (in Italian), revival; and "The Barber of Seville" (in Italian), revival, Ferruccio Tagliavini.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)
DEVIL IN THE FLESH; and "A Visit with Maillol," short documentary film.

Park Avenue, Park at 59th. (PL 9-7242)
HAMLET.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 3-5520)
QUARTET.

Trans-Lux 60th St., Madison at 60th. (PL 5-2746)
Through Sept. 19: "Green for Danger," revival, Leo Genn.
From Sept. 20: "Spring in Park Lane," Anna Neagle, Michael Wilding.

World, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)

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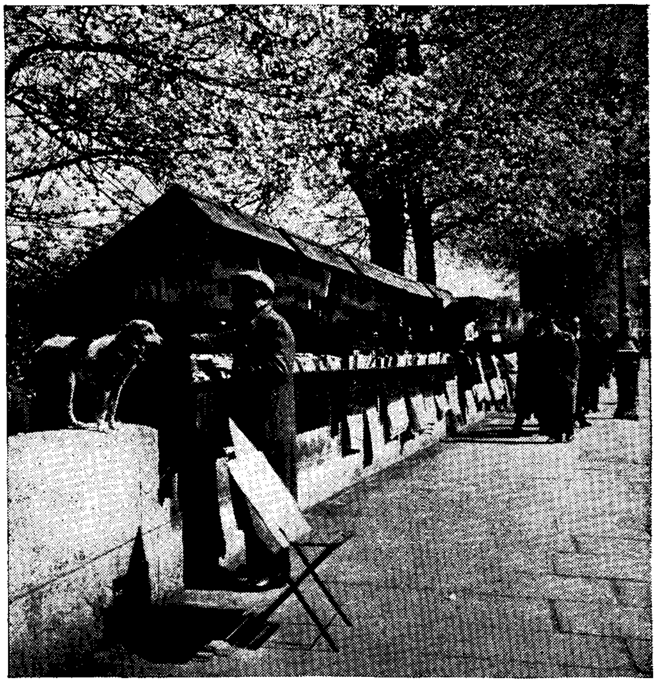

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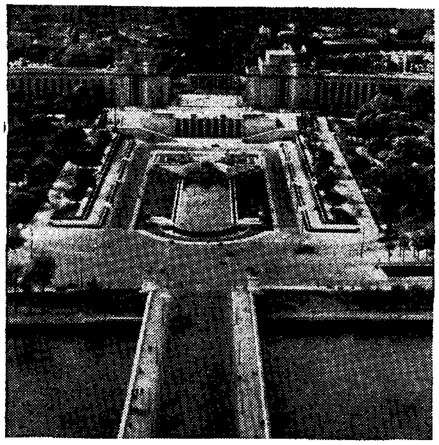

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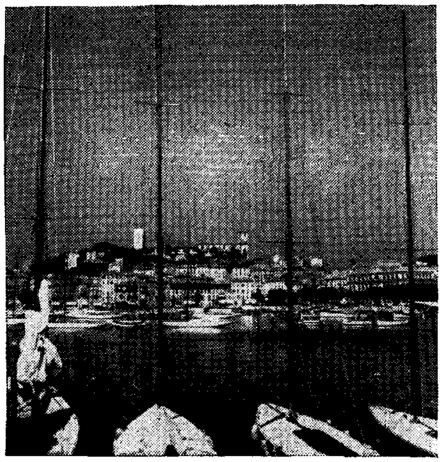

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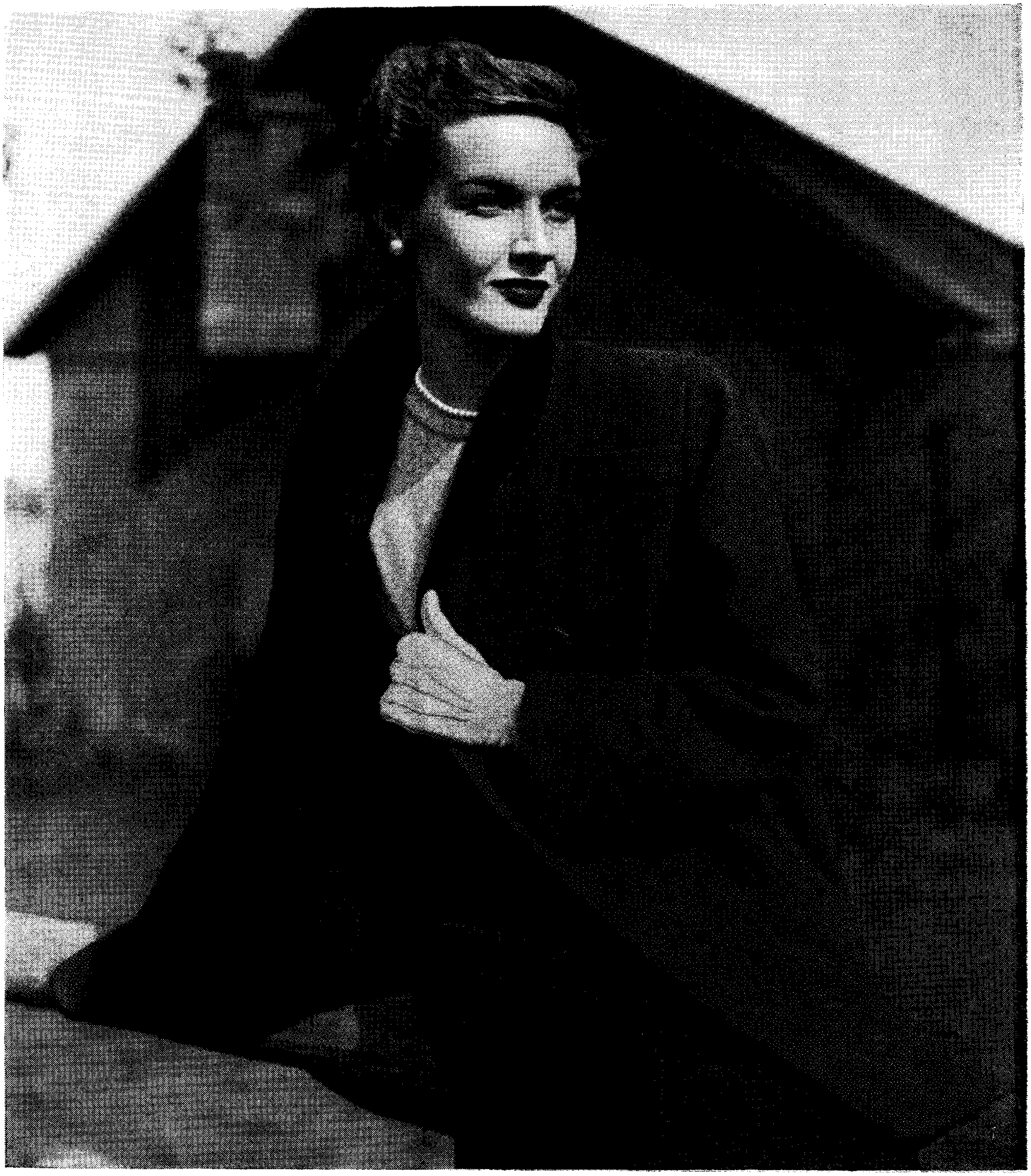

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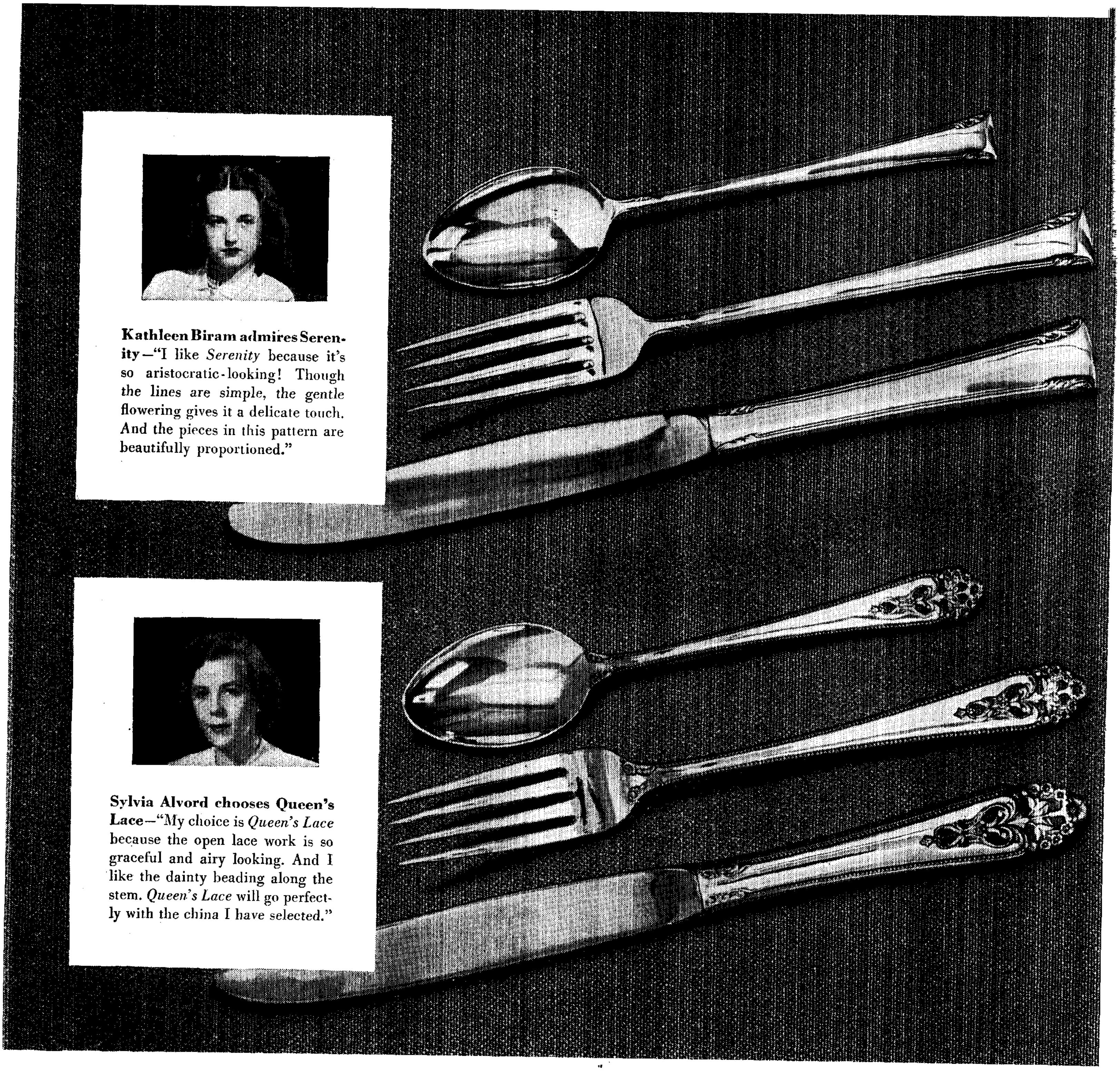

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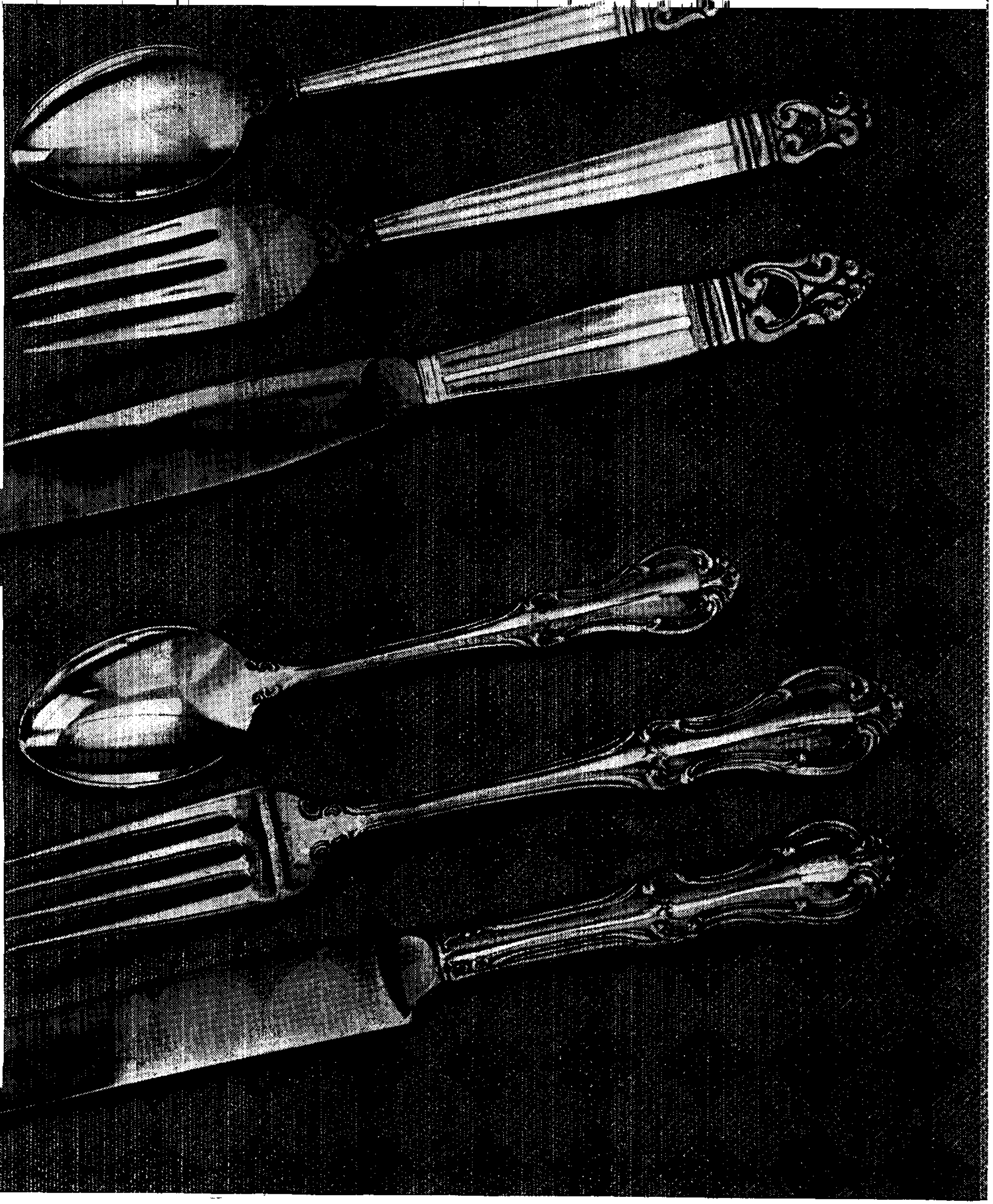

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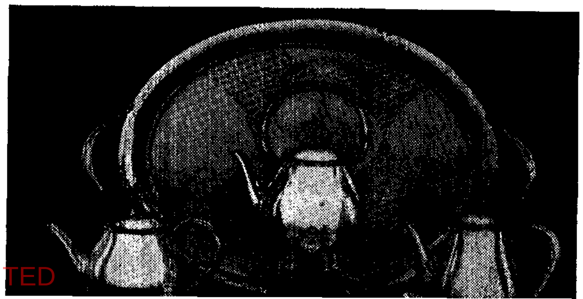

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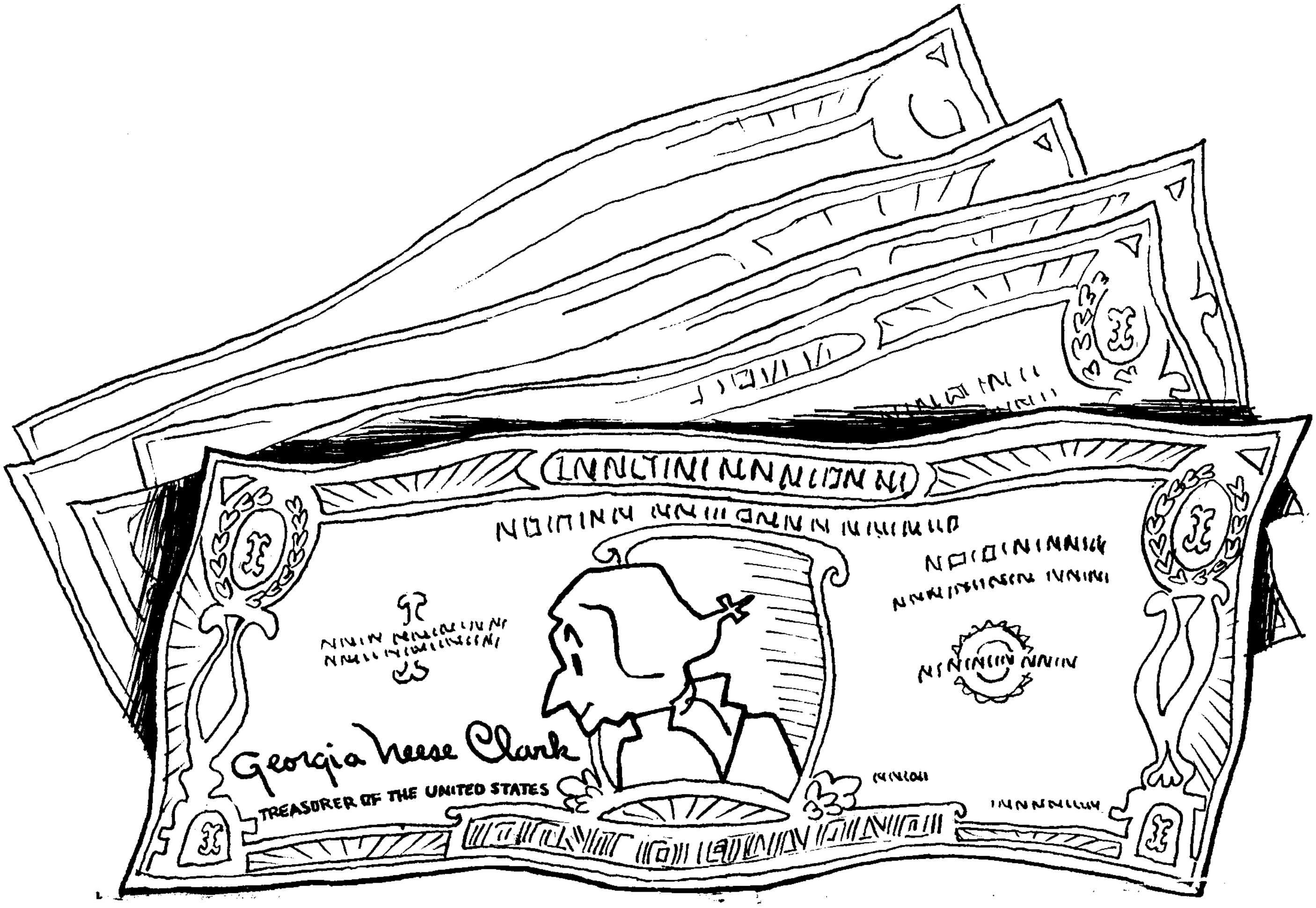
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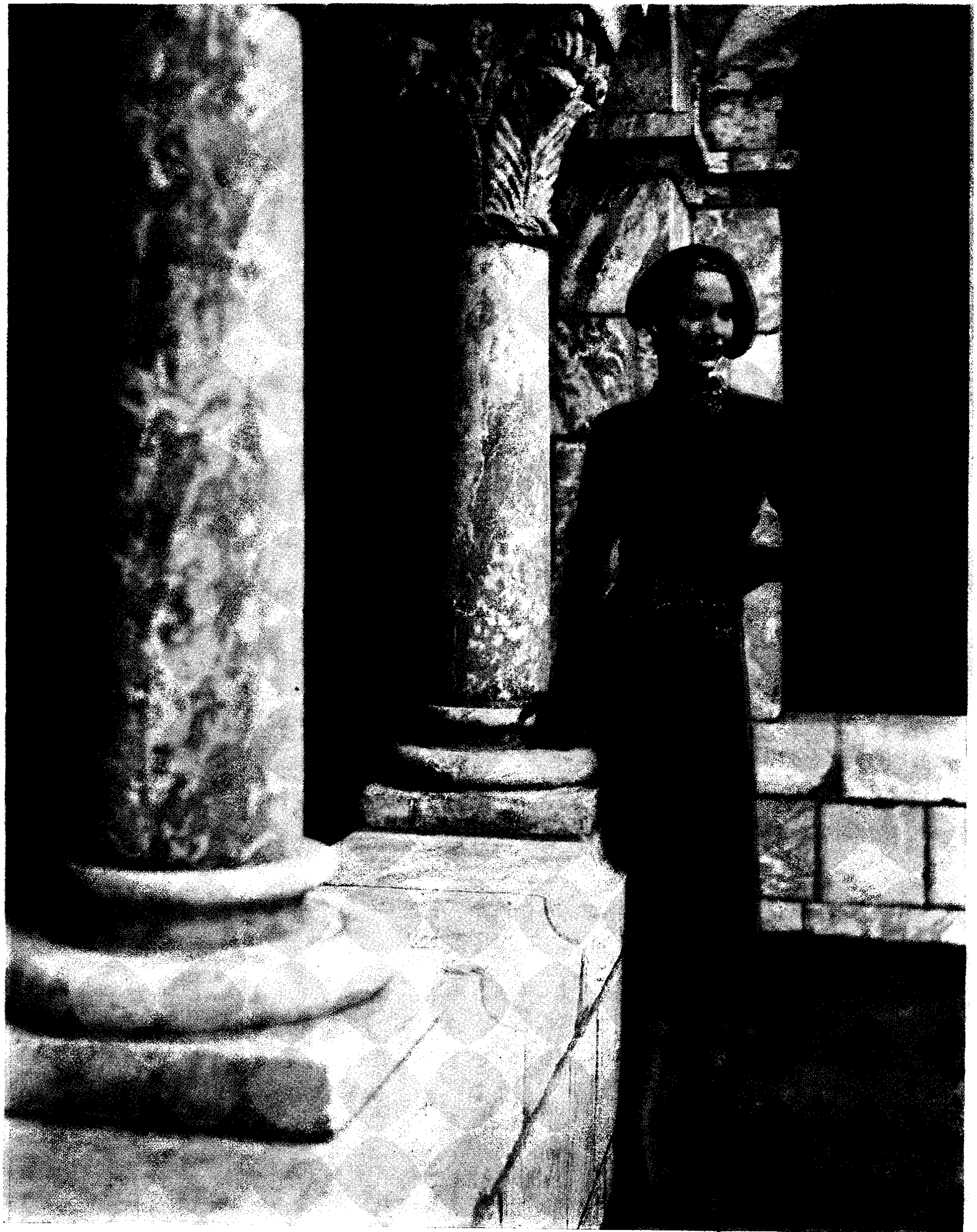

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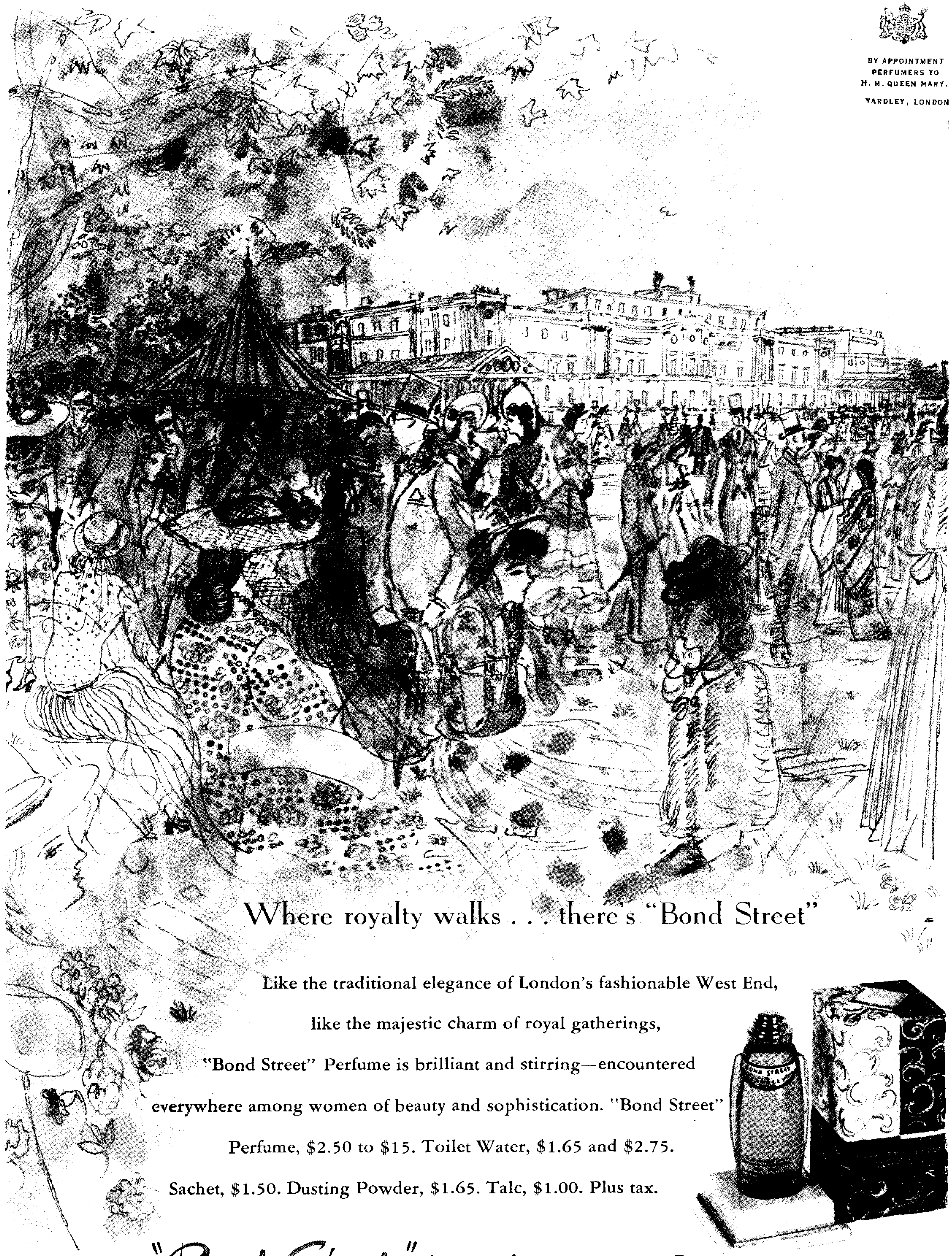

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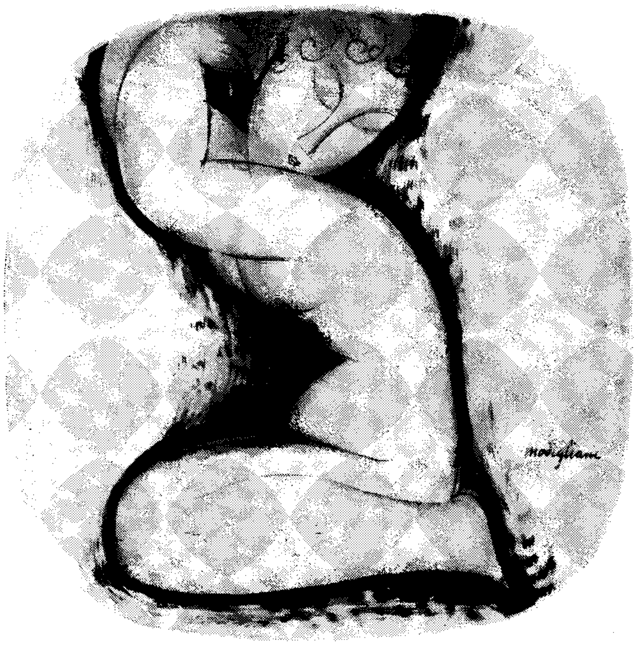

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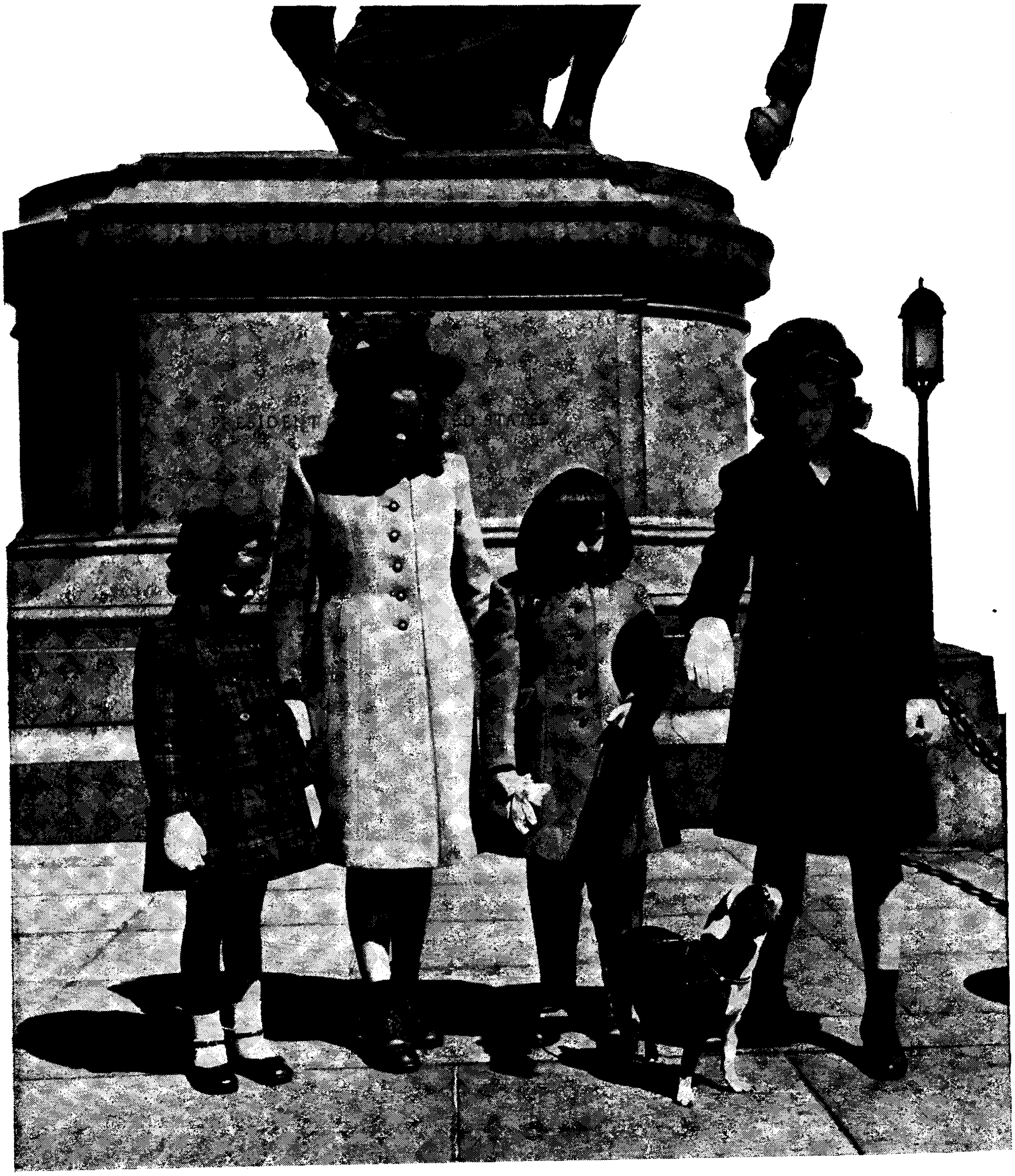

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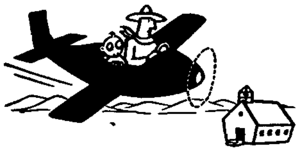
THE
NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

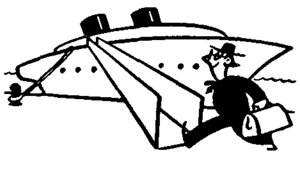
THE *Times* reports that a six-year-old schoolboy in Ochoa, New Mexico, is entering first grade this fall, and that his father, a rancher, is going to fly the child to school in his private plane every morning and fly him back in the afternoon, a distance of sixteen miles. We have been thinking about the little fellow this week and wondering how things are going. When we were six, our departure for school in the morning was formalized by our mother calling out, just as we reached the foot of the stairs, "Have you got your handkerchief?" She seldom missed this ritualistic remark. What is it like in Ochoa, we wonder. "Have you got your parachute?"



ARRIVING at school in a private plane could easily make a six-year-old so conspicuous as to warp his character and lead to a neurosis in later life. However, we perhaps have the Eastern point of view in such matters. Things are admittedly different in the West, where vast wealth and picturesque behavior are taken for granted. Our hunch is, though, that the project of flying the boy to school was just a handy excuse for the old man to get out his airplane and take a ride. We shall look to *Life* for a further report on the flying schoolboy of Ochoa—one of those broad, interpretive pieces illustrating a typical New Mexico school day, with the plane warming up in front of the ranchhouse while the pretty teacher, sixteen miles away, takes her morning bath in the watering trough.

A POET we know has been telling us about his first sale to the *Saturday Evening Post*, a blessed event that took place not long ago. He says he got a letter from an editor of the *Post* saying that they liked the poem, wanted to buy it, and would he please have "two business acquaintances" send letters of reference. On receipt of these letters (the editor said), a check for sixty dollars would go forward. Our friend lost no time getting himself vouched for, and the check came along in due course. It was only after the excitement had died down that he began turning the incident over in his mind and wondering what in hell was going on, anyway.

Probably every magazine has its own peculiar approach to poets. *The New Yorker* has never asked poets for letters from business acquaintances. This laxity (if that is what it is) dates back to our earliest experience with poets—around 1925. Few of them seemed to *have* any business acquaintances (although God knows they had plenty of other acquaintances), and our need for verse was at that time so desperate that we would have taken (and on a few occasions did take) poems from persons whose private lives were unspeakable and whose only business connections were shady. But that was a long while back. Today we would not dream of asking a poet for letters of reference because we have learned never to suggest to a poet any sort of outside activity. Poets tend to hug a new idea in a deathlike embrace, and they welcome the slightest suggestion of adventure or travel. A poet in search of two business acquaintances could be lost to the literary world for anywhere from two weeks to a year. Certain poets we know



wouldn't hesitate a minute to go abroad on a quest like that, and we might not get a line out of them for months. Even when we did hear, it would simply be a cablegram from Paris, asking for an advance.

Fast and Quiet

IN our day, we have said harsh things about the abandonment of trolleys in favor of buses, which not only hold fewer people but must be entered and left in a disabling crouching position and whose engines emit singularly foul fumes. As usual, our strictures seem only to have stepped up the rate of change, so we're forced to take what comfort we can from the fact that many of the supplanted trolley cars are finding a warmer welcome in new homes than they ever had here. Late last year, for example, when the Third Avenue Transit people finished putting buses on their trolley routes in the Bronx—a process they glossed over with the term "motorizing"—the wise old city of Vienna got wind of the change and immediately began to negotiate for the forty-two cars involved, which had been gallantly tootling up and down Southern Boulevard, University Avenue, 167th Street, the Boston Post Road, and Fordham Road. Vienna paid four thousand dollars apiece for them, using E.R.P. funds and taking title in the name of the Wiener Stadtwerke Verkehrsbetriebe, which sounds splendid to us. These Bronx cars have been in use in Vienna for two or three months now—painted in Vienna's colors, red and white—and we've learned what the Viennese think of them, through the good fortune of meeting up with Herr Fritz Molden, a member of the staff of the local Austrian Consulate General.

Herr Molden tells us that the trolley situation in Vienna has been parlous for generations. That city started the Second World War with 3,675 already ancient trolleys in operation; during the war, 587 of them were destroyed and 1,539 were damaged. The ones that were left were no great shakes. Rather, they were nothing *but* shakes, for a large percent-

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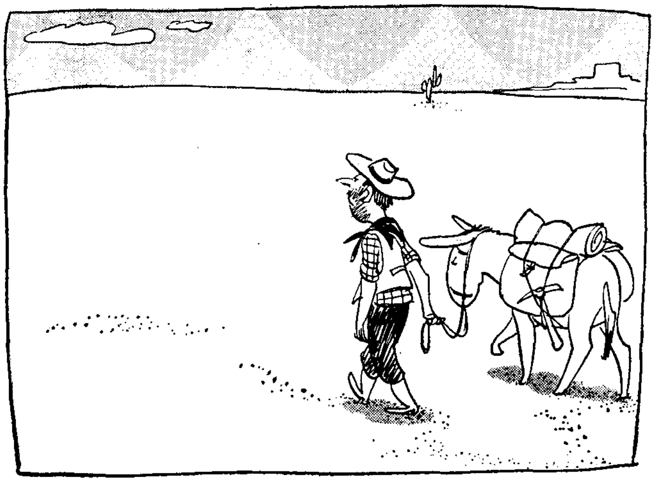

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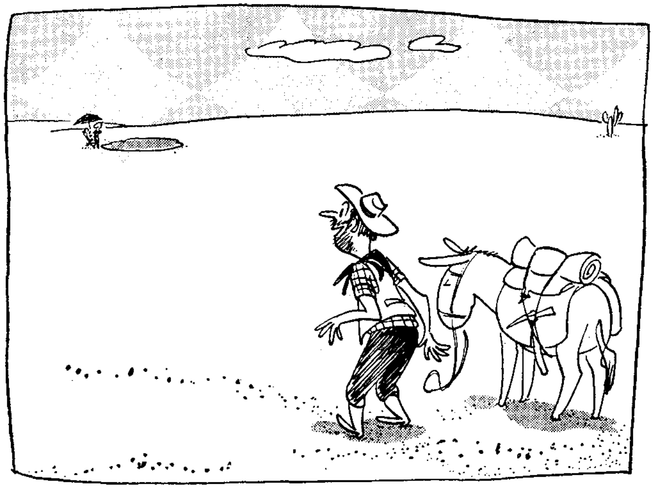

age of them were made in the palmy days of the Emperor Franz Josef. The traditional Viennese trolley is a four-wheel, two-axle proposition, with a seating capacity of thirty-two—half the wheels and axles of the Bronx trolleys and only a bit over half their capacity. The Franz Josef cars have no doors left at all, the next oldest have hinged doors that tend to slam in passengers' faces, and the least antique have sliding doors that frequently don't slide. The cars run in trains of three, the first pulling the others. "Their average speed is just above a quick walk," Herr Molden said. "Their chief characteristic is the horrible noise they make. It is a nerve-racking sound, like that of tools constantly falling out onto the tracks."

The Bronx cars were built in 1939 and are therefore still in the prime of life; by Viennese standards, they are in their infancy. Before shipping them abroad, the Third Avenue people made sure that they were all in apple-pie working order and a master mechanic came over from Vienna to inspect them. During the sea voyage, they were lashed to the open deck, braving the North Atlantic weather, which, come to think of it, was probably no worse than the weather they braved in the Bronx. Viennese trolley tracks are, luckily, the same gauge as ours, and the only major change that had to be made in the cars was the substitution of harps for the trolley poles with which the cars were equipped here. Harps are those overhead spring arrangements such as the Pennsylvania and the New Haven Railroads use to draw current into their trains. It took only about a week for the Viennese motormen to get used to the Bronx cars, Herr Molden told us. Because of their speed and seating capacity, they have been put on long-distance runs into the suburbs, some of which are in the Russian Zone. "There's no difficulty about crossing back and forth," Herr Molden said. "No sentries or anything of that kind. One sees Russian soldiers in the American Zone and an occasional American soldier in the Russian Zone. All very friendly."

We asked Herr Molden how the Viennese like the Bronx cars, and he told us that at first there was a certain amount of patriotic objection to them; people complained that Vienna ought to be buying Austrian cars, not foreign ones. It was pointed out that there were no Austrian cars, and that silenced the chauvinists. "I'm happy to say that all sour feelings have disappeared," said Herr Molden. "It is everyone's wish to have more American trolley cars—so fast, so quiet."

Thriller

THE mother of a boy who is abed with a spell of the measles has sent us a letter he received from one of his classmates, a young lady. It follows:

DEAR JIMMY,
How do you feal? Fine I hope.
I had lots of fun last weekend. I went to a lady's house. She had poison arrows on here living room wall.
She had meatloaf for supper and put poison ivy on it. She is half blind.
Love,
JANE

Ripley's Bag

THANKS to Dr. Dillon Ripley, a thirty-five-year-old ornithologist and aviculturist who is an associate curator and lecturer in zoology at the Peabody Museum, at Yale, and the owner of one of the greatest collections of living foreign waterfowl in America, at Litchfield, Connecticut, the skins of twelve hundred Nepalese birds and more than a hundred Nepalese mammals, some extremely rare, are on their way to this country. They are the fruit of an expedition that Dr. Ripley, accompanied by five assistants and sponsored by Yale (his alma mater), the National Geographic Society, and the Smithsonian Institution (of which he is an honorary associate), made to Nepal last winter. The faunal situation there, he told us on his return, recently, is unusually significant, since Nepalese topography is such—plentifully ridged and varying from highlands to lowlands—that somewhere in the country a break occurs in the fauna, resulting in widely differing forms of the same species. Nepal is an independent kingdom on the southern slope of the Himalayas and is deeply afflicted with xenophobia; prior to Ripley, no foreigner had been permitted to investigate its interior except in a most limited way. Joseph Hooker, an English botanist, was allowed to uproot a number of plants in the southeastern corner of the country in the eighteen-forties, and around the same time Brian Hodgson, another Briton, collected eight thousand Nepalese birds, mammals, and plants for the British Museum, but as he wasn't allowed to roam more than fifteen miles from the capital, Katmandu, he had to rely mostly on native collectors and seldom knew where his specimens came from. For the last hundred years, faunally and florally speaking, all has been silence.

In the course of a 1946-47 ornithological trip to India under Yale-Smithsonian auspices, Dr. Ripley spent some time in Katmandu and ingratiated himself with the hereditary Prime Minister of Nepal, who runs the place. The P.M. gave him permission to ex-

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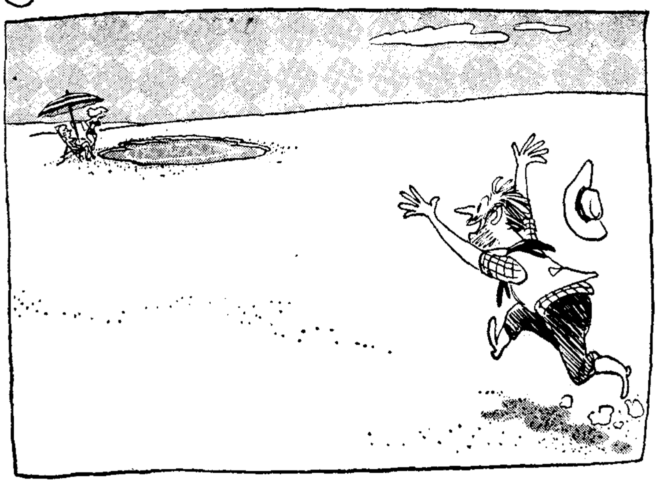

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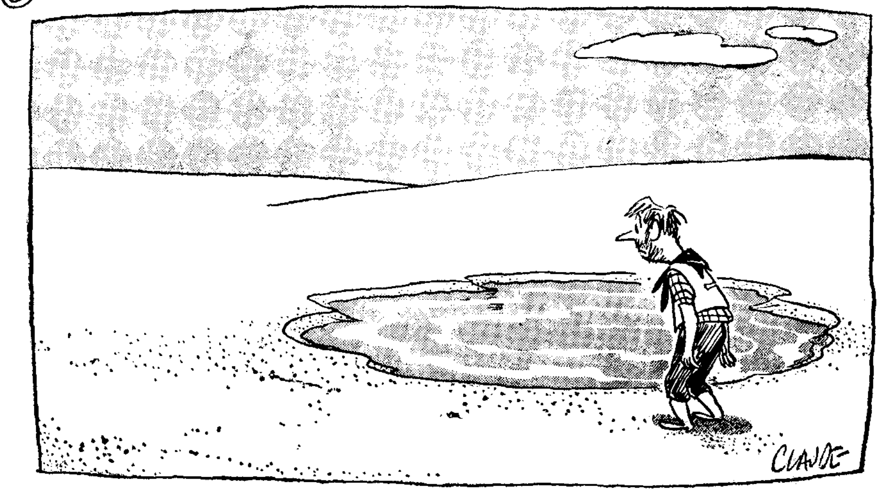


plore the hinterland on a second visit. Accompanied by sixty-five coolies and, on the lowlands, by several elephants, his party spent three and a half months there. "Zoogeographically, Nepal is the key spot of the Himalayas," he told us. "We rediscovered the spiny babbler, or *Acanthoptila nipalensis*, never before seen alive by any European or American. Only four skins, brought back by Hodgson and now woefully withered, were known. Ours—we got only one—is the fifth." Dr. Ripley personally shot this esoteric bird, as well as one specimen each of two other great rarities—the brown parrotbill, which looks like an outsize chickadee with an ivory-colored bill, and the immaculate hedge sparrow, which looks like an i.h.s. These two birds were obtained in snowy terrain at an elevation of ten thousand feet. Dr. Ripley won't know just *what* he got, altogether, until all his skins have been classified, but he figures on over three hundred varieties of birds, some of them new to ornithology. The classification will be made at Yale. The mammals are largely shrews, mice, bats, and rats. "The most important thing is that we may be able to tell where the faunal break occurs," he said.

Leaving Nepal in March, Dr. Ripley spent three weeks in Assam, on the invitation of the Indian government, to investigate the status of the great Indian rhinoceros. This animal he described as a prehistoric-looking beast covered with plates of horny skin. Scarcely two hundred of these creatures survive; Chinese Tibetans poach for them to get their horns, which are highly prized as an aphrodisiac. Dr. Ripley advised the government to establish a strict system of game wardens. In Assam, he shot a tiger, which provided gastronomic relief from the dehydrated foods his party had been subsisting on. "We ate its tenderloin steak grilled with onions," he said, "and washed it down with elephant milk. Fortunately, one of our elephants was a lady with calf." He pronounced the milk chalky but delicious.

Dr. Ripley, who is six feet three and a half and a Harvard Ph.D., has made faunal expeditions to New Guinea and the Dutch East Indies for the Academy of Natural Sciences, of Philadelphia. He is a director of the Pacific War Memorial, a privately financed outfit that is setting up scientific stations on islands in the Pacific. "In order to make room for the planting of more sugar cane," he explained to us, "the Japs killed off the palms on Saipan, by introducing rhinoceros beetles, which ate them. We're trying to introduce Scolia wasps from Africa to parasitize the beetles and restore the balance of nature."

Out of Practice

LADY tells us that the other day, as she neared the Delman shoe store, the employees of which have been on strike for several weeks, she became aware that one of the pickets, a substantial-looking middle-aged man, was staring at her feet. When she got abreast of him, he asked politely, "4-B, Madam?" "No," she said, "4-C." "Heavens, I *am* getting rusty!" he said.

Test, Not Pest

WE journeyed out to the Grumman Airport, at Bethpage, Long Island, the other day, to attend a sneak preview of a new kind of skywriting known as skytyping. That's the word, all right—skytyping—and we guess it's the only word. The first people we met were Sidney S. Pike, president of the Skywriting Corporation of America and the inventor of skytyping, and Andy Stinis, whom Mr. Pike introduced as the pilot of the lead, or "mother," plane in the skytyping operation. Pike explained to us that typing out a word in the sky requires seven planes, flying in front-line formation, in an even row that is and at the same elevation. There's no tricky maneuvering to it. The mother plane flies in the middle of the row, sending out radio impulses from a transmitting set; these impulses cause puffs of smoke to be released from all seven planes and are so timed that the puffs form letters. Or ought to. Pike told us this with a certain amount of uneasiness, eying his brood of seven blunt-nosed AT-6s lined up in one corner of the field. We got the feeling that skytyping wasn't as simple as it sounded, and Pike confirmed this by saying that while he'd had the idea for skytyping, it had taken electronics engineers to work out the technical details. We asked in what respect skytyping is superior to the common, Palmer Method of skywriting. "Faster and more efficient," Pike said. "It takes a single plane several minutes to write 'Pepsi-Cola,' or even to dash off 'I. J. Fox,' and sometimes the message is half blown away by the time it's finished. Under ideal conditions, a skytyping formation can rattle off a thirteen-letter message ten miles long in two minutes. All we have to do, some nice, bright Sunday morning, is to tell our planes to make the run from here to Boston and we can have the whole coast scribbled up in two hours."

Stinis volunteered to show us the transmitting equipment in the mother plane. On the instrument board he pointed out a panel with a switch marked "Start Smoke," a switch marked "Reset," for starting a message over in case of a misspelling, and a switch that can be snapped back and forth between "Start Smoke" and "Voice." "This ship does all the transmitting of impulses," Stinis said. "The others only receive. You can also talk to the other planes with this equipment, but not when they're smoking. One thing at a time." He led us to one of the adjoining planes, whose instrument board had a small, simple panel with two lights set in it, which flash on when the smoking starts. "The pilot doesn't have to do a thing but fly formation," Stinis said. "Everything is preset on the ground. It takes at least a year to develop a good skywriter, but anyone can do skytyping." He opened a box back of the pilot's seat; inside, it looked like a telephone

crisscrossed in every direction. "Those wires determine what the formation writes," he said. "One wire plugged into the wrong socket and we write Arabic." Stinis is a past-master of skywriting, and we asked him how he felt about seeing his skill replaced by a gadget. "It's O.K. by me," he said. "You could never tell much about a pilot's personality from his skywriting anyhow."

It was time for the take-off. We rejoined Pike, and, over the thunder of the planes going off down the runway, he told us that for the best effect skytyping must be done at from twelve to fourteen thousand feet. "You can't see the planes very well at that height," he said. "You just see the letters forming. *If* they form. We've done hours and hours of testing, and half the time the plugs have been wrong or one of the receivers hasn't been getting the signals properly." The message that the skytypers had been practicing and were to try out that day was "SKYTYPING TEST." Pike said that in the course of an earlier flight the citizens of Hicksville and the vicinity had been treated to "SKYTYPING PEST." Suddenly, high up in the sky to the south of us, we saw a squared "S" taking shape, made up of puffs of smoke with little spaces between them. Next a "K" appeared, then a "Y." The whole of "SKYTYPING" came off quickly and in perfect form. It was followed by "TEST," also perfect. Pike looked at his watch. "Two minutes twenty-nine seconds," he said. "We could write the whole Constitution of the United States between here and Albany."

Phantom

THE Marine Corps notified a wartime Marine a couple of months ago that it had found itself in possession of his sea bag, which had been lost in transit between Guadalcanal and Okinawa in February, 1945. He was instructed to fill out an enclosed form, authorizing the Marine Corps to "force entry" into the bag, upon receipt of which it and its contents would be forwarded to him—minus any government property that turned up. He complied and has received, from the Personal Effects Section, Fifth Service Depot,

Fleet Post Office, San Francisco, California, a crate containing the bag and some familiar gear, along with the following inventory:

1 pr shoes, shower
1 pr shoes, field
5 undershirts
4 pr trousers
2 belts, web
1 field scarf
1 cap, garrison
5 pr socks, wool
1 "Yo-yo"
*1 book, radio receiving equipment
*1 metal tube, rifle cleaning equipment.
*Turned in to Depot Quartermaster.

Unpacking, he found all the unasterisked articles except the Yo-yo.

He is sure he never owned a Yo-yo but is letting the matter slide.

For Women Only

BROOKS BROTHERS recently put on sale a female version of its renowned pink shirt, button-down collar and all, and we've stopped in at the store to discover what prompted this astonishing concession to the opposite, or Bonwit, sex. We began our investigations with Mr. John C. Wood, president of Brooks, who, on being apprised of the reason for our visit, exclaimed, "Orders! Orders! Orders! Why, we've a veritable elephant by the tail! Our pink shirt for women has been on the market for scarcely three weeks, and already we can't keep up with the demand." Steadying himself, Mr. Wood went on to say that the Brooks pink shirt for men has been a specialty of the house for at least twenty-five years, and that the shade of pink involved is a very particular pink indeed. "The cloth is of Egyptian cotton, woven for us at a mill in Wauregan, Connecticut," Mr. Wood said. "It's yarn-dyed, not cloth-dyed. In the beginning, it took our mill two or three years to develop the exact shade of pink we wanted. When the war came, we had to discontinue the shirt, and afterward it took a long time to work our way back to the proper shade. For a year or so after the war our pink shirt was just a trifle *too* pink. We were very much concerned."

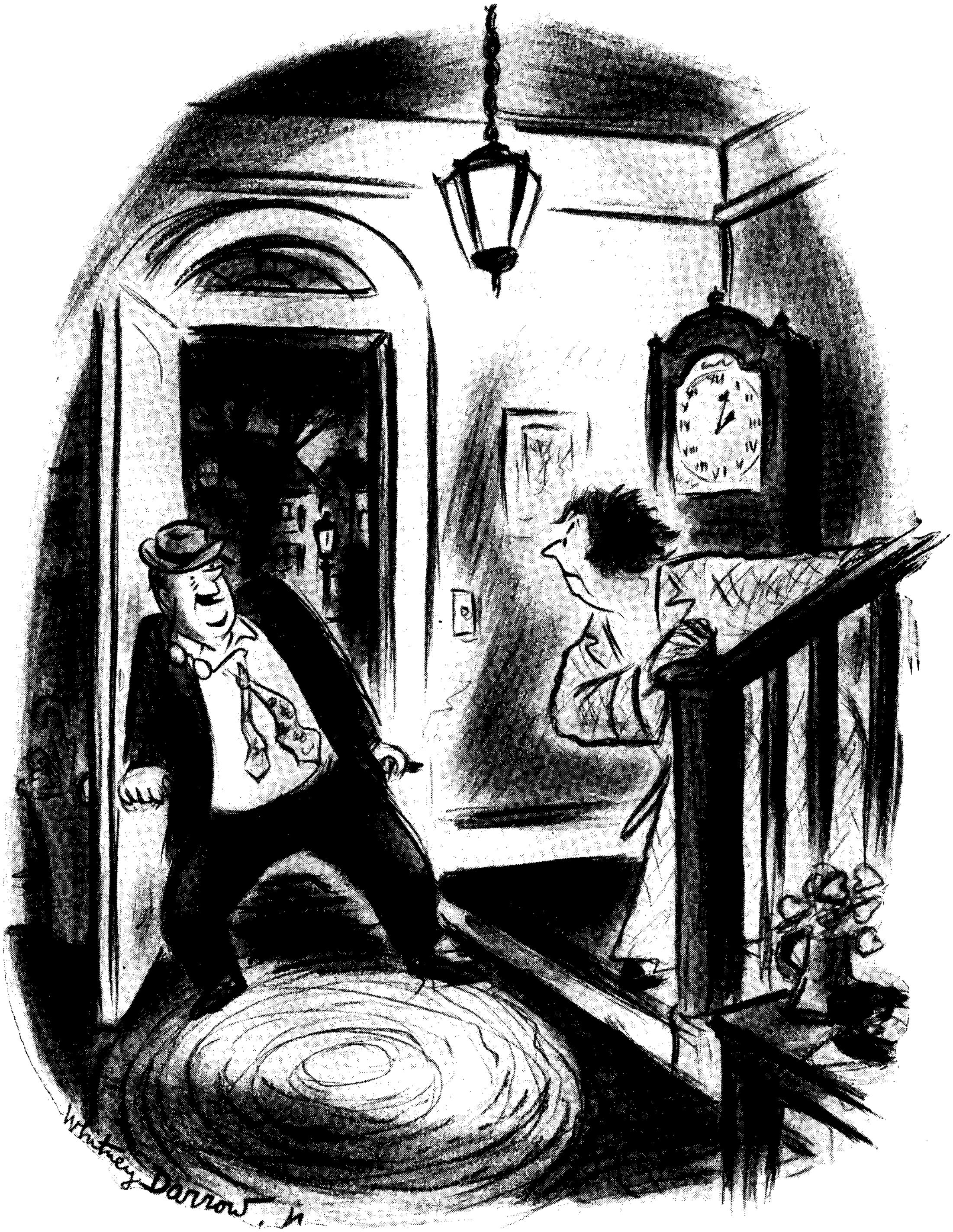
About a year ago, Brooks took cognizance of the fact that more and more of its pink shirts for men were finding their way onto women. Brooks was disturbed, because the shirts hadn't been designed with the female configuration in mind and didn't look as well as they should. "I asked the people at *Vogue* if they would be interested in designing a were crazy about the idea," Mr. Wood said. "*Vogue* is entitled to all the credit for the design." In the female version, the collar is unchanged, the body of the shirt is—ah—fuller, and the tail is shorter. The shirt is intended to be worn with the collar open, and the buttons on the points of the collar, having no tie to hold in place, must be regarded as decorative. The tail is to be kept tucked in. "We'd much prefer that our shirt was not worn sloppily," Mr. Wood said.

The Brooks pink shirt for women has a precedent in the Brooks sweaters for women, which have been a popular item for over thirty years now and originated in much the same way. Women took to buying Brooks men's sweaters for their own use, and finally, bowing to *force majeure*, Brooks consented to turn out a line for women only. Through the years, women have taken up wearing other Brooks items for men, such as polo coats, sports jackets, and slacks, but Brooks hasn't yielded an inch on these. We asked if the notion of redesigning the pink shirt hadn't met with some resistance within the firm, and Mr. Wood allowed that it had. "To be perfectly frank," he said, "whenever we contemplate changing anything around here, a perceptible shudder goes through the store. In the end, after months of soul-searching, we resolved to risk a restyled pink shirt for women but never to restyle anything else for women. We are definitely not in the women's-clothing business. Thus far shall we go, and no farther."

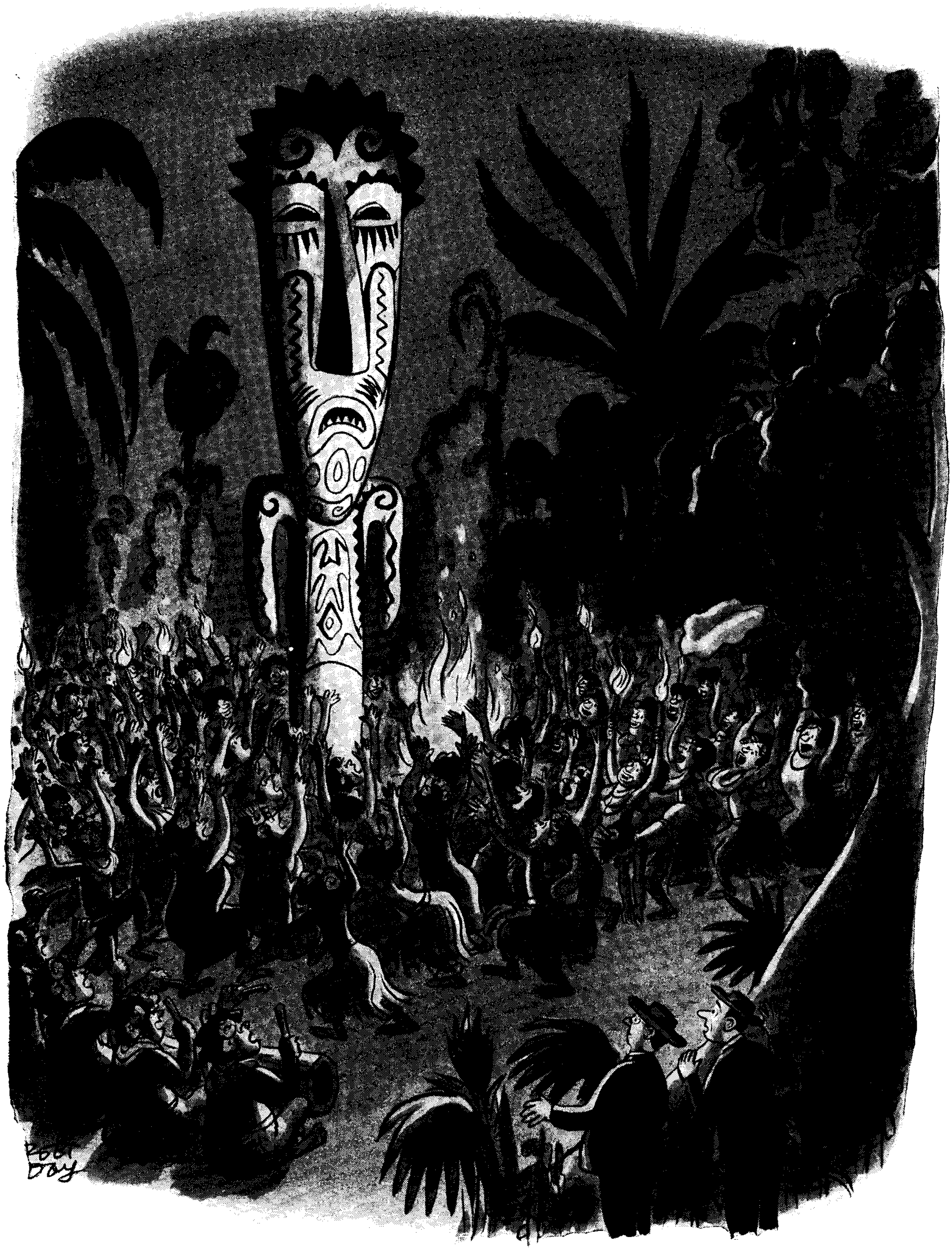
Quitting Mr. Wood, we paid a call on the women's-pink-shirt counter, which is on the ground floor, right alongside women's sweaters. One of the salesmen on duty, a kind-faced patriarch, assured us that the pink shirt for women is the biggest thing that has hit Brooks in the present century. There have been no complaints from male customers to date, he told us, and no apparent increase in the number of women in the store. "The men have been doing the buying for the ladies," he said. "Some men come in and buy male *and* female shirts. That way, everybody's kept happy."

Creditation

WE ran into an old Chicago friend of ours at the Hotel Commodore last week. He recently went to work, he told us, at one of the government laboratories, doing, as he put it, "some kind of arcane mischief with mice." He showed us his badge, fresh from the F.B.I., bearing his photograph, his case history, and an official pronouncement that he is to be admitted *anywhere*. Trouble was, he went on, the Commodore's fiscal department didn't recognize the badge to the extent of coming through with twenty dollars for a traveller's check. "Haven't you any other identification?" the clerk asked. "A driver's license, maybe?"



"Now, let me explain, dear. In the first place, it was raining in Brooklyn and the game didn't begin to come in until after nine. On top of that, it went eleven innings, and by that time it was nearly twelve and they tuned in the Midnight Newsreel. Then old Charlie Follet came in and nothing would do but he had to buy me a night


Robt
Day

THE SOUND MACHINE

IT was a warm summer evening and Klausner walked quickly through the front gate and around the side of the house and into the garden at the back. He went on down the garden until he came to a wooden shed and he unlocked the door, went inside and closed the door behind him.

The interior of the shed was an unpainted room. Against one wall, on the left, there was a long wooden workbench, and on it, among a littering of wires and batteries and small sharp tools, there stood a black box about three feet long, the shape of a child's coffin.

Klausner moved across the room to the box. The top of the box was open, and he bent down and began to poke and peer inside it among a mass of different-colored wires and silver tubes. He picked up a piece of paper that lay beside the box, studied it carefully, put it down, peered inside the box and started running his fingers along the wires, tugging gently at them to test the connections, glancing back at the paper, then into the box, then at the paper again, checking each wire. He did this for perhaps an hour.

Then he put a hand around to the front of the box where there were three dials, and he began to twiddle them, watching at the same time the movement of the mechanism inside the box. All the while he kept speaking softly to himself, nodding his head, smiling sometimes, his hands always moving, the fingers moving swiftly, deftly, inside the box, his mouth twisting into curious shapes when a thing was delicate or difficult to do speaking to himself, saying, "Yes. . . . Yes. . . . And now this one. . . . Yes. . . . Yes. . . . But is this right? . . . Is it—where's my diagram? . . . Ah, yes. . . . Of course. . . . Yes, yes. . . . That's right. . . . And now. . . . Good. . . . Good. . . . Yes. . . . Yes, yes, yes." His concentration was intense; his movements were quick; there was an air of urgency about the way he worked, of breathlessness, of strong suppressed excitement.

Suddenly he heard footsteps on the gravel path outside and he straightened and turned swiftly as the door opened and a tall man came in. It was Scott. It was only Scott, the doctor.

"Well, well, well," the Doctor said. "So this is where you hide yourself in the evenings."

"Hullo, Scott," Klausner said.

"I happened to be passing," the Doctor told him, "so I dropped in to see how you were. There was no one in the house, so I came on down here. How's that throat of yours been behaving?"

"It's all right. It's fine."

"Now I'm here I might as well have a look at it."

"Please don't trouble. I'm quite cured. I'm fine."

The Doctor began to feel the tension in the room. He looked at the black box on the bench; then he looked at the man. "You've got your hat on," he said.

"Oh, have I?" Klausner reached up, removed the hat, and put it on the bench.

The Doctor came up closer and bent down to look into the box. "What's this?" he said. "Making a radio?"

"No. Just fooling around."

"It's got rather complicated-looking innards."

"Yes." Klausner seemed tense and distracted.

"What is it?" the Doctor asked. "It's rather a frightening-looking thing, isn't it?"

"It's just an idea."

"Yes?"

"It has to do with sound, that's all."

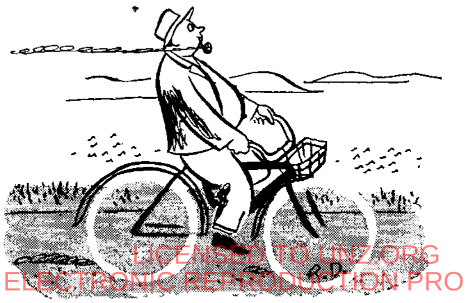
"Good heavens, man! Don't you get enough of that sort of thing all day in your work?"

"I like sound."

"So it seems." The Doctor went to the door, turned, and said, "Well, I won't disturb you. Glad your throat's not worrying you any more." But he kept standing there, looking at the box, intrigued by the remarkable complexity of its inside, curious to know what this strange patient of his was up to. "What's it really for?" he asked. "You've made me inquisitive."

Klausner looked down at the box, then at the Doctor, and he reached up and began gently to scratch the lobe of his right ear. There was a pause. The Doctor stood by the door, waiting, smiling.

"All right, I'll tell you, if you're interested." There was another pause, and the Doctor could see that Klausner was having trouble about how to begin. He was shifting from one foot to the other, tugging at the lobe of his ear, looking at his feet, and then at last, slowly, he said, "Well, it's like this. . . . It's . . . the theory is very simple, really. The human ear . . . You know that it can't hear everything. There are sounds that are so low-pitched or so high-pitched that it can't hear them."



"Yes," the Doctor said. "Yes."

"Well, speaking very roughly, any note so high that it has more than fifteen thousand vibrations a second—we can't hear it. Dogs have better ears than us. You know you can buy a whistle whose note is so high-pitched that you can't hear it at all. But a dog can hear it."

"Yes, I've seen one," the Doctor said.

"Of course you have. And up the scale, higher than the note of that whistle, there is another note—a vibration, if you like, but I prefer to think of it as a note. You can't hear that one either. And above that there is another and another rising right up the scale for ever and ever and ever, an endless succession of notes . . . an infinity of notes . . . there is a note—if only our ears could hear it—so high that it vibrates a million times a second . . . and another a million times as high as that . . . and on and on, higher and higher, as far as numbers go, which is . . . infinity . . . eternity . . . beyond the stars. . . ."

Klausner stood next to the workbench, fluttering his hands, becoming more animated every moment. He was a small, frail man, nervous and twitchy, with always moving hands. His large head inclined toward his left shoulder, as though his neck were not quite strong enough to support it rigidly. His face was smooth and pale, almost white, and the pale-gray eyes that blinked and peered from behind a pair of thick-lensed steel spectacles were bewildered, unfocussed, remote. He was a frail, nervous, twitchy little man, a moth of a man, dreamy and distracted, suddenly fluttering and animated; and now the Doctor, looking at that strange pale face and those pale gray eyes, felt that somehow there was about this little person a quality of distance, of immense, immeasurable distance, as though the mind were far away from where the body was.

The Doctor waited for him to go on. Klausner sighed and clasped his hands tightly together. "I believe," he said, speaking more slowly now, "that there is a whole world of sound about us all the time that we cannot hear. It is possible that up there in those high-exciting music being made, with subtle harmonies and fierce grinding discords, a music so powerful that it would drive us mad if only our ears were tuned to hear the sound of it. There may be anything . . . for all we know there may—"

"Yes," the Doctor said. "But it's not very probable."

"Why not? Why not?" Klausner pointed to a fly sitting on a small roll of copper wire on the workbench. "You see that fly? What sort of a noise is that fly making now? None—that one can hear. But for all we know the creature may be whistling like mad on a very high note, or barking or croaking or singing a song. It's got a mouth, hasn't it? It's got a throat!"

The Doctor looked at the fly and he smiled. He was still standing by the door with his hand on the doorknob. "Well," he said. "So you're going to check up on that?"

"Some time ago," Klausner said, "I made a simple instrument that proved to me the existence of many odd, inaudible sounds. Often I have sat and watched the needle of my instrument recording the presence of sound vibrations in the air when I myself could hear nothing. And *those* are the sounds I want to listen to. I want to know where they come from and who or what is making them."

"And that machine on the table, there," the Doctor said, "is that going to allow you to hear these noises?"

"It may. Who knows? So far, I've had no luck. But I've made some changes in it, and tonight I'm ready for another trial. This machine," he said, touching it with his hands, "is designed to pick up sound vibrations that are too high-pitched for reception by the human ear and to convert them to a scale of audible tones. I tune it in, almost like a radio."

"How d'you mean?"

"It isn't complicated. Say I wish to listen to the squeak of a bat. That's a fairly high-pitched sound—about thirty thousand vibrations a second. The average human ear can't quite hear it. Now, if there were a bat flying around this room and I tuned in to thirty thousand hear the squeaking of that bat very clearly. I would even hear the correct note—F sharp, or B flat, or whatever it might be—but merely at a much *lower pitch*. Don't you understand?"

The Doctor looked at the long, black coffin-box. "And you're going to try it tonight?"

"Yes."

"Well, I wish you luck." He glanced at his watch. "My goodness!" he said. "I must fly. Goodbye, and thank you for telling me. I must call again sometime and find out what happened." The Doctor went out and closed the door behind him.

FOR a while longer, Klausner fussed about with the wires in the black box; then he straightened up and, in a soft, excited whisper, said, "Now we'll try again. . . . We'll take it out into the garden this time . . . and then perhaps . . . *perhaps . . . the reception will be* better. Lift it up now . . . carefully. . . . Oh, my God, it's heavy!" He carried the box to the door, found that he couldn't open the door without putting it down, carried it back, put it on the bench, opened the door, and then carried it with some difficulty into the garden. He placed the box carefully on a small wooden table that stood on the lawn. He returned to the shed and fetched a pair of earphones. He plugged the wire connections from the earphones into the machine and put the earphones over his ears. The movements of his hands were quick and precise. He was excited, and breathed loudly and quickly through his mouth. He kept on talking to himself with little words of comfort and encouragement, as though he were afraid—afraid that the machine might not work and afraid also of what might happen if it did.

He stood there in the garden beside the wooden table, so pale, small, and thin that he looked like an ancient, consumptive, bespectacled child. The sun had gone down. There was no wind, no sound at all. From where he stood, he could see over a low fence into the next garden, and there was a woman walking down the garden with a flower basket on her arm. He watched her for a while without thinking about her at all. Then he turned to the box on the table and pressed a switch on its front. He put his left hand on the volume control and his right hand on the knob that moved a needle across a large central dial, like the wave-length dial of a radio. The dial was marked with many numbers, in a series of bands, starting at 15,000 and going on up to 1,000,000.

And now he was bending forward over the machine. His head was cocked to one side in a tense, listening attitude. His right hand was beginning to turn the knob. The needle was travelling slowly across the dial, so slowly that he could hardly see it move, and in the earphones he could hear a faint, spasmodic crackling.

Behind this crackling sound, he could hear a distant humming tone, which was the noise of the machine itself, but that was all. As he listened, he became conscious of a curious sensation, a feeling that his ears were stretching out away from his head, that each ear was connected to his head by a thin, stiff wire, like a tentacle, and that the wires were lengthening, that the ears were going up and up toward a secret and forbidden territory, a dangerous, ultrasonic region where ears had never been before and had no right to be.

The little needle crept slowly across the dial, and suddenly he heard a shriek, a frightful piercing shriek, and he jumped

catching hold of the edge of the table. He stared around him as if expecting to see the person who had shrieked. There was no one in sight except the woman in the garden next door, and it was certainly not she. She was bending down, cutting yellow roses and putting them in her basket.

Again it came—a throatless, inhuman shriek, sharp and short, very clear and cold. The note itself possessed a minor, metallic quality that he had never heard before. Klausner looked around him, searching instinctively for the source of the noise. The woman next door was the only living thing in sight. He saw her reach down, take a rose stem in the fingers of one hand and snip the stem with a pair of scissors. Again he heard the scream.

It came at the exact moment when the rose stem was cut.

At this point, the woman straightened up, put the scissors in the basket with the roses and turned to walk away.

"Mrs. Saunders!" Klausner shouted, and his voice was high and shrill with excitement. "Oh, Mrs. Saunders!"

The woman looked around, and she saw her neighbor standing on his lawn—a fantastic, arm-waving little person with a pair of earphones on his head—calling to her in a voice so high and loud that she became alarmed.

"Cut another one! Please cut another one quickly!"

She stood still, staring at him. "Why, Mr. Klausner," she said, "what's the matter?"

"Please do as I ask," he said. "Cut just one more rose!"

Mrs. Saunders had always believed her neighbor to be a rather peculiar person; now it seemed . . . it seemed that he had gone completely crazy. She wondered whether she should run into the house and fetch her husband. No, she thought. No, he's harmless. I'll just humor him. "Certainly, Mr. Klausner, if you like," she said. She took her scissors from the basket, bent down, and snipped another rose.

Again Klausner heard that frightful, throatless shriek in the earphones; again it came at the exact moment the rose stem was cut. He took off the earphones and ran to the fence that separated the two gardens. "All right," he said. "That's enough. No more. Please, no more."

The woman stood there holding the yellow rose that she had just cut, looking at him.

"I'm going to tell you something, Mrs. Saunders," he said, "something that you won't believe." He put his hands on the top of the fence and peered at her intently through his thick spectacles. "You have, this evening, cut a basketful of roses. You have, with a sharp pair of scissors, cut through the stems of living things, and each rose that you cut screamed in the most terrible way. Did you know that, Mrs. Saunders?"

"No," she said. "I certainly didn't know that."

"It happens to be true," he said. He was breathing rather rapidly, but he was trying to control his excitement. "I heard them shrieking. Each time you cut one I heard the cry of pain. A very high-pitched sound, approximately one hundred and thirty-two thousand vibrations a second. You couldn't possibly have heard it yourself. But I heard it."

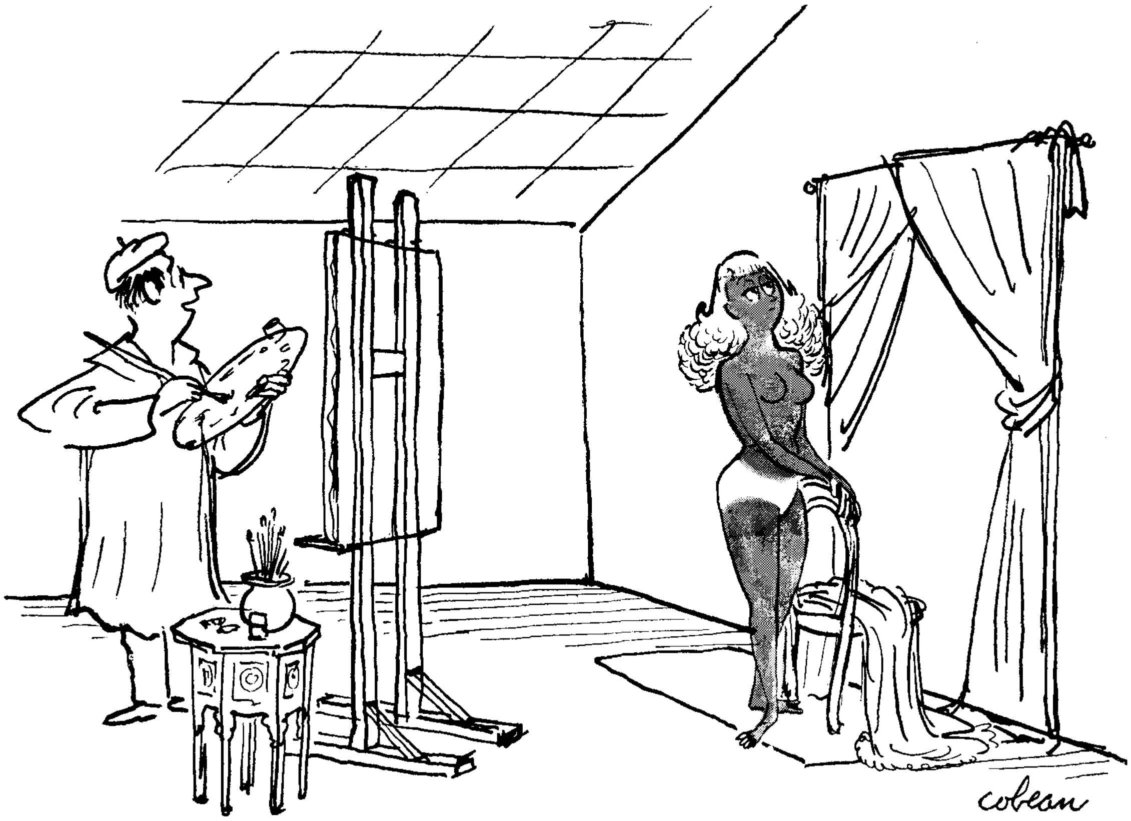
"Did you really, Mr. Klausner?" She decided she would make a dash for the house in about five seconds.

"You might say," he went on, "that a rosebush

with, no throat to cry with. You'd be right. It hasn't. Not like ours, anyway. But *how do you know, Mrs. Saunders*"—and here he leaned far over the fence and spoke in a fierce whisper—"*how do you know* that a rosebush doesn't feel as much pain when someone cuts its stem in two as you would feel if someone cut your wrist off with a garden shears? *How do you know that*? It's alive, isn't it?"

"Yes, Mr. Klausner. Oh, yes—and good night," and quickly she turned and ran up the garden to her house. Klausner went back to the table. He put on the earphones and stood for a while listening. He could still hear the faint spasmodic crackling sound and the humming noise of the machine, but nothing more. Slowly he bent down and took hold of a small white daisy growing on the lawn. He took it between thumb and forefinger and slowly pulled it upward and sideways until the stem broke.

From the moment that he started pulling to the moment when the stem broke, he heard—he distinctly heard in the earphones—a faint, high-pitched cry, curiously inanimate. He took another daisy and did it again. Once more he heard the cry, but he wasn't so sure now that it expressed *pain*. No, it wasn't pain; it was surprise. Or was it? It



"Where was it you said you spent your vacation, Miss Crenshaw?"

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or emotions known to a human being. It was just a cry, a neutral, stony cry—a single, emotionless note, expressing nothing. It had been the same with the roses. He had been wrong in calling it a cry of pain. A flower probably didn't feel pain. It felt something else which we didn't know about—something called toin or spurl or plinuckment, or anything you like.

He stood up and removed the earphones. It was getting dark and he could see pricks of light shining in the windows of the houses all around him. Carefully, he picked up the black box from the table, carried it into the shed and put it on the workbench. Then he went out, locked the door behind him and walked up to the house.

THE next morning, Klausner was up as soon as it was light. He dressed and went straight to the shed. He picked the machine up and carried it outside, clasping it to his chest with both hands, walking unsteadily under its weight. He went past the house, out through the front gate, and across the road to the park. There he paused and looked around him; then he went on until he came to a large tree, a beech tree, and he placed the machine on the ground, close to the trunk of the tree. Quickly he went back to the house and got an axe from the coal cellar and carried it across the road into the park. He put the axe on the ground beside the tree.

Then he looked around him again, peering nervously through his thick glasses in every direction. There was no one about. It was six in the morning.

He put the earphones on his head and switched on the machine. He listened for a moment to the faint familiar humming sound; then he picked up the axe, took a stance with his legs wide apart, and swung the axe as hard as he could at the base of the tree trunk. The blade cut deep into the wood and stuck there, and at the instant of impact he heard a most extraordinary noise in the earphones. It was a new noise, unlike any he had heard before—a harsh, noteless, enormous noise, a growling, low-pitched, screaming sound, not quick and short like the noise of the roses, but drawn out, like a sob, lasting for fully a minute, loudest at the moment when the axe struck, fading gradually, fainter and fainter, until it was gone.

Klausner stared in horror at the place where the blade of the axe had sunk into the woodflesh of the tree; then the blade loose, and threw the thing on the ground. With his fingers he touched the gash that the axe had made in the wood, touching the edges of the gash, trying to press them together to close the wound, and he kept saying, "Tree . . . oh, tree . . . I am sorry . . . I am so sorry . . . but it will heal. . . . It will heal fine . . ."

For a while he stood there with his hands upon the trunk of the great tree; then suddenly he turned away and hurried off out of the park, across the road, through the front gate, and back into his house. He went to the telephone, consulted the book, dialled a number, and waited. He held the receiver tightly in his left hand and tapped the table impatiently with his right. He heard the telephone buzzing at the other end, and then the click of a lifted receiver and a man's voice, a sleepy voice, saying, "Hullo. Yes?"

"Dr. Scott?" he said.

"Yes. Speaking."

"Dr. Scott. You must come at once—quickly please."

"Who is it speaking?"

"Klausner here, and you remember what I told you last night about my experiments with sound, and how I hoped I might—"

"Yes, yes, of course, but what's the matter? Are you ill?"

"No, I'm not ill, but—"

"It's half past six in the morning," said the Doctor, "and you call me, but you are not ill."

"Please come. Come quickly. I want someone to hear it. It's driving me mad! I can't believe it. . . ."

The Doctor heard the frantic, almost hysterical note in the man's voice, the same note he was used to hearing in the voices of people who called up and said, "There's been an accident. Come quickly." He said slowly, "You really want me to get out of bed and come over now?"

"Yes now. At once please."

"All right then, I'll come."

KLAUSNER sat down beside the telephone and waited. He tried to remember what the shriek of the tree had sounded like, but he couldn't. He could remember only that it had been enormous and frightful and that it had made him feel sick with horror. He tried to imagine what sort of noise a human would make if he had to stand anchored to the ground while someone deliberately swung a small sharp thing at his leg so that the blade cut in deep and wedged itself in the cut. Same sort of noise perhaps? No. Quite different. The noise of the tree was worse than

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MY FRIEND THE CUCKOLD

I knew a cuckold once; I grieve for him.
  When his wife's sin was told him by some tattler,
The news made all existence bleak and grim,
  And wrecked his home, which was, in fact, the Statler.

"A horsewhip!" he kept shouting. "Yes, I swear
  I'll horsewhip that seducer so abhorred!"
He could not buy a horsewhip anywhere,
  Not from Sears, Roebuck or Montgomery Ward,

For farm and stock whips, drovers' whips, and quirts
  Alone were catalogued. "It is my ruin!"
He cried. "The horsewhip heals our honor's hurts;
  Who ever heard of quirting a Don Juan?"

He sought relief in drink, which made him ill.
  "*Je suis cocu!*" he would complain, demanding
One's sympathy. "I use the French, for still
  In France the cuckold has a certain standing.

"But here the general public does not know"—
  And somewhat horribly he gasped and chuckled—
"Even the right pronunciation. Oh,
  It is not gay, my friend, to be a cuckold!"

—MORRIS BISHOP

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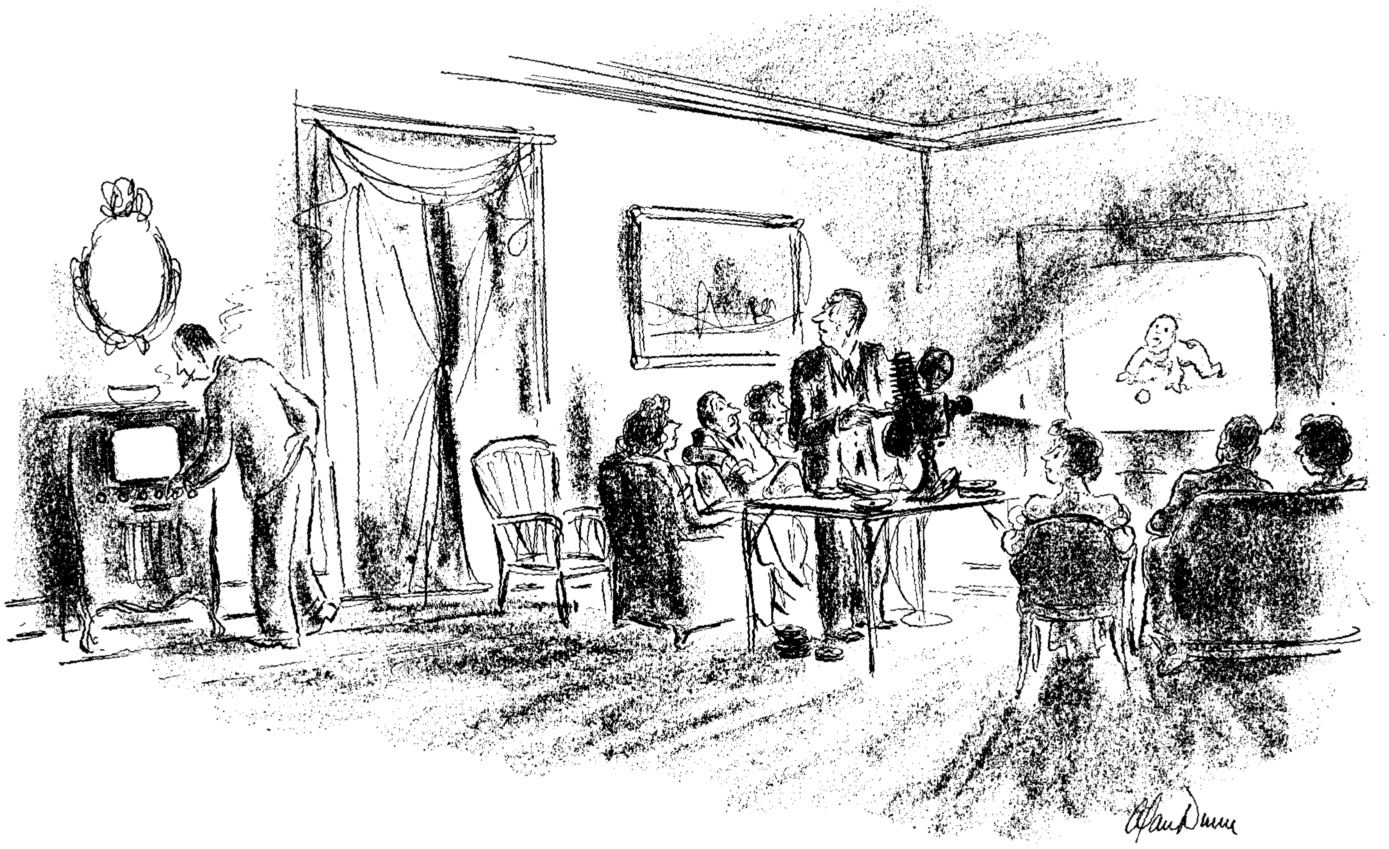


that frightening, toneless, throatless quality. He began to wonder about other living things, and he thought immediately of a field of wheat, a field of wheat standing up straight and yellow and alive, with the mower going through it, cutting the stems, five hundred stems a second, every second. Oh, my God, what would the noise be like? Five hundred wheat plants screaming together, and every second another five hundred being cut and screaming and no, he thought, no I do not want to go to a wheat field with my machine. I would never eat bread after that. But what about potatoes and cabbages and carrots and onions? And what about apples? Ah, no! Apples are all right. They fall off naturally when they are ripe. Apples are all right if you let them fall off instead of tearing them from the tree branch. But not vegetables. Not a potato for example. A potato would surely shriek; so would a carrot and an onion and a cabbage. . . .

He heard the click of the front-gate latch and he jumped up and went out and saw the tall doctor coming down the path, his little black bag in hand.

"Well," the Doctor said. "Well, what's all the trouble?"

"Come with me, Doctor. I want you to hear it. I called you because you're the only one I've told. It's over the road in the park. Will you come now?"

The Doctor looked at him. He seemed calmer now. There was no sign of madness or hysteria; he was merely disturbed and excited. "All right, I'll come," the Doctor said.

They went across the road, into the park and Klausner led the way to the great beech tree at the foot of which stood the long, black coffin-box of the machine—and the axe.

"Why did you bring the machine out here?" the Doctor asked.

"I wanted a tree. There aren't any big trees in the garden."

"And why the axe?"

"You'll see in a moment. But now please put on these earphones and listen. Listen carefully and tell me afterwards precisely what you hear. I want to make quite sure. . . ."

The Doctor smiled and took the earphones, which he put over his ears.

Klausner bent down and flicked the switch on the panel of the machine; then he picked up the axe and took his stance with his legs apart, ready to swing. For a moment, he paused. "Can you hear anything?" he said to the Doctor.

"Can I what?"

"Can you *hear* anything?"

"Just a humming noise."

Klausner stood there with the axe in his hands, trying to bring himself to swing, but the thought of the noise that the tree would make made him pause again.

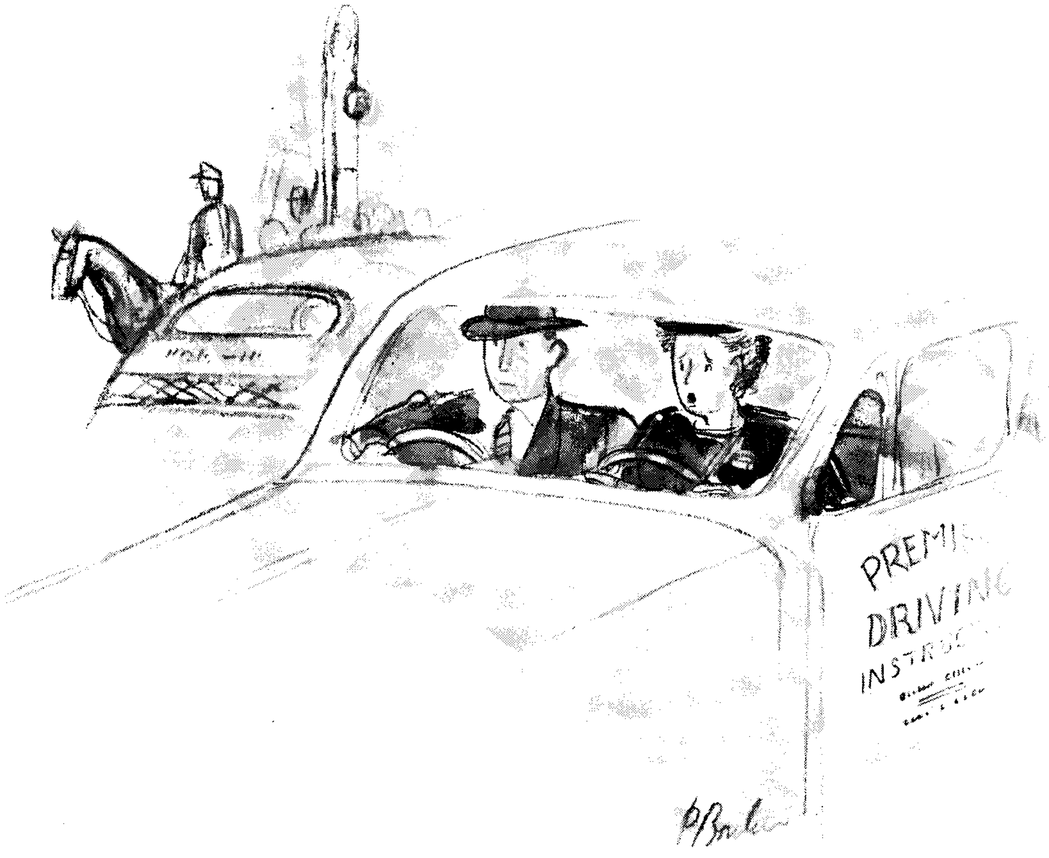
"What are you waiting for?" the Doctor asked.

"Nothing," Klausner answered, and then he lifted the axe and swung it at the tree; and as he swung, he thought he felt, he could swear he felt a movement of the ground on which he stood. He felt a slight shifting of the earth beneath his feet, as though the roots of the tree were moving underneath the soil, but it was too late to check the blow, and the axe blade struck the tree and wedged deep into the wood. At that moment, high overhead, there was the cracking sound of wood splintering and the swishing sound of leaves brushing against other leaves and they both looked up and the Doctor cried "Watch out! Run, man! Quickly run!"

The Doctor had ripped off the earphones and was running away fast, but Klausner stood spellbound, staring up at the great branch, sixty feet long at least, that was bending slowly downward, breaking and crackling and splintering at its thickest point, just where it joined the main trunk of the tree. The branch came crashing down, and Klausner leapt aside just in time. It fell upon the machine and smashed it into pieces.

"Great heavens!" shouted the Doctor as he came running back. "That was a near one! I thought it had got you!"

Klausner was staring at the tree. His



“Are you certain *I’m ready for Columbus Circle?”*

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upon his smooth white face there was a tense, horrified expression. Slowly he walked up to the tree and gently he prized the blade loose from the trunk.

“Did you hear it?” he said, turning to the Doctor. His voice was barely audible.

The Doctor was still out of breath from the running and the excitement. “Hear what?”

“In the earphones. Did you hear anything when the axe struck?”

The Doctor began to rub the back of his neck. “Well,” he said, “as a matter of fact . . .” He paused and frowned and bit his lower lip. “No, I’m not sure. I couldn’t be sure. I don’t suppose I had the earphones on for more than a second after the axe struck.”

“Yes, yes, but what did you hear?”

“I don’t know,” the Doctor said. “I don’t know what I heard. Probably the noise of the branch breaking.” He was speaking rapidly, rather irritably.

“What did it sound like?” Klausner leaned forward slightly, staring hard at the Doctor. “Exactly what did it sound like?”

“Oh hell!” the Doctor said. “I really don’t know. I was more interested in getting out of the way. Let’s leave it.”

“Dr. Scott, *what—did—it—*

“For God’s sake, how could I tell, what with half the tree falling on me and having to run for my life?” The Doctor certainly seemed nervous. Klausner had sensed it now. He stood quite still, staring at the Doctor, and for fully half a minute he didn’t speak. The Doctor moved his feet, shrugged his shoulders, and half turned to go. “Well,” he said, “we’d better get back.”

“Look,” said the little man, and now his smooth white face became suddenly suffused with color. “Look,” he said, “you stitch this up.” He pointed to the last gash that the axe had made in the tree trunk. “You stitch this up quickly.”

“Don’t be silly,” the Doctor said.

“You do as I say. Stitch it up.” Klausner was gripping the axe handle and he spoke softly, in a curious, almost a threatening tone.

“Don’t be silly,” the Doctor said. “I can’t stitch through wood. Come on. Let’s get back.”

“So you can’t stitch through wood?”

“No, of course not.”

“Have you got any iodine in your bag?”

“Yes, of course.”

“Then paint the cut with iodine. It’ll sting, but that can’t be helped.”

“Now, look,” the Doctor said, and

be ridiculous. Let’s get back to the house and then . . .”

“*Paint—the—cut—with—iodine.*”

The Doctor hesitated. He saw Klausner’s hands tightening on the handle of the axe. He decided that his only alternative was to run away fast, and he certainly wasn’t going to do that.

“All right,” he said. “I’ll paint it with iodine.”

He got his black bag which was lying on the grass about ten yards away, opened it and took out a bottle of iodine and some cotton wool. He went up to the tree trunk, uncorked the bottle, tipped some of the iodine onto the cotton wool, bent down and began to dab it into the cut. He kept one eye on Klausner, who was standing motionless, with the axe in his hands, watching the Doctor.

“Make sure you get it right in.”

“Yes,” the Doctor said.

“Now do the other one, the one just above it!”

The Doctor did as he was told. “There you are,” he said. “It’s done.”

He straightened up and surveyed his work in a very serious manner. “That should do nicely.”

Klausner came closer and gravely examined the two wounds.

“Yes,” he said, nodding his huge head slowly up and down. “Yes, yes, yes, that will do nicely.” He stepped back a pace. “You’ll come and look at them again tomorrow?”

“Oh, yes,” the Doctor said. “Of course.”

“And put some more iodine on?”

“If necessary, yes.”

“Thank you, Doctor,” Klausner said, and he nodded his head again and he dropped the axe and all at once he smiled, a wild, excited smile, and quickly the Doctor went over to him and gently he took him by the arm and he said, “Come on, we must go now,” and suddenly they were walking away, the two of them, walking silently, rather hurriedly, across the park, over the road, back to the house.—ROALD DAHL

•

Andree Wallace, who plays the title character, lends considerable gift to the role. She is pert and provocative on one hand, young and foolish on the other and wise beyond her years on still another.
—*Philadelphia News.*

And you, my cherub, have three

EIGHT TO FIVE IT'S A BOY

IT was to be expected that there would be betting on Rolfe Packer's baby at the Broad Street brokerage office where he worked. The men at Carton, Dasherman & Monks bet each other on practically every uncertainty, either casually or earnestly. They bet on tennis matches, fights, ball games, basketball, elections, everything.

Packer told about the coming baby one day at lunch. At the time, his wife, Marnie, was about five months pregnant. He had had a difficult time keeping his mouth shut that long. And when he blurted the news out as he sat with Eugene McCarthy and Karl Stanner, two other C.D. & M. men, having a second coffee after lunch, he found it wasn't news at all. Their wives had known about it for a couple of months.

"Well, he's not going into this high-toned bucket-shop business," Packer said. "I can tell you that this far ahead."

"How do you know it's going to be a he?" McCarthy said, and laughed. "I suppose you've had some of these new tests taken, and all that. They're the bunk. Nothing but tabloid-newspaper science, that's all."

"We haven't had any tests—I mean outside the regular ones. No trick stuff," Packer said. "He'll be a boy, though."

"You betting on it?" asked Stanner, half kidding.

"I haven't *been* betting on it," Packer said. "You people are the first I've told about it, practically."

"Give me a nice price and I'll bet you it isn't a boy, long as you're so sure about it," McCarthy said.

"Wait a minute, Mac," Stanner interrupted. "You're betting against the best available dope. Seems to me I saw in the *Information Please Almanac* that there are about a hundred and one boys born to every hundred girls—something like that. More boys than girls, anyway. I have a habit of thumbing around in that book, and I saw something about the ratio of boys and girls."

"Where would *Information Please* get any inside dope on the forthcoming Packer offspring?" McCarthy put in. "I said I'd bet him no boy, if he makes the price right. That's what I said, and I mean it."

"I didn't tell about this to start you dice throwers gambling," said Packer with mock righteousness. "I'm merely telling you this child of mine is going to be a boy. Marnie says so, too. Marnie's got a hunch. I got a hunch."

McCarthy said, "Trouble with you, Pappy Packer, you've been playing that record from 'Carousel' too much. You know the one—'My boy Bill, he'll be tall and as straight as a tree.' You're just talking yourself into a sucker bet. What price, Packer, my fine, aged sire? What price it's a boy?"

"Lay off that 'aged' stuff, McCarthy. You're no kid yourself," Packer answered, a little peeved. "I told you I wasn't betting."

"Oh, sure—too sacred a subject for gambling," said Stanner. "First-time fathers always get holy about babies."

"No, no, no," Packer said. "I realize people's wives have babies every day. I mean somebody's wife has a baby every day. I mean I'm going to have a baby, that's all. Nothing remarkable about it."

"Except biologically, that's all," McCarthy said. "Stop beating around the bush. Do I get a bet or don't I? What price a boy?"

"All right, wise guy, I'll give you eight to five it's a boy," Packer said sharply.

"You've got a bet!" McCarthy snapped. "Eight to five for how much?"

"Oh, well, I want to go a little easy," said Packer. "I'm sure about it being a boy, but this baby business costs money. I'm learning that. Make it for twenty-five. Let's see, that'd be I'd give forty to your twenty-five. Right?"

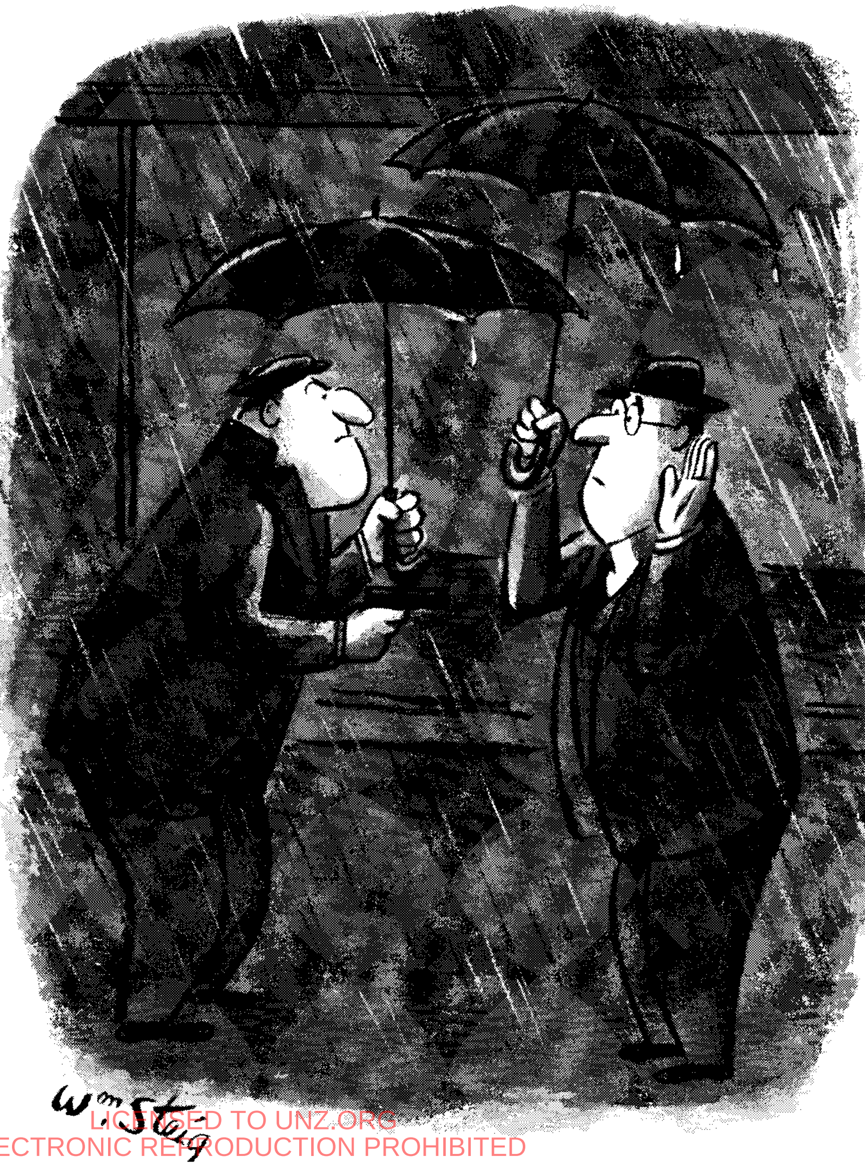
"Make it eighty to fifty. It's simpler," McCarthy said.

Packer hesitated a moment, and then said, "O.K., you're on. I give eighty it's a boy, you give me fifty it's a girl. Right?"

"Right—eighty to fifty it's a boy. When's the payoff?"

"About four months," Packer said. "And the payoff's right after my boy weighs in."

"At eight pounds ringside," said



Stanner. "Give or take a pound, of course."

AFTER Marnie had become pregnant, Packer often thought about how they had met, in the office, and how they had gone to dinners and shows, and fights in the Garden, and how, almost imperceptibly, they had eased into marriage.

That had been in wartime, and in wartime marriages between men and girls considerably younger than themselves were not at all uncommon. Packer had been thirty-six then, and Marnie twenty-five. The difference in age had bothered Packer in his mind sometimes, but he had taken what he thought was a bold way out of it. That is, when they went places, it was he who always made cracks or pulled gags on the old-guy-young-girl theme. To himself, he reasoned it was better for him to beat anybody else to the punch on that kind of stuff.

Marnie had stopped him from that. "Not very subtle," she had said. "What makes you think eleven years is anything? You're only thirty-six. A stripling, practically."

"Maybe you're right, Marnie, maybe you're right," he had said a little sheepishly. "I'll cut out the cracks."

Nevertheless, he had thought about the eleven years' difference occasionally. More than occasionally, now that there was going to be a baby. Packer was forty-two now; Marnie was thirty-one.

He was thinking about that while he wandered around the apartment they lived in, on East Fortieth Street, the night after he made the bet with McCarthy.

Marnie, as usual lately, had gone to bed early. Packer had made a fruitless search of the bookshelves, looking for the *Information Please Almanac*.

"No *World Almanac*, either," he said to himself. "I ought to buy more books and less *Racing Forms*. Fine house, no almanac at all. Packer's haven for the ill-informed, that's what I'm running here."

NEARLY four months later, the basketball games and the winter's fights at the Garden and the other betting milestones had been passed, and again Packer was with McCarthy and Stanner at lunch.

"When do I pick up my eighty bucks, Packer?" McCarthy asked, in connection with nothing at all. "You know, I forgot to tell you that when the household, why, it's bound to be a girl."

"So?" Packer asked.

"So Marnie always struck me as a nice, mild-mannered lady," McCarthy continued. "And you're a pretty arrogant guy sometimes."

"So what do you road-company obstetricians make out of that?" Packer asked.

"Nothing on earth, except that you two are bound to have a girl," McCarthy said with an air of finality. "When's the payoff? I haven't had a look at Mrs. P. lately."

"Nice, delicate guy, that McCarthy," said Packer, with a nod, to Stanner. "Well, it's pretty close now, pretty close, Dr. Fisher says, but those guys don't seem to ever know exactly when. I can't pin him down."

"Real close, though?" McCarthy asked solicitously.

"I say I can't worm it out of that doc," Packer said. "Any time now, though, he seems to think, but he won't come right out and say."

"Well, good luck to Marnie," said Stanner. "You, too. Need a lot of luck, you first-time pappies."

"Oh, I'm all right. I'm not nervous," said Packer nervously. "He'll be a boy all right. I've got a lot of plans for him. I'm going to take him to the fights on Friday nights at the Garden and then over to the Philharmonic on Sunday afternoons."

McCarthy and Stanner looked at each other and reached for the coffee.

"You know, make him a mug and a gent, nicely blended," Packer went on. "A man can like symphonies and fights, too. They're not mutually exclusive. That's why I'm taking him to the Garden and Carnegie both."

McCarthy and Stanner laughed, not too derisively.

"Let's see, now," Stanner said to McCarthy, as if Packer were not present. "Is that the twelfth or ninth prospective pappy we've heard with the well-rounded-man plan for his son?"

"What son?" McCarthy barked. "Don't jinx me, Stanner! I'm betting fifty clams that this brat will be a girl! Don't put the whammy on me!"

MAX & HENRY'S VARIETY STORE
MAX & HENRY'S VARIETY STORE

A FEW days later, Marnie phoned Packer at his office and told him that Dr. Fisher was on his way to the apartment to drive her up to Harkness Pavilion.

"Nothing to worry about, darling," Marnie said. "We'll be here at the house for a little while, and if we've gone by the time you get here, you can come up to Harkness by yourself."

Packer laughed nervously at Marnie's solicitude for him at that moment and said he'd hurry home. But when he got outside, it was raining, and it was also around four-fifteen, the time when many cabbies are turning in from the day shift, and he had to take the subway to his apartment. He let himself in, found nobody there, and hustled back out into the rain.

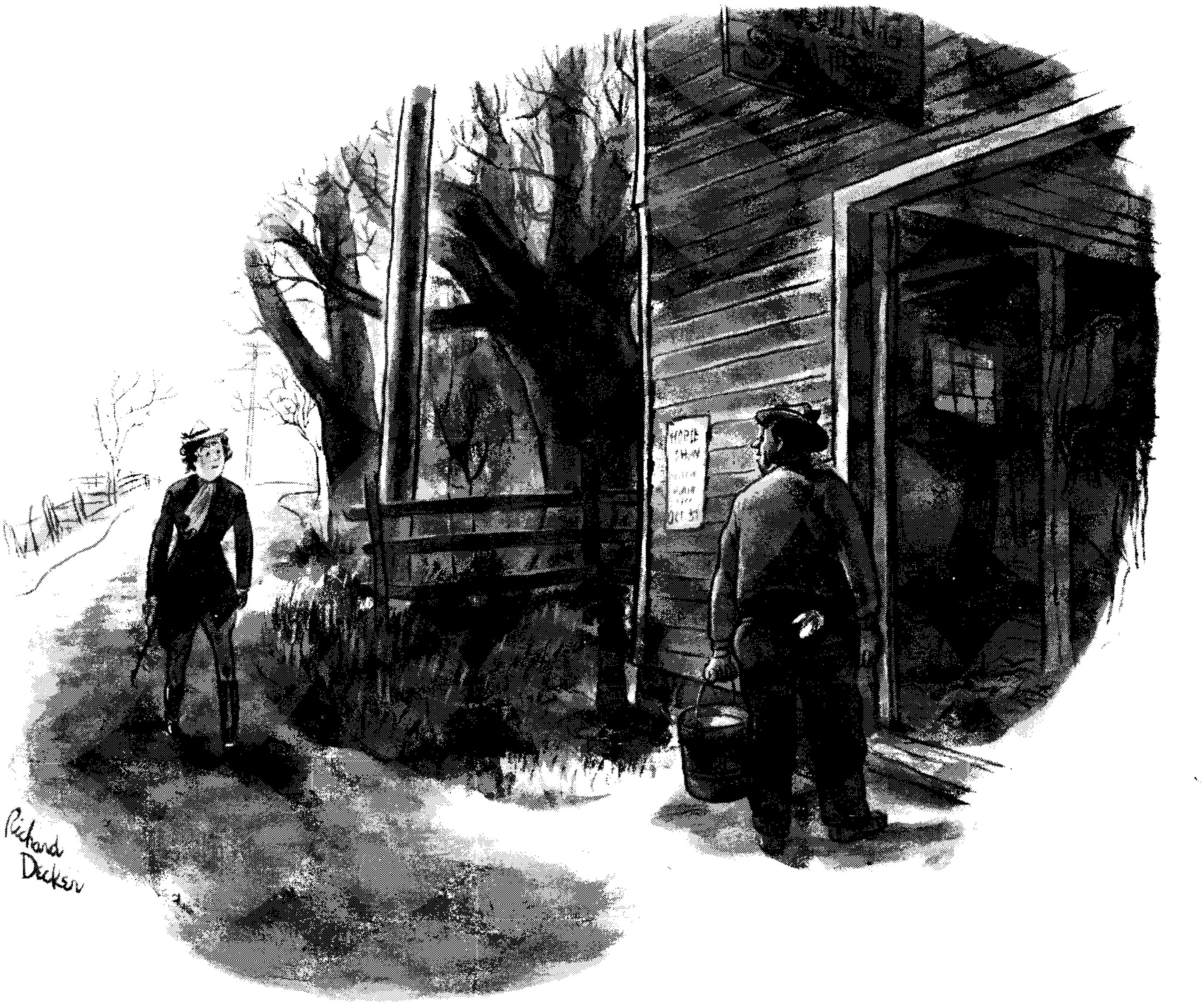
Still no cabs, of course. He started west on East Fortieth Street, up the incline toward the Murray Hill Hotel, or what had been the Murray Hill Hotel. Right now, they were running up the steel for a new building on the old hotel site. It *is* a hill, he thought as he hurried. He was puffing, rather suddenly, although the incline was so gentle people hardly thought of Murray Hill as actually a hill.

Packer waited on the corner. No cabs—no empty ones, with the lights on top lighted. He realized he was pretending to himself that the object of the wait on the corner was the search for a cab when in reality he was waiting to get his breath back. It dawned on him that hills and stairs were bothering him lately.

He started briskly uptown on Park Avenue, toward the subway. That was downhill, easy. Didn't bother him at all. "Aw, what the hell!" he said to himself. "Everybody's heart pounds when he's going to have a baby. Old proverb I should make up right away: 'Oncoming babies make pounding hearts.' "

He took the crosstown shuttle and was hurrying through the underground maze at Times Square when he noticed the pounding again. Not bad, just a little. He was glad when he managed to get a seat in the uptown train.

He found himself looking at a family group in the train—two boys and their father and mother. Father and mother just the same age, I bet, he thought as he looked at them. The softball game last summer, at the C. D. & M. picnic, popped into his



"Ah, there you are, at last, Mrs. Jennings. Your horse got back at two-thirty, so we'll only charge you till then."

• •

He remembered how he had pulled up at second base in the game, all out of puff. Standing on the sack, he had thought for a moment he was going to fold up. Then he thought of last Saturday. That afternoon, he had quit in the middle of a badminton game, pleading a hangover. Truth was he'd felt he couldn't breathe. "Forty-two years old, and me with a brand-new baby," he said to himself, almost aloud.

AT 168th Street, Packer hurried through the train door. He stopped once, halfway up the subway stairs. "Take it easy," he said to himself.

On the sidewalk beside the subway exit, he looked at his watch. It was nearly two hours since Marnie had phoned. Packer crossed Broadway, in the direction of Harkness Pavilion.

I'll be fifty-two and he'll be ten, he thought, hastening over the long block to Fort Washington Avenue. He'll be with me in the country and he'll throw a ball. Or he'll want to bat out some fungoes and have me chase them. I won't be able to do it. He'll see me all out of breath. He'll want to go swimming at the beach, and I'll do nothing but wade around. My own kid'll laugh at me.

At the desk inside the Pavilion, the woman clerk smiled at Packer's puffing haste as he gave his name and said to her, "My wife is having a baby, and I—"

"Yes, Mr. Packer, that's on the ninth floor," the woman said. "Take the elevator right there."

In the elevator Packer stood at the back, and the operator couldn't see that his lips were moving. "Holy Pete!" he was saying. "Let McCarthy have the eighty bucks, and I hope it chokes him! Lord A'mighty, make it a little girl for Marnie and me! A little girl won't notice that I'm fifty-two when she's ten. Please make her a little girl!"

—JOHN MCNULTY

•

The coldest I have ever been was in Chicago, in the fall of 1937, when the Washington Redskins played the Bears for the pro football championship. The field was frosted with snow and ice like a square wedding cake, and so slippery the players wore tennis shoes. The wind screamed off Lake Erie and every time you hit the typewriter, one of your purple fingers nearly dropped off.—*Robert C. Ruark in the World-Telegram.*

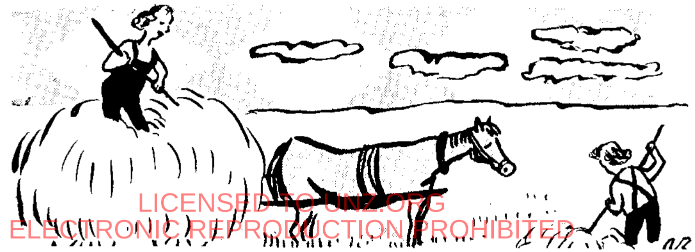
A REPORTER AT LARGE

THE MOHAWKS IN HIGH STEEL

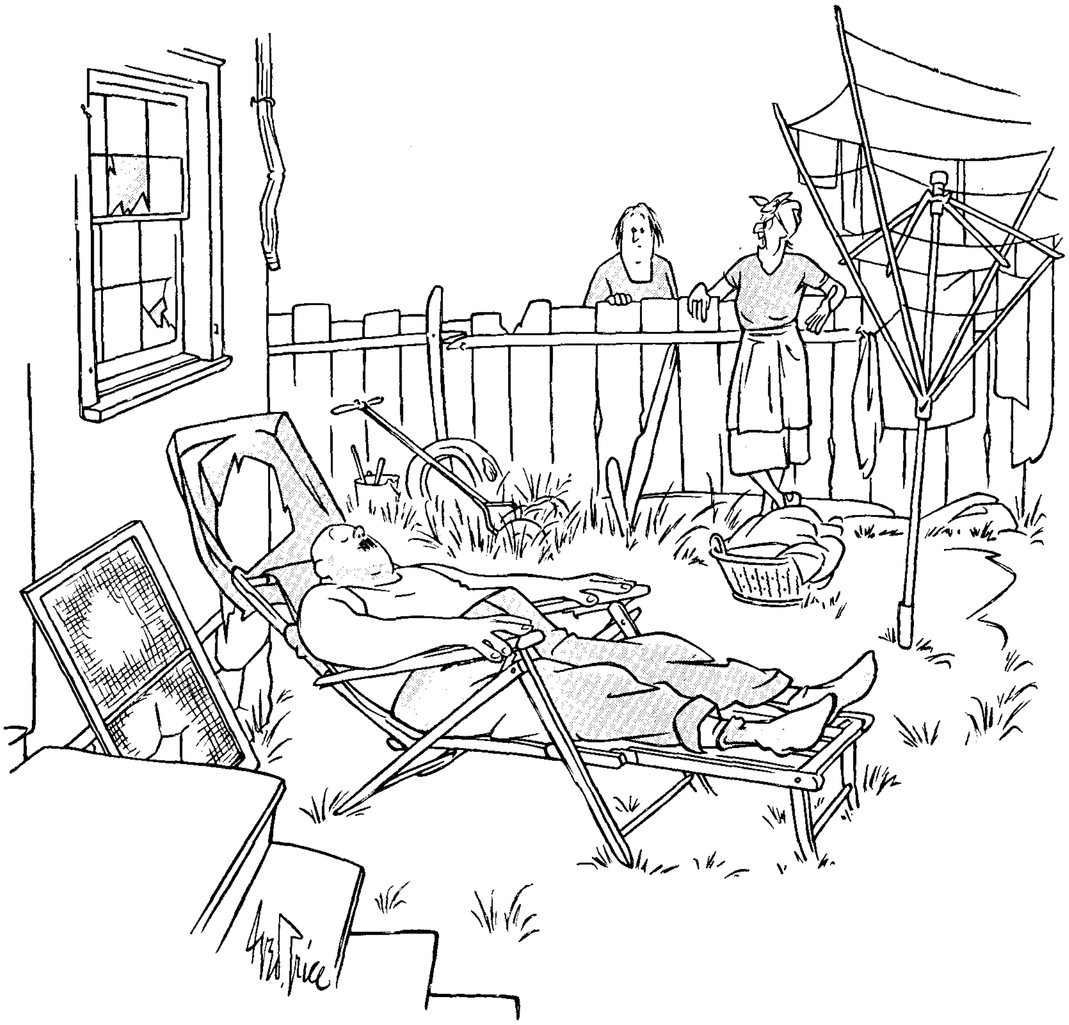
THE most footloose Indians in North America are a band of mixed-blood Mohawks whose home, the Caughnawaga Reservation, is on the St. Lawrence River in Quebec. They are generally called the Caughnawagas. In times past, they were called the Christian Mohawks or the Praying Mohawks. There are three thousand of them, at least six hundred and fifty of whom spend more time in cities and towns all over the United States than they do on the reservation. Some are as restless as gypsies. It is not unusual for a family to lock up its house, leave the key with a neighbor, get into an automobile, and go away for years. There are colonies of Caughnawagas in Brooklyn, Buffalo, and Detroit. The biggest colony is in Brooklyn, out in the North Gowanus neighborhood. It was started in the late twenties, there are approximately four hundred men, women, and children in it, it is growing, and it shows signs of permanence. A few families have bought houses. The pastor of one of the churches in the neighborhood, the Cuyler Presbyterian, has learned the Mohawk dialect of the Iroquois language and holds a service in it once a month, and the church has elected a Caughnawaga to its board of deacons. There have been marriages between Caughnawagas and members of other groups in the neighborhood. The Caughnawaga women once had trouble in finding a brand of corn meal (Quaker White Enriched and Degerminated) that they like to use in making *ka-na-ta-rok*, or Indian boiled bread; all the grocery stores in North Gowanus, even the little Italian ones, now carry it. One saloon, the Nevins Bar & Grill, has become a Caughnawaga hangout and is referred to in the neighborhood as the Indian Bank; on weekend nights, two-thirds of its customers are Caughnawagas; to encourage their patronage, it stocks one Montreal ale and two Montreal beers. A saying in the band is that Brooklyn is the downtown of Caughnawaga.

Caughnawaga Reservation is on the south shore of the St. Lawrence, just above Lachine Rapids. It is nine miles upriver from Montreal, which is on the north shore. By bus, it is half an hour from Dominion Square, the center of Montreal. It is a small reservation. It is a tract of farmland, swamp, and like a half-moon; it parallels the river for eight miles and is four miles wide at its widest point. On the river side, about midway, there is a sprawled-out village, also named Caughnawaga. Only a few of the Caughnawagas are farmers. The majority live in the village and rent their farmland to French Canadians and speak of the rest of the reservation as "the bush." The Montreal-to-Malone, New York, highway goes through Caughnawaga village. It is the main street. On it are about fifty commonplace frame dwellings, the office of the Agent of the Indian Affairs Branch of the Canadian government, the Protestant church (it is of the United Church of Canada denomination), the Protestant school, and several Indian-owned grocery stores and filling stations. The stores are the gathering places of the old men of the village. In each store is a cluster of chairs, boxes, and nail kegs on which old men sit throughout the day, smoking and playing blackjack and eating candy bars and mumbling a few words now and then, usually in Mohawk. In the front yards of half a dozen of the dwellings are ramshackly booths displaying souvenirs—papoose dolls, moccasins, sweet-grass baskets, beadwork handbags, beadwork belts, beadwork wristwatch straps, and pincushions on which beads spell out "Mother Dear," "Home Sweet Home," "I Love U," and similar legends. In one yard, between two totem poles, is a huge, elm-bark tepee with a sign on it that reads, "Stop! & Pow Wow With Me. Chief White Eagle. Indian Medicine Man. *Herbages Indiens.*" Except on ceremonial occasions and for show purposes, when they put on fringed and beaded buckskins and feather headdresses of the Plains Indian type, Caughnawagas dress as other Canadians do, and if it were not for these front-yard establishments, most motorists would be unaware that they were passing through an Indian village. A scattering of Caughnawagas look as Indian as can be; they have high cheekbones and jut noses, their eyes are sad, shrewd, and dark brown, their hair is straight and coal black, their skin is smooth and coppery, and they have the same beautiful, erect, chin-lifted, haughty walk that gypsies have. White blood, however, has blurred the Indianness of the majority; some look dimly but unmistakably Indian, some look Indian only after one has searched their faces for Indian characteristics, and some do not look Indian at all. They run to two physical types; one type, the commoner, is thickset, fleshy, and broad-faced, and the other is tall, bony, and longheaded. Some of the younger Caughnawagas have studied a little of the Indian past in school and they disapprove of the front-yard establishments. They particularly disapprove of Chief White Eagle's establishment; they feel that it gives visitors a highly erroneous impression of Caughnawaga right off the bat. First of all, the old Mohawks did not live in tepees but in log-and-bark communal houses called long houses, and they did not make totem poles. Also, there haven't been any chiefs in Caughnawaga, except self-appointed ones, since 1890. Furthermore, while all Caughnawagas have Indian names, some much fancier than White Eagle, few go under them outside their own circles, and those who do almost invariably run them together and preface them with a white given name; John Goodleaf, Tom Tworivers, and Dominick Twoax are examples. Caughnawagas discovered long ago that whites are inclined to look upon Indian names, translated or untranslated, as humorous. In dealing with whites, ninety-five per cent of them go under white names, and have for many generations. Most of these names are ordinary English, Scotch, Irish, or French ones, a number of which date back to intermarriages with early settlers. The names of the oldest and biggest Caughnawaga families are Jacobs, Williams, Rice, McComber, Tarbell, Stacey, Diabo (originally D'Ailleboust), Montour, De Lisle, Beauvais, and Lahache. The most frequent given names are Joe, John, and Angus, and Mary, Annie, and Josie.

On each side of the highway there is a labyrinth of lanes, some dirt, some gravel, and some paved. Some are straight and some are snaky. The dwellings on them are much older than



they range from log cabins to big field-stone houses with frame wings and lean-tos; members of three and even four generations of a family may live in one house. In the yards are gardens and apple trees and sugar-maple trees and piles of automobile junk and groups of outbuildings, usually a garage, a privy, a chicken coop, and a stable. Large families keep a cow or two and a plug horse; the French Canadians who rent the reservation farmland sell all their worn-out horses to the villagers. The dwellings in Caughnawaga are wired for electricity, just about every family has a radio and a few have telephones, but there is no waterworks system. Water for drinking and cooking is obtained from public pumps—the old-fashioned boxed-up, long-handled kind—situated here and there on the lanes. Water for washing clothes and for bathing is carted up from the river in barrels, and the horses are used for this. They are also used for carting firewood, and the children ride them. Most mornings, the cows and horses are driven to unfenced pastures on the skirts of the village. A few always mosey back during the day and wander at will.

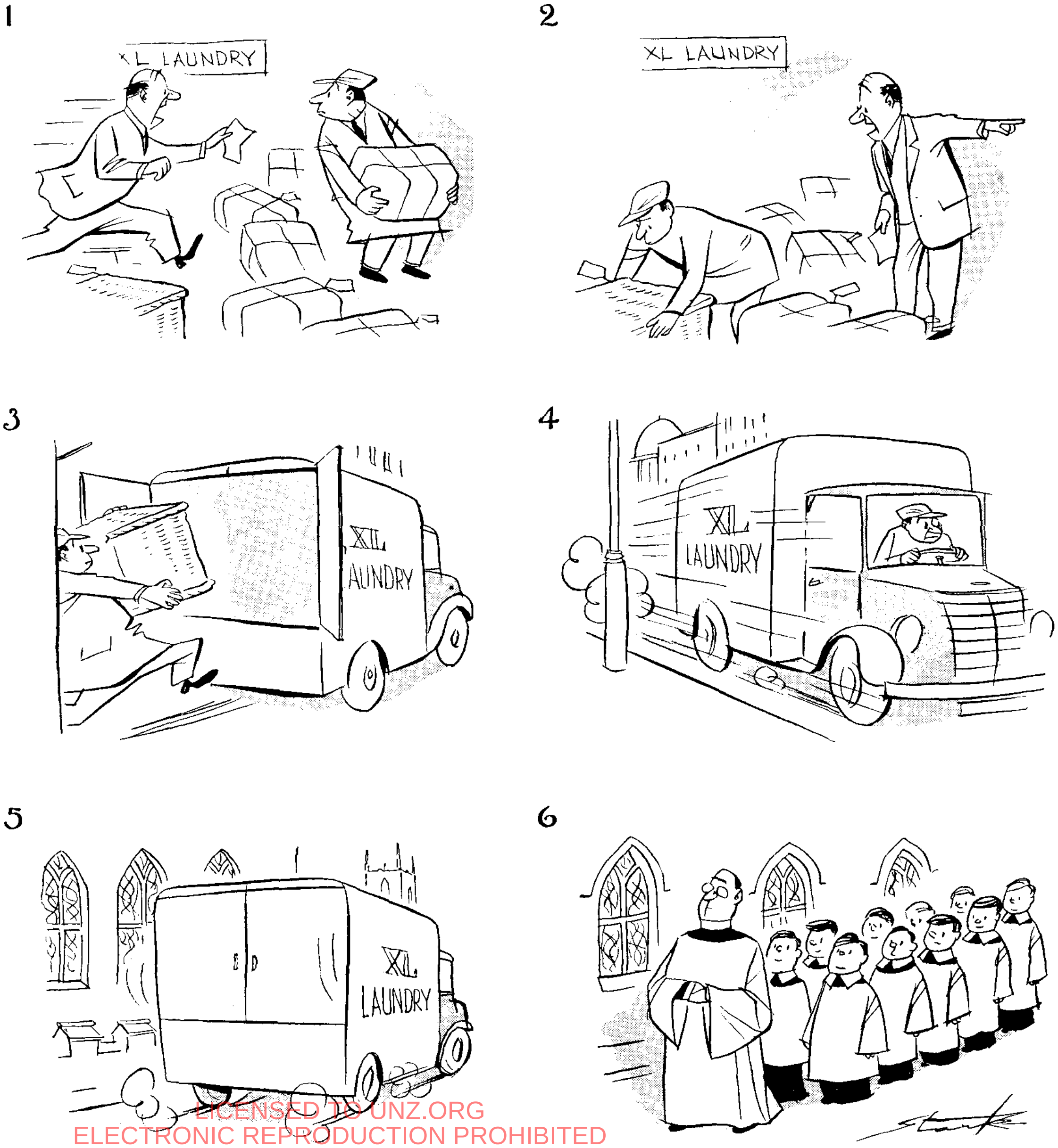


"He calls it the cultivation of serenity. I call it just plain laziness."

The busiest of the lanes is one that runs beside the river. On it are the reservation post office, the Catholic church, the Catholic schools, a parish hall named Kateri Hall, and a small Catholic hospital. The post office occupies the parlor in the home of Frank McDonald Jacobs, the patriarch of the band. A daughter of his, Veronica Jacobs, is postmistress. The church, St. Francis Xavier's, is the biggest building in the village. It is a hundred years old, it is made of cut stone of a multiplicity of shades of silver and gray, and the cross on its steeple is surmounted by a gilded weathercock. It is a Jesuit mission church; at its altar, by an old privilege, masses are said in Mohawk. In the summer, sightseeing buses from Montreal stop regularly at St. Francis Xavier's and a Jesuit scholastic guides the sightseers through it and shows them its treasures, the most precious of which are some of the bones of Kateri Tekakwitha, an Indian virgin called the Lily of the Mohawks who died at Caughnawaga in 1680. The old bones lie on a watered-silk cushion in a glass-topped chest. Sick and afflicted people make pilgrimages to the church and pray before them. In a booklet put out by the church, it is claimed that sufferers from many diseases, including cancer, have been healed through Kateri's intercession. Kateri is venerated because of the bitter penances she imposed upon herself; according to the memoirs of missionaries who knew her, she wore iron chains, lay upon thorns, whipped herself until she bled, plunged into icy water, walked barefoot on the snow, and fasted almost continuously.

On a hill in the southern part of the village are two weedy graveyards. One is for Catholics, and it is by far the bigger. The other is for Protestants and pagans. At one time, all the Caughnawagas were Catholics. Since the early twenties, a few have gone over to other faiths every year. Now, according to a Canadian government census, 2,682 are Catholics, 251 belong to Protestant denominations, and 77 are pagans. The so-called pagans—they do not like the term and prefer to be known as the long-house people—belong to an Indian religion called the Old Way or the Handsome Lake Revelation. Their prophet, Handsome Lake, was a Seneca who in 1800, after many years of drunkenness, had a vision in which the spirits up above spoke to him. He reformed and spent his last fifteen years as a roving preacher in Indian villages in upstate New York. In his sermons, he recited some stories and warnings and precepts that he said the spirits had revealed to him. Many of these have been handed down by word of mouth and they constitute the gospel of the religion; a few men in each generation—they are called "the good-message-keepers"—memorize them. The precepts are simply stated. An example is a brief one from a series concerning the sins of parents: "It often happens that parents hold angry disputes in the hearing of their infant child. The infant hears and comprehends their angry words. It feels lost and lonely. It can see for itself no happiness in prospect. This is a great sin." During the nineteenth century, Handsome Lake's religion spread to every Iroquois reservation in the United States and Canada except Caughnawaga. It reached Caughnawaga right after the First World War and, despite the opposition of Catholics and Protestants, began to be practiced openly in 1927. Handsome Lake's followers meet in ceremonial structures that they call long houses. The Caughnawaga long house is on the graveyard hill. It resembles a country schoolhouse. It is a plain, one-room, frame building surrounded by a barbed-wire fence. Several times a year, on dates determined by the phases of the moon or the rising of sap in the sugar maples or the ripening of fruits and vegetables, the long-house people get together and hold thanksgiving festivals, among which are a Midwinter Festival, a Thanks-to-the-Maple Festival, a Strawberry Festival, and a String Bean Festival. In the course of the festivals, they burn little heaps of sacred tobacco leaves, eat a dish called corn soup, make public confessions of their sins, and chant and dance to the music of rattles and drums. The smoke from the tobacco fires is supposed to ascend to the spirits. The sacred tobacco is not store-bought. It is a kind of tobacco known as Red Rose, an intensely acrid species that grows wild in parts of the United States and Canada. The long-house people grow it in their gardens from wild seed and cure the leaves in the sun. The long-house rattles are gourds or snapping-turtle shells with kernels of corn inside them, and the drums are wooden pails that barn paint came in with rawhide or old inner tubes stretched over their mouths. The Catholics and Protestants complain that for several days after a long-house festival everyone on the reservation is moody.

The Caughnawagas are among the oldest reservation Indians. The band had its origin in the latter half of the seventeenth century, when French Jesuit missionaries converted somewhere between fifty and a hundred Iroquois families in a dozen long-house villages in what is now western and northern New York and persuaded them to go up to Quebec and settle in a mission outpost. This outpost was on the St. Lawrence, down below Lachine Rapids. The converts began arriving there in 1668. Among them were members of all the tribes in the Iroquois Confederacy—Mohawks, Oneidas, Onondagas, Cayugas, and Senecas. There were also a few Hurons, Eries, and Ottawas who had been captured and adopted by the Iroquois and had been living with them in the long-house villages. Mohawks greatly predominated, and Mohawk customs and the Mohawk dialect of Iroquois eventually became the customs and speech of the whole group. In 1676, accompanied by two Jesuits, they left the outpost and went up the river to the foot of the rapids and staked out a village of their own, naming it Ka-na-wa-ke, which is Mohawk for "at the rapids;" Caughnawaga is a latter-day spelling. They moved the village three times, a few miles at a time and always upriver. With each move, they added to their lands. The final move, to the present site of Caughnawaga village, was made in 1719. Until 1830, the Caughnawaga lands were mission lands. In that year, the Canadian government took control of the bulk of them and turned them into a tax-free reservation, parcelling out a homestead to each family and setting aside other pieces, called the Commons, for the use of future generations. Through the years, grants of Commons land have grown smaller and smaller; there are only about five hundred acres of it left; according to present policy, a male member of the band, after reaching his eighteenth birthday, may be granted exactly one-fourth of an acre if he promises to build upon



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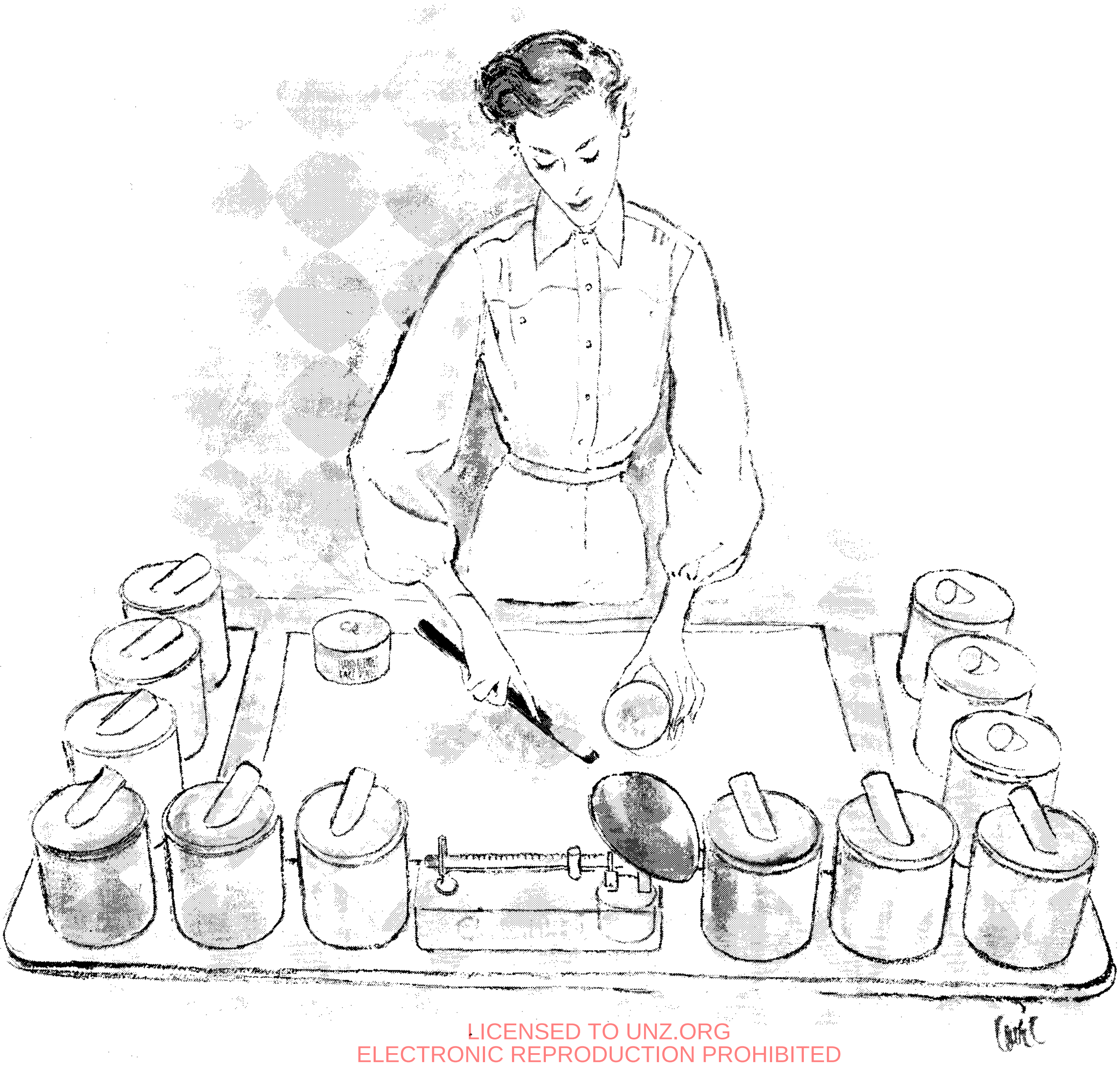

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it. A Caughnawaga is allowed to rent his land to anybody, but he may sell or give it only to another member of the band. Unlike many reservation Indians, the Caughnawagas have always had considerable say-so in their own affairs, at first through chiefs, each representing several families, who would go to the Indian Agent with requests or grievances, and then through an annually elected tribal council. The council has twelve members, it meets once a month in the parish hall, and it considers such matters as the granting of Commons land, the relief of the needy, and the upkeep of lanes and pumps. Its decisions, when approved by the Indian Affairs Branch in Ottawa, are automatically carried out by the Agent.

In the early years at Caughnawaga, the men clung to their old, aboriginal Iroquois ways of making a living. The Jesuits tried to get them to become farmers, but they would not. In the summer, while the women farmed, they fished. In the fall and winter, they hunted in a body in woods all over Quebec, returning to the village now and then with canoeloads of smoked deer meat, moose meat, and bear meat. Then, around 1700, a few of the youths of the first generation born at Caughnawaga went down to Montreal and took jobs in the French fur trade. They became canoemen in the great fleets of canoes that carried trading goods to remote depots on the St. Lawrence and its tributaries and brought back bales of furs. They liked this work—it was hard but hazardous—and they recruited others. Thereafter, for almost a century and a half, practically every youth in the band took a job in a freight canoe as soon as he got his strength, usually around the age of seventeen. In the eighteen-thirties, forties, and fifties, as the fur trade declined in Lower Canada, the Caughnawaga men were forced to find other things to do. Some switched to the St. Lawrence timber-rafting industry and became famous on the river for their skill in running immense rafts of oak and pine over Lachine Rapids. Some broke down and became farmers. Some made moccasins and snowshoes and sold them to jobbers in Montreal. A few who were still good at the old Mohawk dances came down to the United States and travelled with circuses; Caughnawagas were among the first circus Indians. A few bought farmhouse to farmhouse in New England in the summer, peddling medicines—tonics, purges, liniments, and remedies for female ills—that the old women brewed from herbs and roots and seeds. A good many became depressed and shiftless; these hung out in Montreal and did odd jobs and drank cheap brandy.

IN 1886, the life at Caughnawaga changed abruptly. In the spring of that year, the Dominion Bridge Company began the construction of a cantilever railroad bridge across the St. Lawrence for the Canadian Pacific Railroad, crossing from the French-Canadian village of Lachine on the north shore to a point just below Caughnawaga village on the south shore. The D.B.C. is the biggest erector of iron and steel structures in Canada; it corresponds to the Bethlehem Steel Company in the United States. In obtaining the right to use reservation land for the bridge abutment, the Canadian Pacific and the D.B.C. promised that Caughnawagas would be employed on the job wherever possible.

"The records of the company for this bridge show that it was our understanding that we would employ these Indians as ordinary day laborers unloading materials," an official of the D.B.C. wrote recently in a letter. "They were dissatisfied with this arrangement and would come out on the bridge itself every chance they got. It was quite impossible to keep them off. As the work progressed, it became apparent to all concerned that these Indians were very odd in that they did not have any fear of heights. If not watched, they would climb up into the spans and walk around up there as cool and collected as the toughest of our riveters, most of whom at that period were old sailing-ship men especially picked for their experience in working aloft. These Indians were as agile as goats. They would walk a narrow beam high up in the air with nothing below them but the river, which is rough there and ugly to look down on, and it wouldn't mean any more to them than walking on the solid ground. They seemed immune to the noise of the riveting, which goes right through you and is often enough in itself to make newcomers to construction feel sick and dizzy. They were inquisitive about the riveting and were continually bother-

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In the erection of steel structures, whether bridge or building, there are three main divisions of workers—raising gangs, fitting-up gangs, and riveting gangs. The steel comes to a job already cut and built up into various kinds of columns and beams and girders; the columns are the perpendicular pieces and the beams and girders are the horizontal ones. Each piece has two or more groups of holes bored through it to receive bolts and rivets, and each piece has a code mark chalked or painted on it, indicating where it should go in the structure. Using a crane or a derrick, the men in the raising gang hoist the pieces up and set them in position and join them by running bolts through a few of the holes in them; these bolts are temporary. Then the men in the fitting-up gang come along; they are divided into plumbers and bolters. The plumbers tighten up the pieces with guy wires and turnbuckles and make sure that they are in plumb. The bolters put in some more temporary bolts. Then the riveting gangs come along; one raising gang and one fitting-up gang will keep several riveting gangs busy. There are four men in a riveting gang—a heater, a sticker-in, a bucker-up, and a riveter. The heater lays some wooden planks across a couple of beams, making a platform for the portable, coal-burning forge in which he heats the rivets. The three other men hang a plank scaffold by ropes from the steel on which they are going to work. There are usually six two-by-ten planks in a scaffold, three on each side of the steel, affording just room enough to work; one false step and it's goodbye Charlie. The three men climb down with their tools and take their positions on the scaffold; most often the sticker-in and the bucker-up stand on one side and the riveter stands

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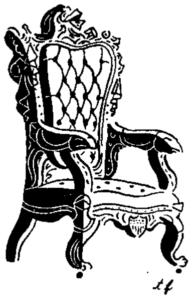
or kneels on the other. The heater, on his platform, picks a red-hot rivet off the coals in his forge with tongs and tosses it to the sticker-in, who catches it in a metal can. At this stage, the rivet is shaped like a mushroom; it has a buttonhead and a stem. Meanwhile, the bucker-up has unscrewed and pulled out one of the temporary bolts joining two pieces of steel, leaving the hole empty. The sticker-in picks the rivet out of his can with tongs and sticks it in the hole and pushes it in until the buttonhead is flush with the steel on his side and the stem protrudes from the other side, the riveter's side. The sticker-in steps out of the way. The bucker-up fits a tool called a dolly bar over the buttonhead and holds it there, bracing the rivet. Then the riveter presses the cupped head of his pneumatic hammer against the protruding stem end of the rivet, which is still red-hot and malleable, and turns on the power and forms a buttonhead on it. This operation is repeated until every hole that can be got at from the scaffold is riveted up. Then the scaffold is moved. The heater's platform stays in one place until all the work within a rivet-tossing radius of thirty to forty feet is completed. The men on the scaffold know each other's jobs and are interchangeable; the riveter's job is bone-shaking and nerve-racking, and every so often one of the others swaps with him for a while. In the days before pneumatic hammers, the riveter used two tools, a cupped die and an iron maul; he placed the die over the stem end of the red-hot rivet and beat on it with the maul until he squashed the stem end into a buttonhead.



After the D.B.C. completed the Canadian Pacific Bridge, it began work on a jackknife bridge now known as the Soo Bridge, which crosses two canals and a river and connects the twin cities of Sault Ste. Marie, Ontario, and Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan. This job took two years. Old Mr. Jacobs, the patriarch of the band, says that the Caughnawaga riveting gangs went straight from the Canadian Pacific job to the Soo job and that each gang took along an apprentice. Mr. Jacobs is in his eighties. In his youth, he was a member of a riveting gang; in his middle age, he was, successively, a commercial traveller for a wholesale grocer in Montreal, a schoolteacher on the reservation, and a campaigner for compulsory education for Indians. "The Indian boys turned the Soo Bridge into way they worked it, as soon as one apprentice was trained, they'd send back to the reservation for another one. By and by, there'd be enough men for a new Indian gang. When the new gang was organized, there'd be a shuffle-up—a couple of men from the old gangs would go into the new gang and a couple of the new men would go into the old gangs; the old would balance the new." This proliferation continued on subsequent jobs, and by 1907 there were over seventy skilled bridgemen in the Caughnawaga band. On August 29, 1907, during the erection of the Quebec Bridge, which crosses the St. Lawrence nine miles above Quebec City, a span collapsed, killing ninety-six men, of whom thirty-five were Caughnawagas. In the band, this is always spoken of as "the disaster."

"People thought the disaster would scare the Indians away from high steel for good," Mr. Jacobs says. "Instead of which, the general effect it had, it made high steel much more interesting to them. It made them take pride in themselves that they could do such dangerous work. Up to then, the majority of them, they didn't consider it any more dangerous than timber-rafting. Also, it made them the most looked-up-to men on the reservation. The little boys in Caughnawaga used to look up to the men that went out with circuses in the summer and danced and war-whooped all over the States and came back to the reservation in the winter and holed up and sat by the stove and drank whiskey and bragged. That's what they wanted to do. Either that, or work on the timber rafts. After the disaster, they changed their minds—they all wanted to go into high steel. The disaster was a terrible blow to the women. The first thing they did, they got together a sum of money for a life-size crucifix to hang over the main altar in St. Francis Xavier's. They did that to show their Christian resignation. The next thing they did, they got in behind the men and made them split up and scatter out. That is, they wouldn't allow all the gangs to work together on one bridge any more, which, if something went wrong, it might widow half the young women on the reservation. A few gangs would go to this bridge and a few would go to that. Pretty soon, there weren't enough bridge jobs, and the gangs began working on all types of high steel—factories, office buildings, department stores, hospitals, hotels, apartment houses, schools, breweries, distilleries, powerhouses, piers, railroad stations, grain elevators, anything and everything. In a few years, every steel structure of any size that went up in Canada, there were Indians on it. Then Canada got too small and they began crossing the border. They began going down to Buffalo and Cleveland and Detroit."

Sometime in 1915 or 1916, a Caughnawaga bridgeman named John Diabo came down to New York City and got a job on Hell Gate Bridge. He was a curiosity and was called Indian Joe; two old foremen still remember him. After he had worked for some months as bucker-up in an Irish gang, three other Caughnawagas joined him and they formed a gang of their own. They had worked together only a few weeks when Diabo stepped off a scaffold and dropped into the river and was drowned. He was highly skilled and his misstep was freakish; recently, in trying to explain it, a Caughnawaga said, "It must've been one of those cases, he got in the way of himself." The other Caughnawagas went back to the reservation with his body and did not return. As well as the old men in the band can recollect, no other Caughnawagas worked here until the twenties. In 1926, attracted by the building boom, three or four Caughnawaga gangs came down. The old men say that these gangs worked first on the Fred F. French Building, the Graybar Building, and One Fifth Avenue. In 1928, three more gangs came down. They worked first on the George Washington Bridge. In the thirties, when Rockefeller Center was the biggest steel job in the country, at least seven additional Caughnawaga gangs came down. Upon arriving here, the men in all these gangs enrolled in the Brooklyn local of the high-steel union, the International Association of Bridge, Structural, and Ornamental Iron Workers, American Federation of Labor. Why they enrolled in the Brooklyn instead of the Manhattan local, no one now seems able to remember. The hall of the Brooklyn local is on Atlantic Avenue, in the block between Times Plaza and Third Avenue, and the Caughnawagas got lodgings in furnished-room houses and cheap hotels in the North Gowanus neighborhood, a couple of blocks up Atlantic from the hall. In the early thirties, they began sending for their families and moving into tenements and apartment houses in the same neighborhood. During the war, Caughnawagas continued to come down. Many of these enrolled in the

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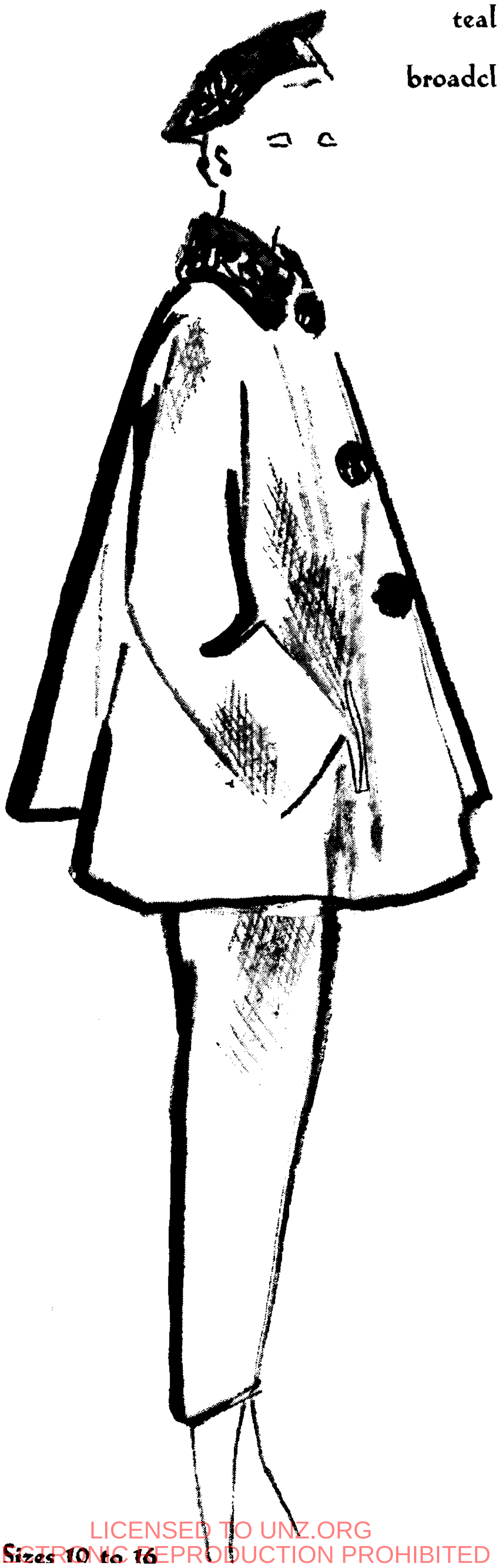

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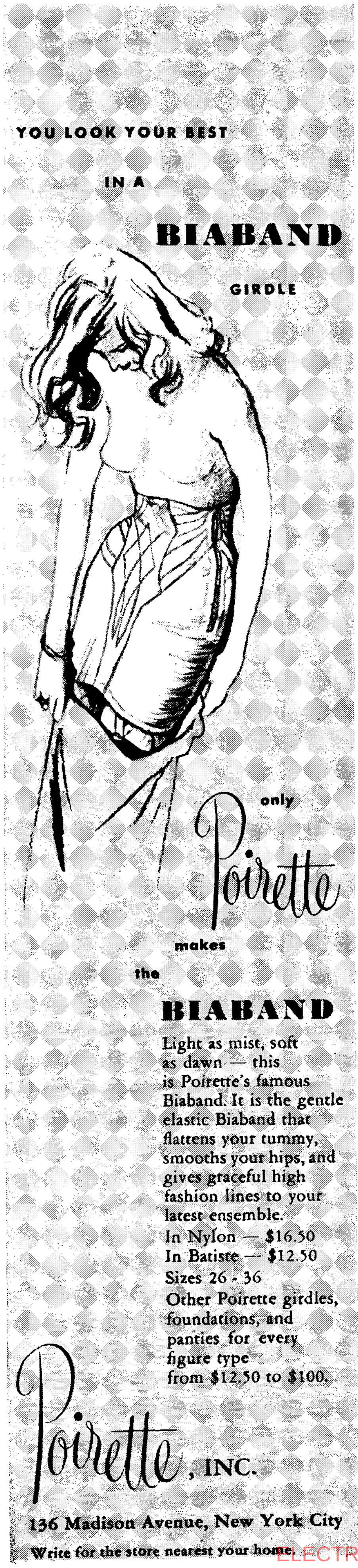

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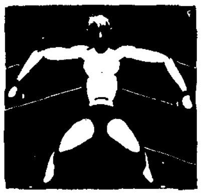
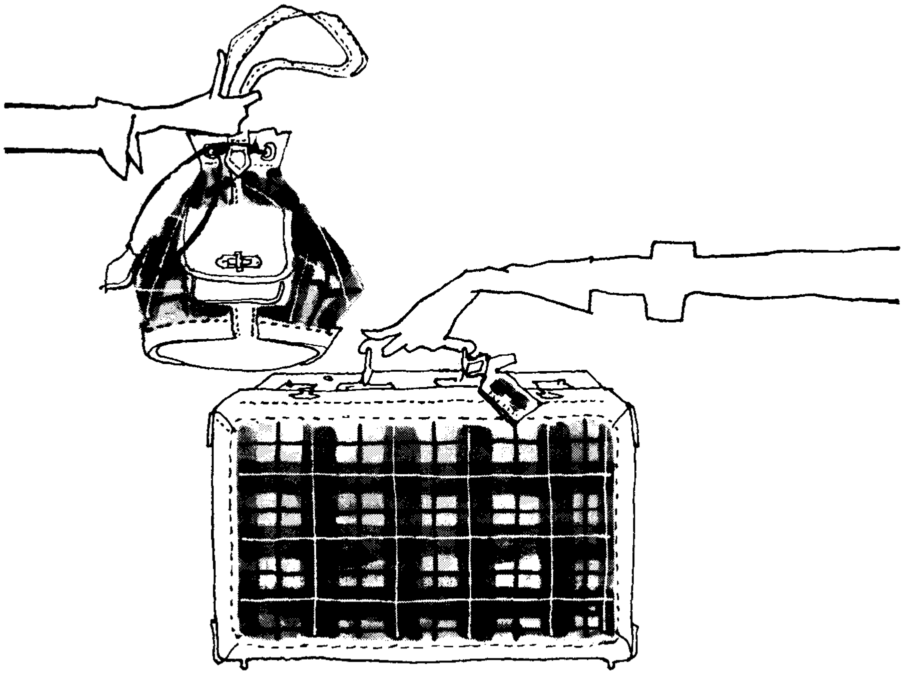
At present, there are eighty-three Caughnawagas in the Brooklyn local and forty-two in the Manhattan local. Less than a third of them work steadily in the city. The others keep their families in North Gowanus and work here intermittently but spend much of their time in other cities. They roam from coast to coast, usually by automobile, seeking rush jobs that offer unlimited overtime work at double pay; in New York City, the steel-erecting companies use as little overtime as possible. A gang may work in half a dozen widely separated cities in a single year. Occasionally, between jobs, they return to Brooklyn to see their families. Now and then, after long jobs, they pick up their families and go up to the reservation for a vacation; some go up every summer. A few men sometimes take their families along on trips to jobs and send them back to Brooklyn by bus or train. Several foremen who have had years of experience with Caughnawagas believe that they roam because they can't help doing so, it is a passion, and that their search for overtime is only an excuse. A veteran foreman for the American Bridge Company says he has seen Caughnawagas leave jobs that offered all the overtime they could handle. When they are making up their minds to move on, he says, they become erratic. "Everything will be going along fine on a job," he says. "Good working conditions. Plenty of overtime. A nice city. Then the news will come over the grapevine about some big new job opening up somewhere; it might be a thousand miles away. That kind of news always causes a lot of talk, what we call water-bucket talk, but the Indians don't talk; they know what's in each other's minds. For a couple of days, they're tensed up and edgy. They look a little wild in the eyes. They've heard the call. Then, all of a sudden, they turn in their tools, and they're gone. Can't wait another minute. They'll quit at lunchtime, in the middle of the week. They won't even wait for their pay. Some other gang will collect their money and hold it until a postcard comes back telling where to send it." George C. Lane, manager of erections in the New York district for the Bethlehem Steel Company, once said that the movements of a Caughnawaga gang are as impossible to foresee as the move-



summer of 1936," Mr. Lane said, "we finished a job here in the city and the very next day we were starting in on a job exactly three blocks away. I heard one of our foremen trying his best to persuade an Indian gang to go on the new job. They had got word about a job in Hartford and wanted to go up there. The foreman told them the rate of pay was the same; there wouldn't be any more overtime up there than here; their families were here; they'd have travelling expenses; they'd have to root around Hartford for lodgings. Oh, no; it was Hartford or nothing. A year or so later I ran into this gang on a job in Newark, and I asked the heater how they made out in Hartford that time. He said they didn't go to Hartford. 'We went to San Francisco, California,' he said. 'We went out and worked on the Golden Gate Bridge.' "

The Caughnawaga steel men average between four and five thousand dollars a year. In New York City, the rate of pay for men in riveting gangs is three dollars a regular hour and six dollars an overtime hour. They work a five-day, forty-hour week. On most jobs, they start at eight, take a half hour for lunch, and knock off at four-thirty. Work before eight or after four-thirty, and work on Saturdays, Sundays, and holidays is overtime. They lose a lot of time; rain or a high wind will keep them off the scaffolds. The Caughnawagas work mostly for the big companies—Bethlehem, American Bridge, the Lehigh Structural Steel Company, and the Harris Structural Steel Company. Among the structures in and around the city on which they worked in numbers are the R.C.A. Building, the Cities Service Building, the Empire State Building, the Daily News Building, the Chanin Building, the Bank of the Manhattan Company Building, the City Bank Farmers Trust Building, the George Washington Bridge, the Bayonne Bridge, the Passaic River Bridge, the Triborough Bridge, the Henry Hudson Bridge, the Little Hell Gate Bridge, the Bronx-Whitestone Bridge, the Marine Parkway Bridge, the Pulaski Skyway, the West Side Highway, the Waldorf-Astoria, London Terrace, and Knickerbocker Village.

North Gowanus is an old, sleepy, shabby neighborhood that lies between the head of the Gowanus Canal and the Borough Hall shopping district. There are factories in it, and coal tipples and junk yards, but it is primarily brownstone apartment houses are most numerous. The Caughnawagas all live within ten blocks of each other, in an area bounded by Court Street on the west, Schermerhorn Street on the north, Fourth Avenue on the east, and Warren Street on the south. They live in the best houses on the best blocks. As a rule, Caughnawaga women are good housekeepers and keep their apartments Dutch-clean. Most of them decorate a mantel or a wall with heirlooms brought down from the reservation—a drum, a set of rattles, a mask, a cradleboard. Otherwise, their apartments look much the same as those of their white neighbors. A typical family group consists of husband and wife and a couple of children and a female relative or two. After they get through school on the reservation, many Caughnawaga girls come down to North Gowanus and work in factories. Some work for the Fred Goat Company, a metal-stamping factory in the neighborhood, and some work for the Gem Safety Razor Corporation, whose factory is within walking distance. Quite a few of these girls have married whites; several have broken all ties with the band and the reservation. In the last ten years, Caughnawaga girls have married Filipinos, Germans, Italians, Jews, Norwegians, and Puerto Ricans. Many North Gowanus families often have relatives visiting them for long periods; when there is a new baby in a family, a grandmother or an aunt almost always comes down from the reservation and helps out. Caughnawagas are allowed to cross the border freely. However, each is required to carry a card, to which a photograph is attached, certifying that he or she is a member of the band. These cards are issued by the Indian Affairs Branch; the Caughnawagas refer to them as "passports." More than half of the North Gowanus housewives spend their spare time making souvenirs. They make a lot of them. They specialize in dolls, handbags, and belts, which they ornament with colored beads, using variations of ancient Iroquois designs such as the sky dome, the night sun, the day sun, the fern head, the ever-growing tree, the world turtle, and the council fire. Every fall, a few of the most Indian-looking of the men take vacations from structural steel for a month or so and go out with automobile loads of these souvenirs and sell them on the midways of state, county, and community fairs in New York, Connecticut, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania. The men wear buckskins and feathers on these trips and sleep in canvas tepees pitched on fairgrounds. Occasionally,



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on midways, to attract attention, they let out self-conscious wahoos and do fragments of the duel dance, the dove dance, the false-face dance, and other old half-forgotten Mohawk dances. The women obtain the raw materials for souvenirs from the Plume Trading & Sales Company, at 155 Lexington Avenue, in Manhattan, a concern that sells beads, deerskin, imitation eagle feathers, and similar merchandise to Indian handicraftsmen all over the United States and Canada. There are approximately fifty children of school age in the colony. Two-thirds go to P.S. 47, on Pacific Street, and the others go to parochial schools—St. Paul's, St. Agnes's, and St. Charles Borromeo's. Caughnawaga children read comic books, listen to the radio while doing their homework, sit twice through double features, and play stick ball in vacant lots the same as the other children in the neighborhood; teachers say that they differ from the others mainly in that they are more reserved and polite. They have unusual manual dexterity; by the age of three, most of them are able to tie their shoelaces. The adult Caughnawagas are multilingual; all speak Mohawk, all speak English, and all speak or understand at least a little French. In homes where both parents are Caughnawagas, Mohawk is spoken almost exclusively, and the children pick it up. In homes where the mother is non-Indian and the father is away a good deal, a situation that is becoming more and more frequent, the children sometimes fail to learn the language, and this causes much sadness.

The Caughnawagas are churchgoers. The majority of the Catholics go to St. Paul's Church, at Court and Congress Streets, and the majority of the Protestants go to Cuyler Presbyterian Church, on Pacific Street. Dr. David Munroe Cory, the pastor at Cuyler, is a man of incongruous interests. He is an amateur wrestler; he is vice-president of the Iceberg Athletic Club, a group that swims in the ocean at Coney Island throughout the winter; he once ran for Borough President of Brooklyn on the Socialist ticket; he is an authority on Faustus Socinus, the sixteenth-century Italian religious thinker; he studies languages for pleasure and knows eight, among them Hebrew, Greek, and Gaelic. A few Caughnawagas started turning up at Cuyler Church in the middle thirties, and Dr.

see if he could attract more of them. He has not achieved fluency in Mohawk, but Caughnawagas say that he speaks it better than other white men, mostly anthropologists and priests, who have studied it. He holds a complete service in Mohawk the first Sunday evening of each month, after the English service, and twenty or thirty Caughnawagas usually attend. Twenty-five have joined the church. Michael Diabo, a retired riveter, was recently elected a deacon. Steven M. Schmidt, an Austrian-American who is married to Mrs. Josephine Skye Schmidt, a Caughnawaga woman, is an elder. Mr. Schmidt works in the compensation-claim department of an insurance company. Under Dr. Cory's guidance, two Caughnawaga women, Mrs. Schmidt and Mrs. Margaret Lahache, translated a group of hymns into Mohawk and compiled a hymnal, "The Caughnawaga Hymnal," which is used in Cuyler and in the Protestant church on the reservation. Dr. Cory himself translated the Gospel According to Luke into Mohawk. Dr. Cory is quiet and serious, his sermons are free of cant, he has an intuitive understanding of Indian conversational taboos, and he is the only white person who is liked and trusted by the whole colony. Caughnawagas who are not members of his congregation, even some Catholics and long-house people, go to him for advice.

OCCASIONALLY, in a saloon or at a wedding or a wake, Caughnawagas become vivacious and talkative. Ordinarily, however, they are rather dour and don't talk much. There is only one person in the North Gowanus colony who has a reputation for garrulity. He is a man of fifty-four whose white name is Orvis Diabo and whose Indian name is O-ron-ia-ke-te, or He Carries the Sky. Mr. Diabo is squat and barrel-chested. He has small, sharp eyes and a round, swarthy, double-chinned, piratical face. Unlike most other Caughnawagas, he does not deny or even minimize his white blood. "My mother was half Scotch and half Indian," he says. "My grandmother on my father's side was Scotch-Irish. Somewhere along the line, I forget just where, some French immigrant and some full Irish crept in. If you were to take my blood and strain it, God only knows what you'd find." He was born a Catholic; in young manhood he became a Presbyterian; he now thinks of himself as "a kind of a freethinker." Mr. Diabo started working in riveting gangs when he was nineteen and quit a year and a half ago. He had to quit because of crippling attacks of arthritis. He was a heater and worked on bridges and buildings in seventeen states. "I heated a million rivets," he says. "When they talk about the men that built this country, one of the men they mean is me." Mr. Diabo owns a house and thirty-three acres of farmland on the reservation. He inherited the farmland and rents it to a French Canadian. Soon after he quit work, his wife, who had lived in North Gowanus off and on for almost twenty years but had never liked it, went back to the reservation. She tried to get him to go along, but he decided to stay on awhile and rented a room in the apartment of a cousin. "I enjoy New York," he says. "The people are as high-strung as rats and the air is too gritty, but I enjoy it." Mr. Diabo reads a lot. Some years ago, in a Western magazine, he came across an advertisement of the Haldeman-Julius Company, a mail-order publishing house in Girard, Kansas, that puts out over eighteen hundred paper-bound books, most of them dealing with religion, health, sex, history, or popular science. They are called Little Blue Books and cost a dime apiece. "I sent away for a dollar's worth of Little Blue Books," Mr. Diabo says, "and they opened my eyes to what an ignorant man I was. Ignorant and superstitious. Didn't know beans from back up. Since then, I've become a great reader. I've read dozens upon dozens of Little Blue Books, and I've improved my mind to the extent that I'm far beyond most of the people I associate with. When you come right down to it, I'm an educated man." Mr. Diabo has five favorite Little Blue Books—"Absurdities of the Bible," by Clarence Darrow; "Seven Infidel U.S. Presidents," by Joseph McCabe; "Queer Facts About Lost Civilizations," by Charles J. Finger; "Why I Do Not Fear Death," by E. Haldeman-Julius; and "Is Our Civilization Over-Sexed?," by Theodore Dreiser. He carries them around in his pockets and reads them over and over. Mr. Diabo stays in bed until noon. Then, using a cane, he hobbles over to a neighborhood saloon, the Nevins Bar & Grill, at 75 Nevins Street, and sits in a booth. If there is someone around who will sit still and listen, he talks. If not, he reads a Little Blue Book. The Nevins is the social center of the Caughnawaga

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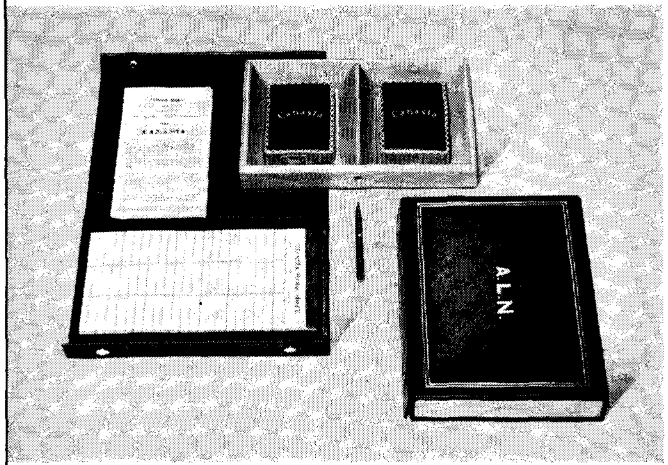

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colony. The men in the gangs that work in the city customarily stop there for an hour or so on the way home. On weekend nights, they go there with their wives and drink Montreal ale and look at the television. When gangs come in from out-of-town jobs, they go on sprees there. When a Caughnawaga high-steel man is killed on the job, a collection is taken up in the Nevins for the immediate expenses of his family; these collections rarely run less than two hundred dollars; pasted on the bar mirror are several notes of thanks from widows. The Nevins is small and snug and plain and old. It is one of the oldest saloons in Brooklyn. It was opened in 1888, when North Gowanus was an Irishtown, and it was originally called Connelly's Abbey. Irish customers still call it the Abbey. Its present owners are Artie Rose and Bunny Davis. Davis is married to a Caughnawaga girl, the former Mavis Rice.

One afternoon a while back, I sat down with Mr. Diabo in his booth in the Nevins. He almost always drinks ale. This day he was drinking gin.

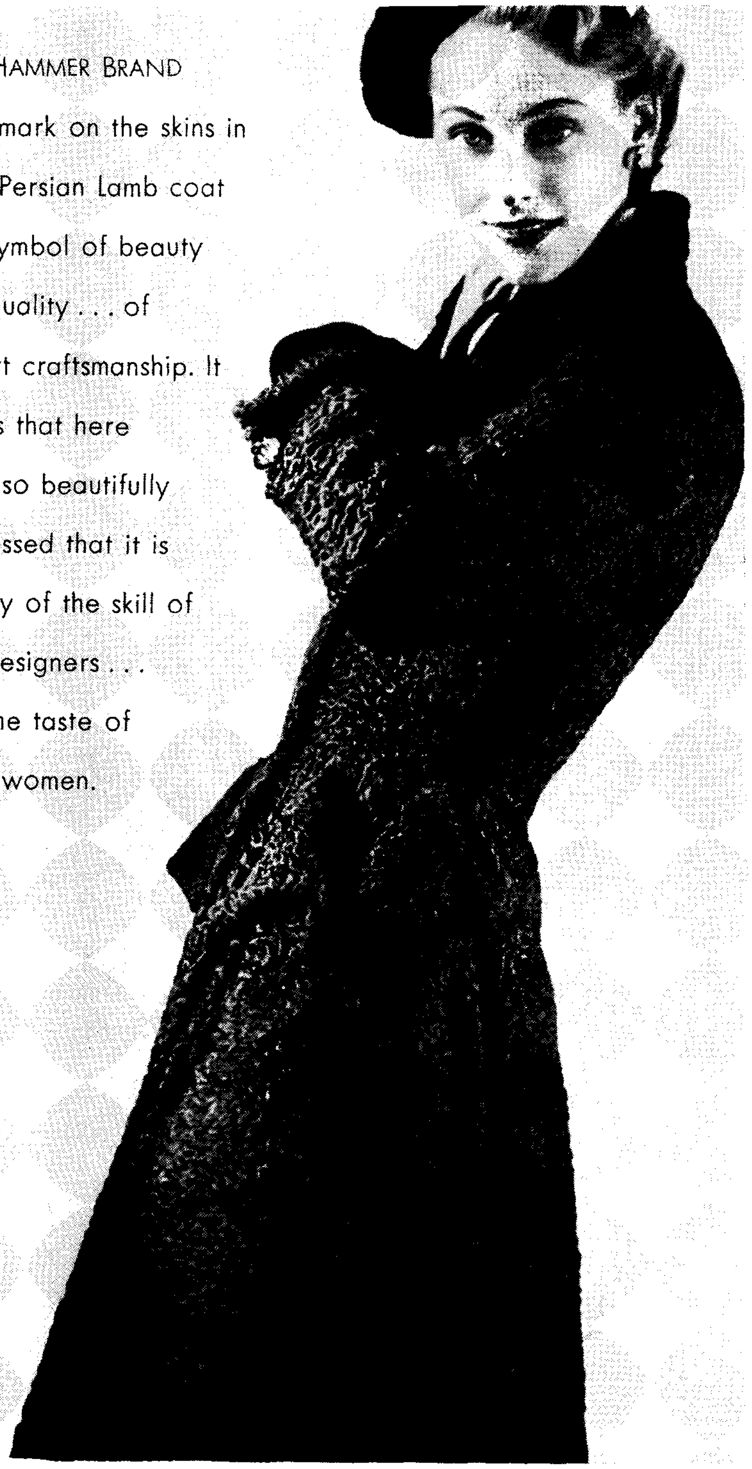
"I feel very low in my mind," he said. "I've got to go back to the reservation. I've run out of excuses and I can't put it off much longer. I got a letter from my wife today and she's disgusted with me. 'I'm sick and tired of begging you to come home,' she said. 'You can sit in Brooklyn until your tail takes root.' The trouble is, I don't want to go. That is, I do and I don't. I'll try to explain what I mean. An Indian high-steel man, when he first leaves the reservation to work in the States, the homesickness just about kills him. The first few years, he goes back as often as he can. Every time he finishes a job, unless he's thousands of miles away, he goes back. If he's working in New York, he drives up weekends, and it's a twelve-hour drive. After a while, he gets married and brings his wife down and starts a family, and he doesn't go back so often. Oh, he most likely takes the wife and children up for the summer, but he doesn't stay with them. After three or four days, the reservation gets on his nerves and he highballs it back to the States. He gets used to the States. The years go by. He gets to be my age, maybe a little older, maybe a little younger, and one fine morning he comes to the conclusion he's a little too damned stiff in the joints to be walking a naked beam five hundred feet in the air. Either that, or some fore-

any longer and takes him aside and tells him a few home truths. He gives up high-steel work and he packs his belongings and he takes his money out of the bank or the postal savings, what little he's been able to squirrel away, and he goes on back to the reservation for good. And it's hard on him. He's used to danger, and reservation life is very slow; the biggest thing that ever happens is a funeral. He's used to jumping around from job to job, and reservation life boxes him in. He's used to having a drink, and it's against the law to traffic in liquor on the reservation; he has to buy a bottle in some French-Canadian town across the river and smuggle it in like a high-school boy, and that annoys the hell out of him.

"There's not much he can do to occupy the time. He can sit on the highway and watch the cars go by, or he can sit on the riverbank and fish for eels and watch the boats go by, or he can weed the garden, or he can go to church, or he can congregate in the grocery stores with the other old retired high-steel men and play cards and talk. That is, if he can stand it. You'd think those old men would talk about the cities they worked in, the sprees they went on, the girls that follow construction all over the country that they knew, the skyscrapers and bridges they put up—only they don't. After they been sitting around the reservation five years, six years, seven years, they seem to turn against their high-steel days. Some of them, they get to be as Indian as all hell; they won't even speak English any more; they make out they can't understand it. And some of them, they get to be soreheads, the kind of old men that can chew nails and spit rust. When they do talk, they talk gloomy. They like to talk about family fights. There's families on the reservation that fell out generations back and they're still hammering away; maybe it started with a land dispute, maybe it started with a mixed-marriage dispute, maybe it started when some woman accused another woman of meeting her husband in the bushes in the graveyard. Even down here in Brooklyn, there's certain Indians that won't work in gangs with certain other Indians because of bad blood between their families; their wives, when they meet on Atlantic Avenue, they look right through each other. The old men like to bring up such matters and refresh their recolleclike to talk about religion. A miraculous cure they heard about, something the priest said—they'll harp on it for weeks. They're all amateur priests, or preachers. They've all got some religious notion lurking around in their minds.

"And they like to talk about reservation matters. The last time I was home, I sat down with the bunch in a store and I tried to tell them about something I'd been studying up on that interested me very much—Mongolian spots. They're dark-purple spots that occur on the skin on the backs of Japanese and other Mongolians. Every now and then, a full-blood American Indian is born with them. The old men didn't want to hear about Mongolian spots. They were too busy discussing the matter of street names for Caughnawaga village. The electric-light company that supplies the village had been trying and trying to get the Indians to name the streets and lanes. The meter-readers are always getting balled up, and the company had offered to put up street signs and house numbers free of charge. The old men didn't want street names; they were raising holy hell about it. It wouldn't be Indian. And they were discussing the pros and cons of a waterworks system. They're eternally discussing that. Some want a waterworks, but the majority don't. The majority of them, they'd a whole lot rather get behind a poor old horse that his next step might be his last and cart their water up from the river by the barrel. It's more Indian. Sometimes, the way an Indian reasons, there's no rhyme or reason to it. Electric lights are all right and the biggest second-hand car they can find, and radios that the only time they turn them off is when they're changing the tubes, and seventy-five-dollar baby carriages, and four-hundred-dollar coffins, but street names and tap water—oh, Jesus, no! That's going entirely too damned far.

"On the other hand, there's things I look forward to. I look forward to eating real Indian grub again. Such as *o-nen-sto*, or corn soup. That's the Mohawk national dish. Some of the women make it down here in Brooklyn, but they use Quaker corn meal. The good old women up on the reservation, they make it the hard way, the way the Mohawks were making it five hundred years ago. They shell some corn, and they put it in a pot with a handful of maple ashes and boil it. The lye in the ashes skins the hulls off the kernels, and the kernels swell up into big fat pearls. Then they wash off the



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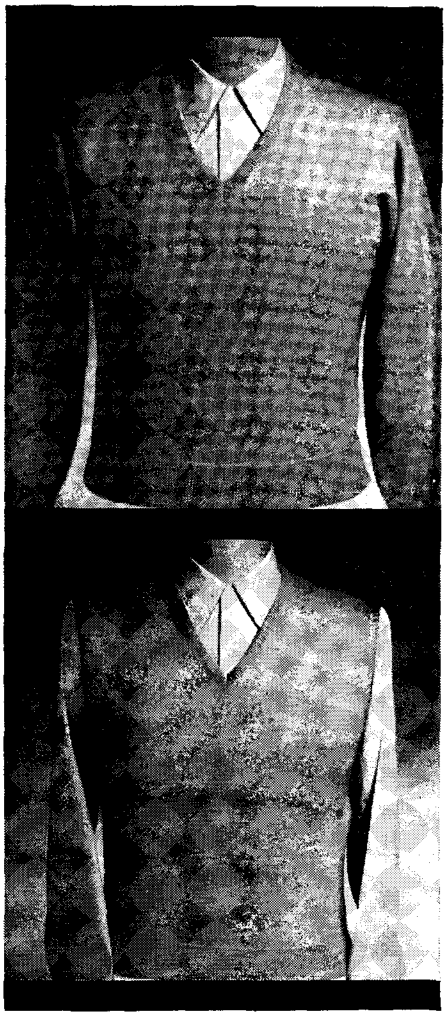

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lye. Then they put in some red kidney beans. Then they put in a pig's head; in the old days, it was a bear's head. Then they cook it until it's as thick as mud. And when it's cooking, it smells so good. If you were breathing your last, if you had the rattle in your throat, and the wind blew you a faint suggestion of a smell of it, you'd rise and walk. And I look forward to eating some Indian bread that's made with the same kind of corn. Down here, the women always use Quaker meal. Indian bread is boiled, and it's shaped like a hamburger, and it's got kidney beans sprinkled through it. On the reservation, according to an old-time custom, we have steak for breakfast every Sunday morning, whether we can afford it or not, and we pour the steak gravy on the Indian bread.

"And another thing I look forward to, if I can manage it—I want to attend a long-house festival. If I have to join to do so, I'll join. One night, the last time I was home, the long-housers were having a festival. I decided I'd go up to the Catholic graveyard that's right below the long house and hide in the bushes and listen to the music. So I snuck up there and waded through the thistles and the twitch grass and the Queen Anne's lace, and I sat down on a flat stone on the grave of an uncle of mine, Miles Diabo, who was a war-whooper with the Miller Brothers 101 Ranch Wild West Show and died with the pneumonia in Wheeling, West Virginia, in 1916. Uncle Miles was one of the last of the Caughnawaga circus Indians. My mother is in that graveyard, and my father, old Nazareth Diabo that I hardly even knew. They called him Nazzry. He was a pioneer high-steel Indian. He was away from home the majority of the time, and he was killed in the disaster—when the Quebec Bridge went down. There's hundreds of high-steel men buried in there. The ones that were killed on the job, they don't have stones; their graves are marked with lengths of steel girders made into crosses. There's a forest of girder crosses in there. So I was sitting on Uncle Miles's stone, thinking of the way things go in life, and suddenly the people in the long house began to sing and dance and drum on their drums. They were singing Mohawk chants that came down from the old, old red-Indian times. I could hear men's voices and women's voices and children's voices. The Mohawk language, when it's sung, it's beautiful to hear. Oh, it takes your breath away. A feeling ran through me that made me tremble; I had to take a deep breath to quiet my heart, it was beating so fast. I felt very sad; at the same time, I felt very peaceful. I thought I was all alone in the graveyard, and then who loomed up out of the dark and sat down beside me but an old high-steel man I had been talking with in a store that afternoon, one of the soreheads, an old man that fights every improvement that's suggested on the reservation, whatever it is, on the grounds it isn't Indian—this isn't Indian, that isn't Indian. So he said to me, 'You're not alone up here. Look over there.' I looked where he pointed, and I saw a white shirt in among the bushes. And he said, 'Look over there,' and I saw a cigarette gleaming in the dark. 'The bushes are full of Catholics and Protestants,' he said. 'Every night there's a long-house festival, they creep up here and listen to the singing. It draws them like flies.' So I said, 'The long-house music is beautiful to hear, isn't it?' And he remarked it ought to be, it was the old Indian music. So I said the long-house religion appealed to me. 'One of these days,' I said, 'I might possibly join.' I asked him how he felt about it. He said he was a Catholic and it was out of the question. 'If I was to join the long house,' he said, 'I'd be excommunicated, and I couldn't be buried in holy ground, and I'd burn in Hell.' I said to him, 'Hell isn't Indian.' It was the wrong thing to say. He didn't reply to me. He sat there awhile—I guess he was thinking it over—and then he got up and walked away."

—Joseph Mitchell

•

LEAK IN MIDTOWN

I walked in Forty-second Street
Beside the barricades.
The pigeons preened in Bryant Park,
The workmen flashed their spades.
Above the roaring shuttle,
Above the teeming trains,
The flesh of Forty-second Street,
Its sinewed pipes and mains,
Lay gaping in the sunlight
With horrid leaden veins.

I paused in Forty-second Street
And watched them digging there.
With shovels big as dragons
They laid its vitals bare.
With shovels sharp as sabres
They delved so carelessly,
Scraping among the cables,
They set a message free:
Tell Flo I'm still in Macy's—I'll
Be over after tea.

—Howard Cushman

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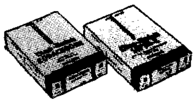

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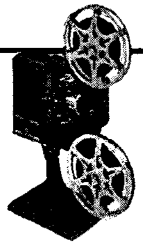

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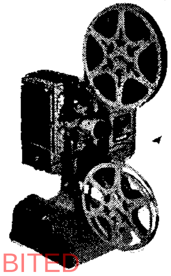

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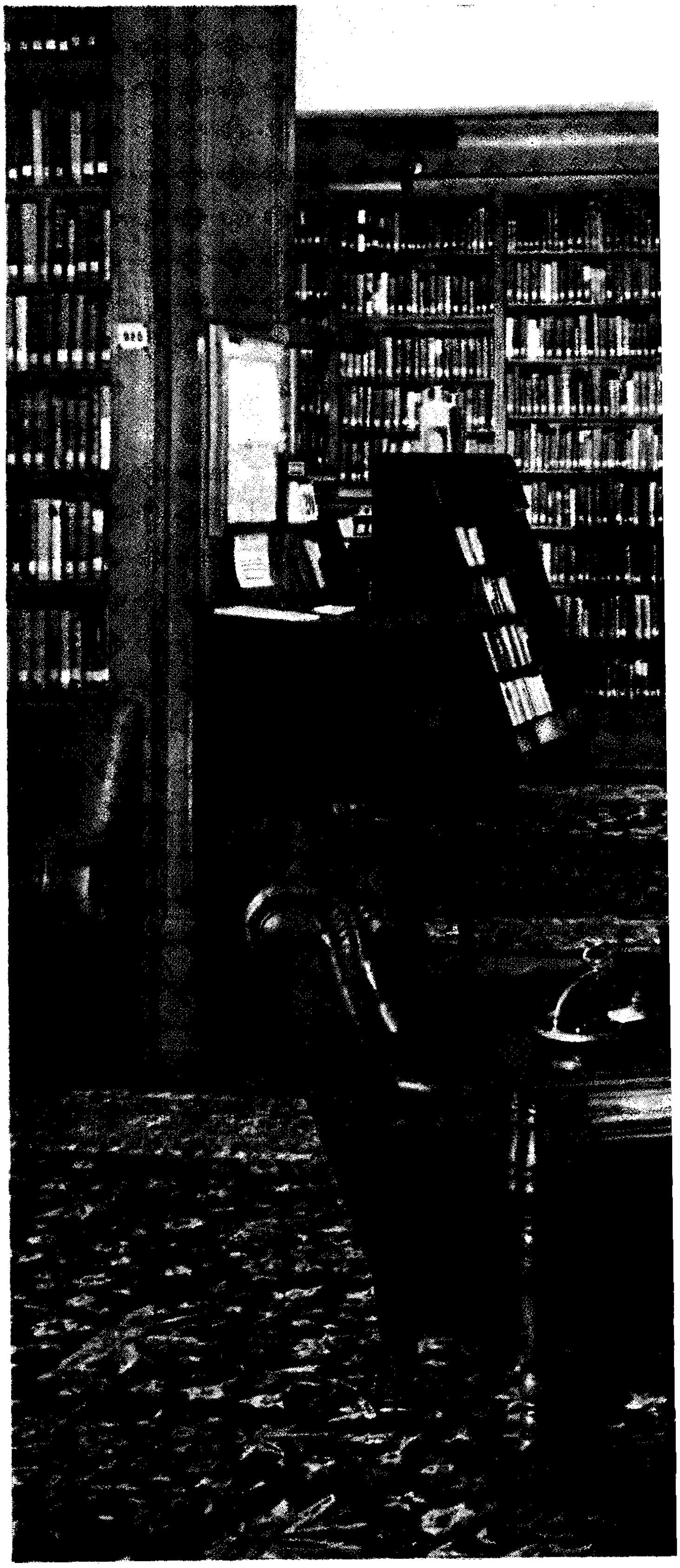

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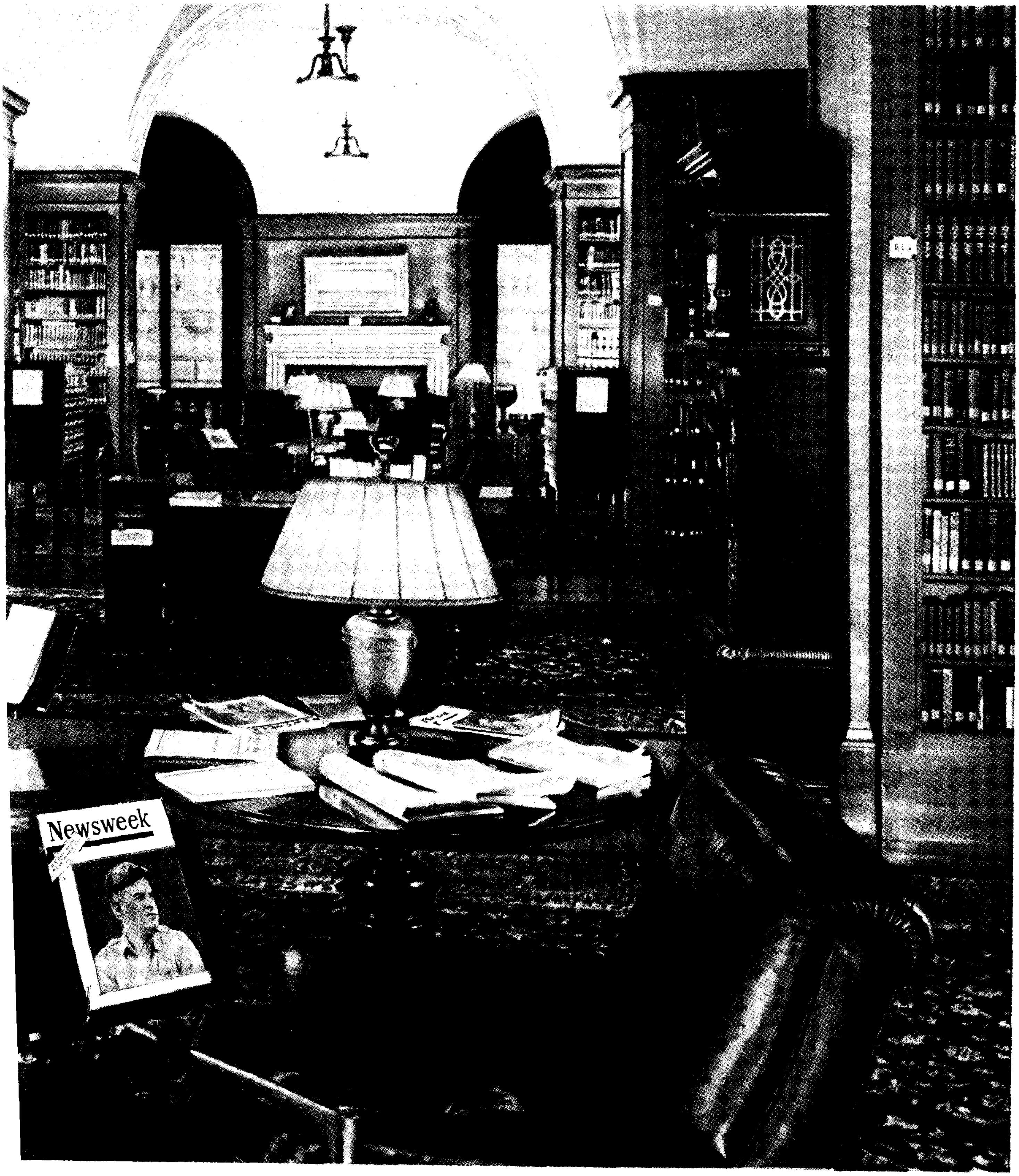

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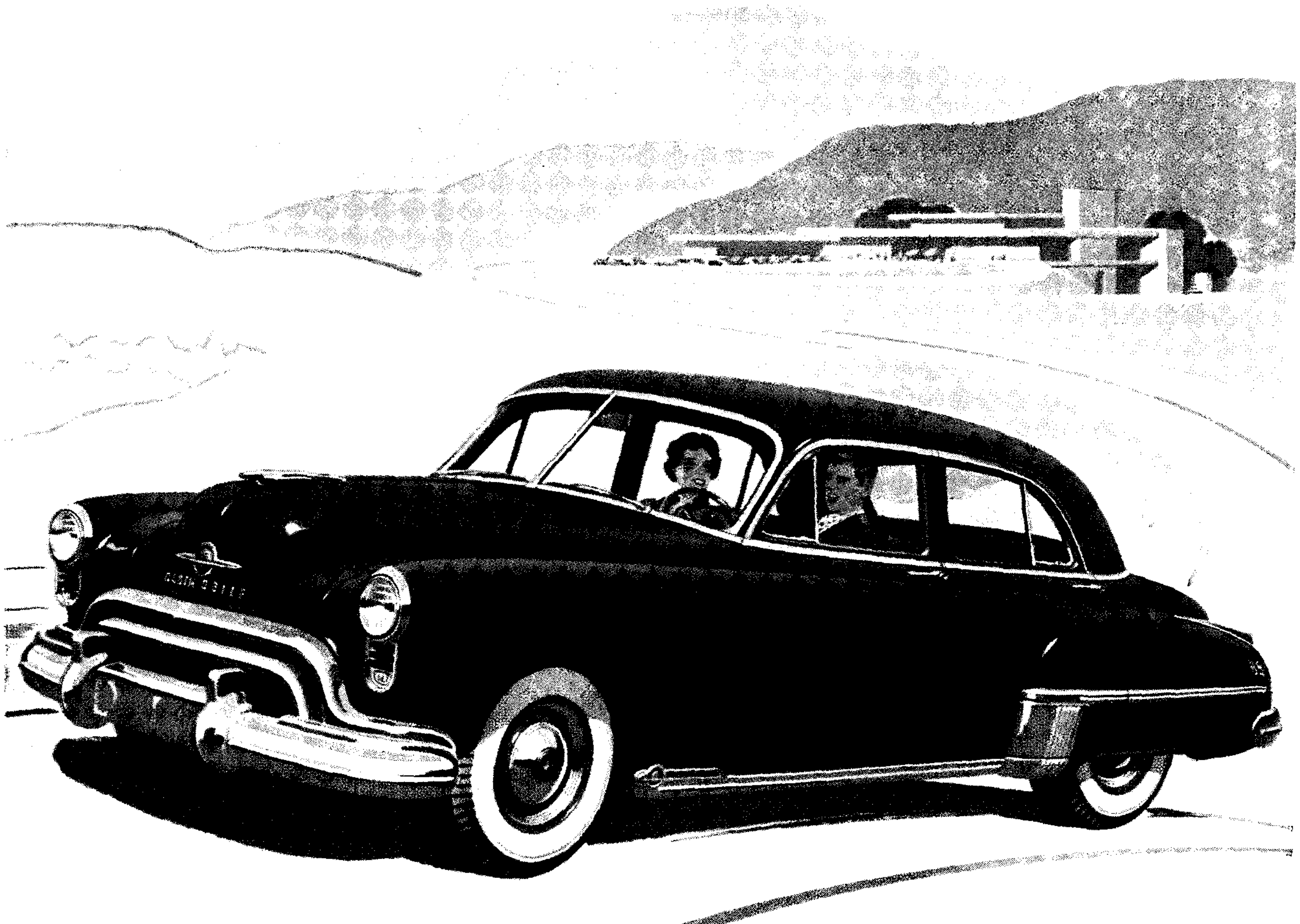

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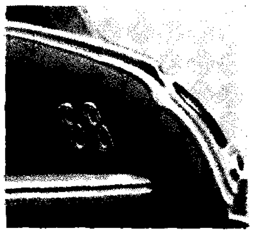

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THE THEATRE

LOVEBIRDS AND OLD LACE

A NEW theatrical season got under way, after a fashion, when a big, jarring vaudeville show called "Ken Murray's Blackouts" moved into the Ziegfeld last week. This operation, which has been a fixture in southern California for the past seven years, is pretty hard to define in the cold and formal idiom of the East. Mr. Murray, its creator and master of ceremonies, is a plain, baggy sort of man whose rumpled clothes, honest, anxious face, and rather troubled and tentative delivery give almost no indication of the unusual depths of vulgarity and heights of foolishness of which he is capable. The talent he has assembled, with the notable exception of a troupe of lovebirds, is of a kind generally supposed to have lost its vogue about the time the bunny hug went out, and the sketches from which his entertainment takes its name are outrageous, even when judged by the relaxed standards of an Elks' smoker. The critics, apparently in an indulgent mood after their long summer's airing, were on the whole remarkably gentle with Mr. Murray's queer offering, many of them remarking that after all there is no real harm in an evening of good, old-fashioned corn, especially when it is served up with a nice dish of blondes on the side. I am ready to concede some merit to the blondes, though I couldn't help feeling that, like so many other products of the California sunshine, they were just a bit too round and bright and firmly packed to be really edible. The corn, however, is something else, and all I can say is that it harmed me seriously at the time, and continues to do so now, in retrospect.

Mr. Murray's show, to get down to a few details, opens with a scene laid at the corner of Hollywood and Vine, where, after a little preliminary scuffling, we are introduced to Veronica and her Harmonica, a number that obviously needs no explanation; to a young woman who impersonates Bette Davis, a number that probably *has* no explanation; to a Chinese laundryman, who sings "My Wild Irish Rose," an idea that Miss Mae West also happens to be utilizing at the moment in her production of "Diamond Lil;" to a female contortionist, whose grisly accomplishments include leaning over backward and picking up handkerchiefs with her teeth; and to a covey of sporty matrons, billed in the program as "Elderlovelies," who sing and prance around the stage in a manner bleakly and accurately described by Mr. Brooks Atkinson, of the *Times*, as "not especially elevating." These delights are rapidly followed by four sketches, of which perhaps the least obnoxious involves the transposition of the signs on the doors of a bathroom and a bridal chamber; a dance featuring a couple in leopard skins, which is presumably all right in the special field of leopard-skin dancing; a fourteen-year-old pianist and a fifteen-year-old vocalist, who are a little better than all right, but not much; and the lovebirds, who, in spite of a tendency to get terribly excited from time to time, still give fourteen of the most enchanting performances you ever saw.

That, approximately, is the first act of "Ken Murray's Blackouts." The second is shorter, but no less distressing, containing among other things the old favorite about the trained dog who doesn't happen to be in the mood to do any tricks; the almost equally familiar one in which a couturier creates fashionable gowns on living models right there before your eyes; a guitar player; a one-legged tap-dancer; and a strange and terrible performer who impersonates five characters from "Oliver Twist," simultaneously establishing himself as the greatest quick-change artist in the world and one of the worst actors. If it weren't for those birds, I'd be inclined to say the rumpus at the Ziegfeld was a staggering bore from beginning to end. When you come right down to it, there may even be people who don't like birds.

—WOLCOTT GIBBS

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[*From the Official Register of Harvard University*]

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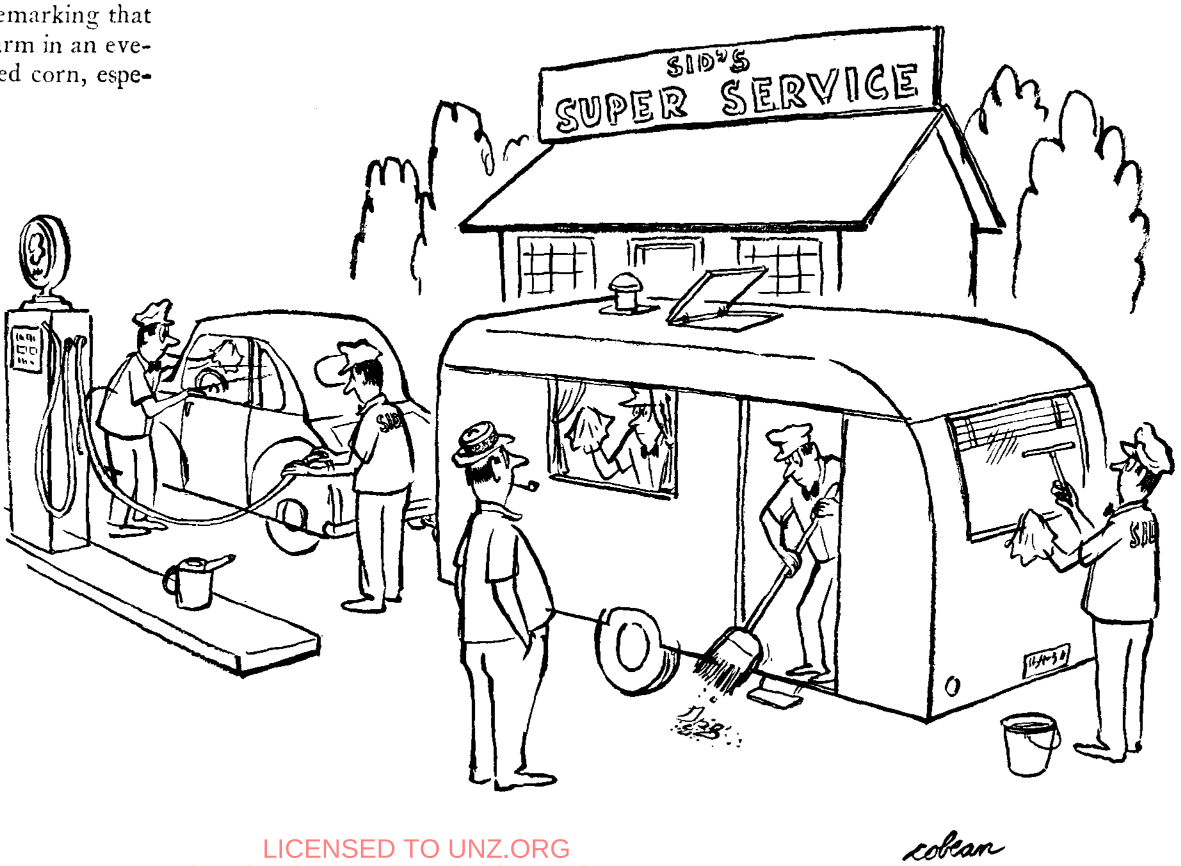
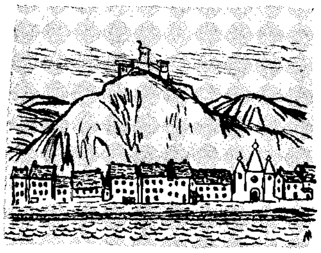


LETTER FROM THE LIGURIAN RIVIERA

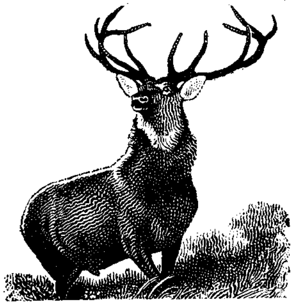
BORDIGHERA, SEPT. 7

THIS coast has just been animated by an astonishingly prosperous summer season, with the greatest crowds of visitors, Italian and foreign, that it has known since the end of the Second World War, or, for that matter, since the beginning of the Ethiopian War, when Italy's astringencies and unpopular adventures really started. From rocky, démodé, Anglican Bordighera, on the north—Queen Victoria once planned to visit it, but the outbreak of a similar colonial war, with the Boers, interfered—to the sandier, more fashionable beaches south of Genoa, the Ligurian Riviera's summer weather (which was actually a continuation of Europe's dangerous drought) was perfect, and the resorts were overflowing with vacationers. Everyone, of every nationality, including the austere British, had, it seemed, plenty of money, which nobody denied or could explain, except as the latest and the most unexpected postwar development—a mystery whose pleasantest solution lay in spending. At Ventimiglia, on the western border, the extravagant garden restaurant called La Mortola, which was noted even before the war for its hundred and twenty hors d'oeuvres, has been serving consequential dinners for two at about eight thousand lire, or nearly fourteen dollars at the legal rate of exchange. Well-to-do Italians said that this was very high, but they paid it, which was strange. Visiting New Yorkers, between their monologues on the American recession and on their financial insecurity, said it was cheap, which Italians found stranger still. The eastern Levante end of the Riviera was the smart part this season. Worldly figures who wanted to make sure that they would have no rest went to Portofino, whose small, picturesque harbor was filled with neat yachts; to Rapallo; to Paraggi; to Santa Margherita; and, after dark, to the Nord Est, the grandee night club of the region, overhanging the surf on the foundations of an unfinished modern castle, begun some years ago by one of the baronial Franchettis.



The Ligurian coast has always been used as a neighborhood bathing beach by the rich and titled clans of Turin and Milan, cities that are only one Apennine mountain range inland. The aristocrats of Turin, which is the capital of Piedmont, whence the royal rulers of Italy sprang, still regard themselves as models of courtly elegance, now stranded by history amidst the powerful industrial outcroppings of the north. The textile families of Milan are the most obvious millionaires in all Italy. The rich Genoese, who were heavily represented here during the summer, are traditionally the most ornate; recently, the sunburned wives paraded on the beach in silken décolletage, blazing with jewels. The wealthy landowning nobles were also here in full force this year—families whose fortunes and names are so ancient that they are mentioned more often in the archives than on the financial page of the *Corriere della Sera*. All these men and women of the upper classes were equipped with elaborate wardrobes, handmade from scarf to shoes, of a taste and diversity that made the wearers the most splendidly and individually dressed, if not the most hauntingly chic, of all the people on both the Italian and the French Riviera. Italy, unlike France, had no prewar revolution; instead of a Front Populaire, she had Il Duce. And, unlike England, Italy chose to have, instead of a postwar labor government, Christian Democrats. The rich in Italy are unique in Europe, for they are still rich.

THE other end of the social scale, also well represented on the Ligurian Riviera, was to be found principally at the casino in San Remo. The crowd there made up a democratic picture indeed. The players were mostly former black-marketeers who evidently had all started in contraband Parmesan cheese. Gamblers used to dress impeccably as they ruined themselves on a turn of the roulette wheel, but the cheese gentry dressed comfortably for their fun. In the casino's well-known handsome, old-fashioned mahogany central room, the men, who were usually fat, cautious, and sweating, sat in their shirtsleeves and suspenders, frequently fanning themselves with nice tortoise-shell fans. Their women stood modestly behind them, advising, nudging, sometimes moaning at a loss or laying little bets over the men's shoulders. At the chemin-de-fer tables, the croupiers were often



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forced to interrupt their spatulas' busy whisking of cards and chips to explain, tolerantly, the rules of the game. The bank rarely ran to as much as a hundred thousand lire. The cheese crowd lost neither its head nor much of its cash.

After the Liberation, Italy's new government felt obliged to pass new gambling laws, since Mussolini's were obsolete. In the beginning, he moralistically shut down all the old Italian casinos; after 1932, he reopened three, all on strategic frontiers. First, vaingloriously, he reopened San Remo, to compete with Monte Carlo and tempt French currency over the border into Italy, as an aid to his autarchy, which badly needed *valuta*. For similar reasons, the Venice casino was later permitted to reopen; it could bring in Austrian and Balkan money. Then the casino at Campione d'Italia—a bizarre fragment of Italy near Lake Lugano that is completely surrounded by Switzerland—was reopened, in order to nab Swiss francs and German marks. Mussolini later licensed a casino in Tripoli, as a catchall for British sterling from Gibraltar and the French colonials' pay, and then another one, on the Isle of Rhodes, to tap Egyptian cotton fortunes.

At the end of the war, the government called the licenses of the Mussolinian casinos in to Rome for inspection, and they were supposed to close down during this period. The casino crew at Campione d'Italia, which is so cut off from Italy and so surrounded by the Swiss that it remained republican even under Il Duce, continued play until a commissioner from Rome marched up to it one night and personally told them to shut down. Some casino Partisans then marched out with machine guns, left over from the Resistance, accused Rome of having stolen their license, ordered it returned instantly, and went on playing. Now the three big former Fascist casinos are going again. In addition, a brand-new casino opened this August near Venice, in the midget Republic of San Marino, which Italians call the Republic of Four People. It will probably snare the money of nobody, of any nationality, but apparently the four-person republic wanted it, in quartet.

TOURISTS and roulette aside, San Remo's serious income derives from its carnations. It is the carnation center of Europe. In the Continental florist trade, San Remo's roses are somewhat less important than the carnations.

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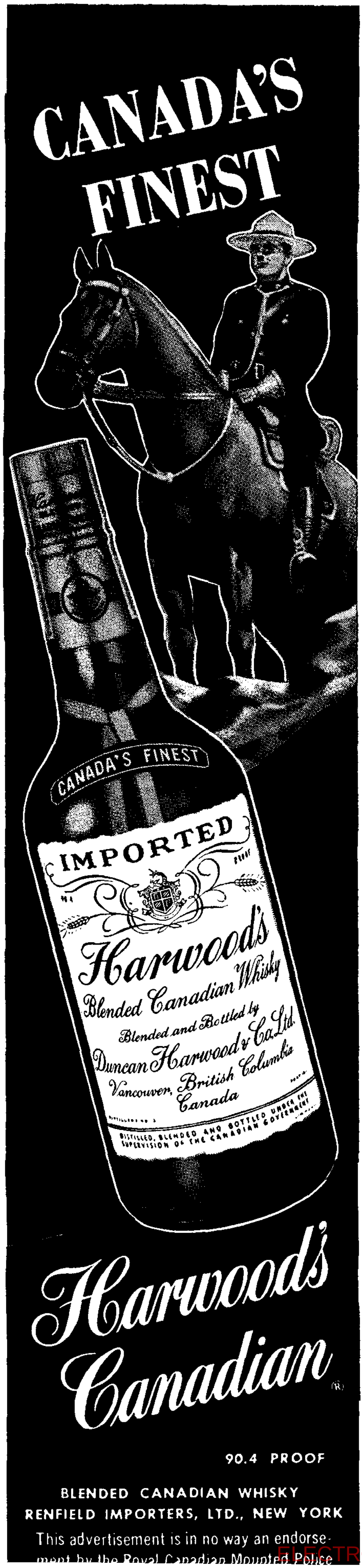
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being less beautiful, although more highly scented and stronger-stemmed, than their English-hothouse competitors. Ligurian flowers grow in the open, on cliff terraces above the sea, which gives them a toughness, of commercial importance for long-distance shipping, and without any newfangled refrigeration cars. The local gardeners boast, "Our flowers grow, bud, blossom, and in hard times even die, outdoors." The great San Remo flower trade was first carried on with Russia, about 1905, when the Grand Dukes Cyril and Alexis had Ligurian villas and wintered there annually. The Czar's court turned carnations into big business. After the First World War and the revolutions, when Russia was using only red flags for palace decorations, San Remo began to build up an Eastern trade with Prague. A carload of flowers was dispatched there daily on an express and, with the Czechs acting as middlemen, was then distributed to Budapest, Trieste, Belgrade, Vienna, and elsewhere. By 1936, because of Austria's new autarchic program, Italian carnations became taboo in Vienna, and the Czech market weakened, in consequence. The French market had always been poor, although French Riviera flowers are raised mostly for perfume-making at Grasse. After the Ethiopian War started, both the French and the English imposed sanctions on Italy; in more emotional England, these applied even to the Italian carnation trade. However, the Rome-Berlin Axis saved the flowers by shifting the export business to Germany. It continued throughout the war, despite bombardment at both ends. San Remo was bombed by planes or shelled by warships eighty-nine times in the four months before the Liberation. The carnation gardeners were told by the German soldiers stationed here during the war that they found when they went home on leave a bunch of posies meant more to their romantic, blitzed-out sweethearts than a loaf of black-market Italian bread. During the war, there was some less poetic carnation business with Switzerland, where the Italians had arranged for the Swiss to block flower payments, so that the Nazis could not touch them. The money was released after the war and it helped put the San Remo carnation trade back on its feet.

Daisies also are raised around San Remo, but they are despised, because fools can raise them. A daisy gardener can sit twiddling his thumbs un-

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if frugal, living. Carnations demand hard labor and a troublesome horticultural technique. For the easygoing daisy growers, countless Ligurians worked hard centuries ago; they built the masonry of the cliff terraces, stiff and narrow as staircases, and then over the years brought up basketfuls of earth dug from the sea, and the rain rinsed it and slowly drained off the salt. But the carnation growers continue to work hard today. Their flowers are sturdy, long-stemmed, small, and not highly scented. The San Remo carnations provided the cheapest pleasure of the Ligurian season.

—GENÊT

•

There is no more doubt that the Zebra Kid is a walking terror. The 6,000 people who jammed the Sports Arena last Thursday were convinced and they witnessed the most brutal beating the Zebra Kid gave Goldielocks Nature Boy. Even his Slave Girl couldn't save Nature Boy from the grips of the terrifying Zebra Kid, and we must say now that it will take a mighty good man to beat the Zebra Kid, if there is such a man. The dream of thousands of wrestling fans that Nature Boy would win back his precious belt and world's title is gone, and it seems for a long time. Now Promotor Cliff Maupin has signed the Zebra Kid to defend his title and belt against the former world's champion, Dave Levin, the great Adonis, who on three different occasions held the world's heavyweight title. Dave Levin holds the record of beating the world's most outstanding wrestlers and maybe the great Adonis will be the answer to the prayers of thousands of wrestling fans who say "get the Zebra Kid and get him good," take the hood off the hoodlum and they want to see the face which is hiding under the mask. Some people think the Zebra Kid is just a fugitive from a chain gang or maybe one of Joseph Stalin's undercover men. Who knows? There must be a reason why the Zebra Kid is hiding his face. Anyway, Dave Levin will have a tough job and if he can accomplish the job of beating the Zebra Kid he will be the hero and idol of Toledo wrestling fans. Promotor Maupin has also signed the greatest team match ever seen in Toledo. Nature Boy after recovering from the shock and the beating he received last Thursday will join with the gigantic Polish Angel as team partners to meet the Two Little Foxes, Gorgeous Billy Darnell and his partner Tony Sinatra. This team match should be a firecracker. As an added special attraction there will also be girl wrestlers, and we mean the greatest girls. June Buyers will meet the beautiful Theresa Thais, of Texas, the horrible Volga Boatman will try to murder a newcomer known as The Great Profile. We suggest wrestling fans get your tickets early as another sellout crowd is expected this coming Thursday for this collossal wrestling extravaganza.—*Adv. in the Toledo Blade.*

Extravaganza?

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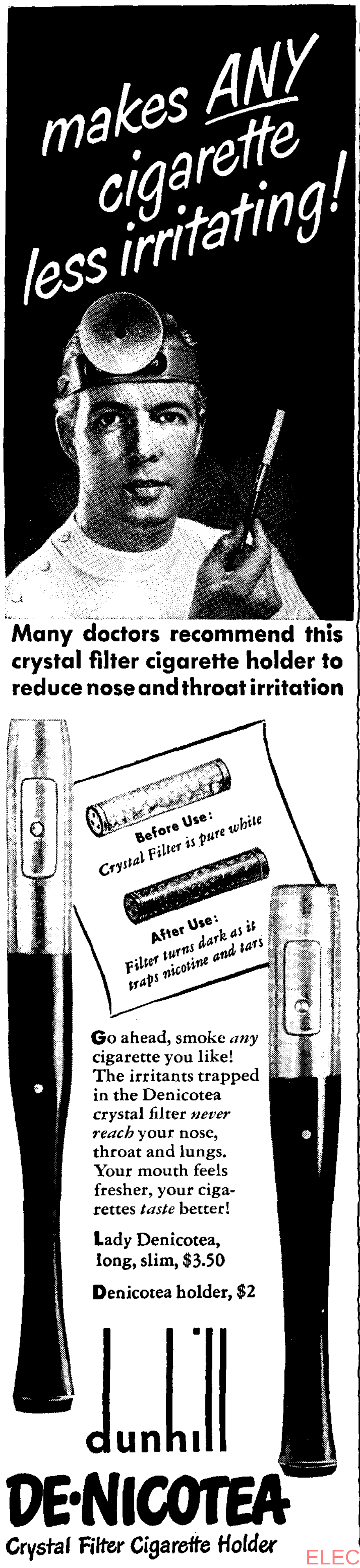

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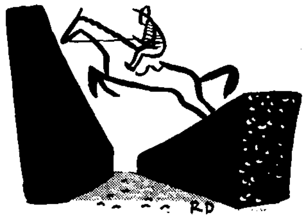
THE RACE TRACK

Stymie Runs Again

ALL in all, the past week was a big one at Aqueduct, what with the return of Stymie in the Edgemere Handicap, which My Request won; the rousing victory of Hill Prince in the Babylon Handicap; and some first-class performances by some third-class performers. The reappearance of Stymie was something that racegoers had been looking forward to, and with Assault and some of the important younger members of the handicap division running against him, the Edgemere was interesting enough to satisfy the most captious. In the crowded walking ring before the race, Bob Kleberg, who owns Assault and the King Ranch, said to Hirsch Jacobs, who owns Stymie, "I'm eager to see your horse." Jacobs grinned and replied, "He's your horse, too." Stymie, you know, was foaled on the King Ranch and was carrying Kleberg's colors when Jacobs claimed him, six years ago. Well, Stymie is anybody's dream of what a good horse should look like. Jacobs turned him out beautifully, his coat shining with a lustre one seldom sees nowadays. Always a handsome fellow, Stymie seems to have an added touch of quality in his conformation. The extraordinary thing about him is that he looks much younger now than he did when he last raced, fourteen months ago. He steps out so jauntily that one would hardly believe he's eight years old and has run a hundred and twenty-seven times.



I did feel that it wasn't quite fair to Stymie or his following, which is considerable, to start him against such a seasoned lot the first time out. He obviously wasn't up to it, either, since he went well for less than a mile and then finished last. However, I enjoyed the race just the same. My Request, another pet of mine, who was slammed around during the Aqueduct Handicap, a week before, made a runaway of the Edgemere, winning by lengths from Stunts. The only exciting incident of the race was Assault's rush from last to third place in the stretch. Assault, by the way, although he had been training perfectly, didn't look as lively as he did in July, when he won the Brooklyn Handicap.

RIGHT now, I could look anybody in the face and recommend Hill Prince, on his form in the Babylon Handicap, for any of the autumn stakes races for two-year-olds. He carried high weight in the Babylon the other afternoon, and after getting away so badly and being so far behind that I wouldn't have taken 50–1 against him in the stretch he won by two lengths. Hill Prince, who is a half brother to Mangohick, would be almost a picture horse if he didn't have such a ragged tail. He had a full-sized one the first time I saw him, several months ago, but somehow or other most of it got pulled out one day in the starting gate. Maybe that's what makes him run.

THANKS are due to five Class C three-year-olds—Sandy Alan, Third Ace, Fireagain, Rare Mineral, and Wide Request—for the most stimulating finish we've had at Aqueduct in a long time. They reached home in the order named, but only a camera was able to tell that. It was the closest thing to a five-way dead heat that I've ever seen. Even the sharpies who bet on the placings in a photo finish before the numbers are posted were too confused to offer odds.

I couldn't whip up much enthusiasm over the Aqueduct Handicap, won by Wine List. As a bumping match, it gets a fairly high figure in my book—not quite the rating of that Santa Anita Handicap that Top Row captured in 1936 or some Kentucky Derbies I could mention, but it will do. Two of the fourteen runners, Wine List and Mount Marcy, took no part in the free-for-all. They were lengths ahead of it.

WELL, Citation, Calumet Farm's celebrated invalid, is at Belmont again. Whatever was the matter with his ankles has been cured, but he won't race until the winter meetings. You can see him in action, however, for he does a two-mile gallop every morning. Owl Eyes, my favorite clocker, says, "Citation looks grand. Why, he's as big as two horses!" —AUDAX MINOR

•

In New Mexico he will visit an Indian chief he once befriended by moving from an upper to a lower berth.—*Washington Post.*

Up, the poor Indian!

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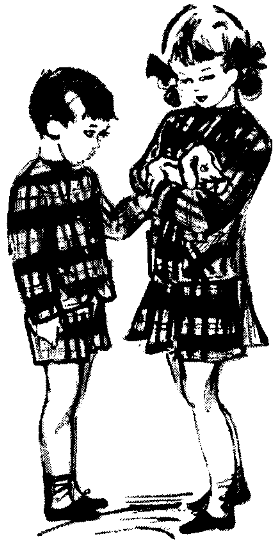

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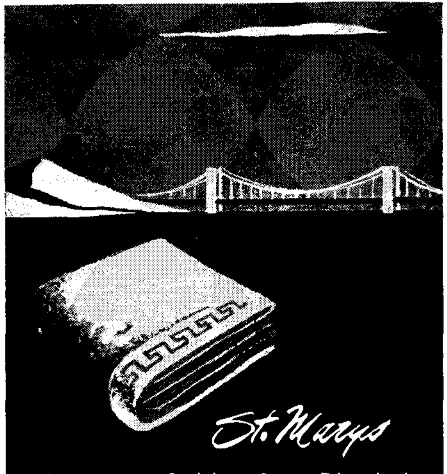

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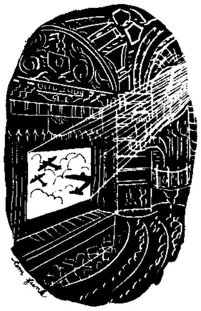


"SAINTS AND SINNERS," an English film, focusses its attention on what purports to be a modern Irish village, named Kilwirra, and discovers therein as diverting a crew of characters as have ambled across the screen in many a long day. The people of Kilwirra are obstreperously enthusiastic about everything, from horse racing to religion; even the worthy canon of the town is not above taking a flyer on a colt selected by the local sorceress, an amiable old lady addicted equally to prophecy and to whiskey. The failings of this ancient are almost trivial compared to those of most of her fellow-citizens. The pub-keeper of the place, for instance, spends his mornings diluting good liquor with poteen; the grocer adulterates his tea and coffee with twigs and sawdust; the undertaker, a man who likes to send his bills "while the grief is hot," pretends his coffins are made of mahogany when they are really made of deal; the lawyer overcharges everyone who comes to him for advice, particularly widows; and the bank manager has dabbled in embezzlement. For all their foibles, the residents of Kilwirra are a likable lot, and Paul Vincent Carroll, who, with the help of Leslie Arliss, provided the script for the picture, has made them marvellously articulate.

Holding Mr. Carroll's many hilarious scenes together is the story of a youth, unjustly jailed for swiping the funds for a new bell for the church of Kilwirra, who returns from prison to clear his name. In the course of this effort, he is almost seduced by a beautiful blonde who is travelling around Ireland with an overweening Manhattan Irishman, but he comes through that peril inviolate, if somewhat shaken, and ready to take to his bosom the pub-keeper's black-haired daughter. His final victory over his traducers is effected by the sorceress, who, by announcing flatly from what is presumably her deathbed that the end of the world will arrive next Tuesday at noon, inspires all hands to confess their sins. Her announcement comes just after the canon has advised her that he has "sealed up the five senses against the villainies and vagaries of the powers of darkness," in preparation for the a language quite a cut above the clerical chatter of Bing Crosby and Barry Fitzgerald.

The large supporting cast is made up mostly of Abbey Theatre Players, who live up to the fine tradition of that group. Playing the hero, the heroine, and the blonde, we have Kieron Moore, Sheila Manahan, and Christine Norden, respectively.

"SOMEWHERE IN EUROPE," a Hungarian film, has won a number of prizes abroad, but I don't think it is to be compared with any of the topflight imports of recent years. It relates the adventures of a couple of dozen children, rendered homeless by the war, who join together in a marauding band that eventually finds security in a ruined castle belonging to an eminent orchestra conductor. In its early episodes, the picture is spasmodically exciting as it shows the children being wrenched from their homes and villages, but the later scenes, leading up to an incongruous happy ending, are highly improbable.

—JOHN MCCARTEN

•

Miss Zelda Odes, graduate student in the New School, is studying the effect of a most frightening short story (Paul Bowles: 'A Distant Episode.' *Partisan Review*, Vol. XIV, No. 1. January-February, 1947). She gives the test first and then hands the short story for reading (about 20 minutes); then, right after the subject has finished reading it, gives the test again. She has a control group who instead of the above story is handed an indifferent jolly story from the New Yorker.—*Newsletter from the Psychological Center, University of Oklahoma.*

A humble little role, but we play it proudly.

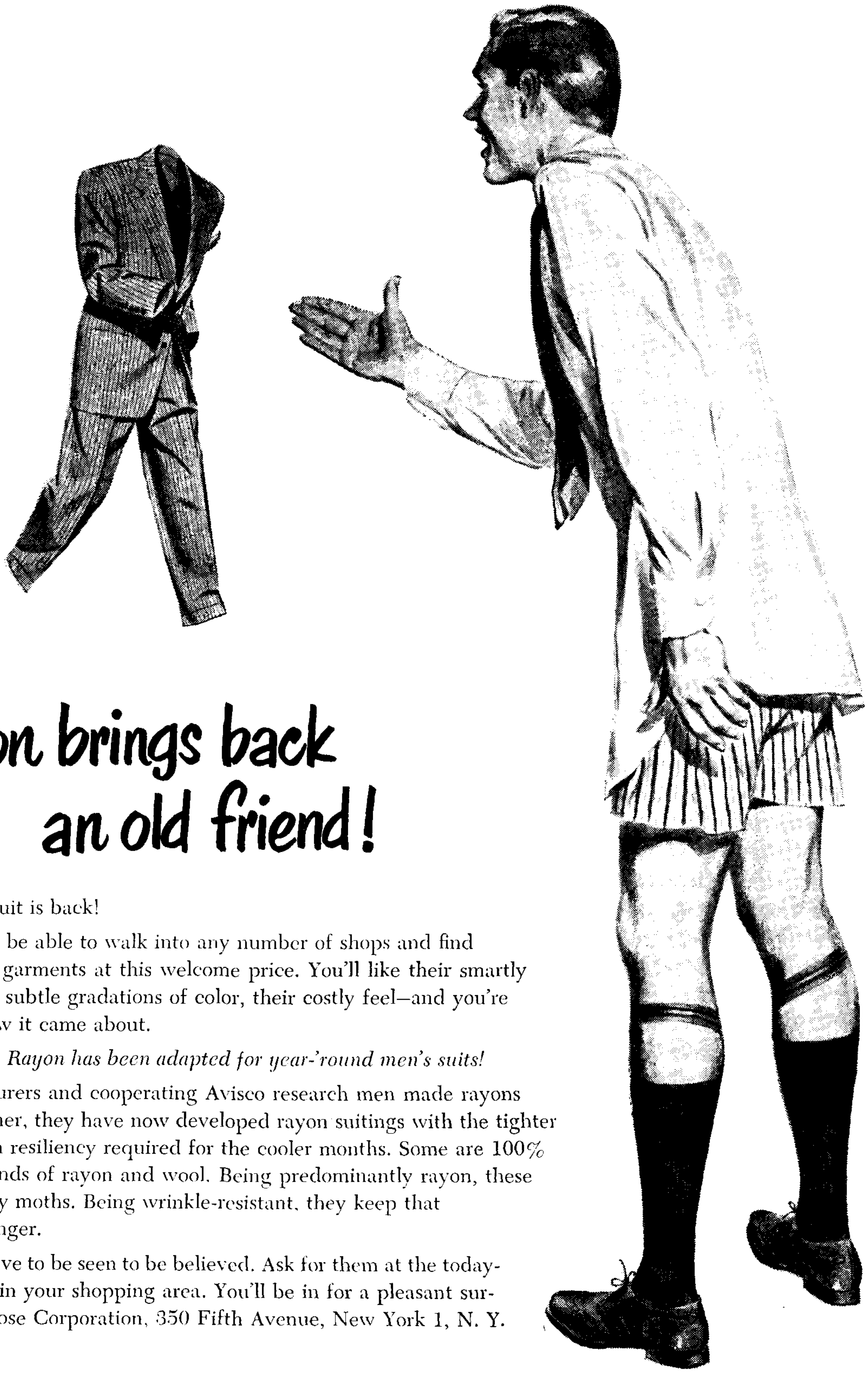
•

A MORNING RESOLUTION

I will this day try to live a simple, sincere and serene life, repelling promptly every thought of discontent, anxiety, discouragement, impurity and selfseeking, cultivating cheerfulness, magnanimity, charity and the habit of holy silence; exercising economy in expenditures, carefulness in conservation, diligence in appointed service, fidelity to every trust and a childlike trust in the Walnut Street Grocery Co., where I receive more good for same money; same goods for less money.

WALNUT STREET GROCERY CO.
T. C. Tatum, Mgr.
—*Adv. in the Springfield (Ky.) Sun.*

Is that what you call holy silence,



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DEPARTMENT OF AMPLIFICATION

TOWSON, MD.,
SEPTEMBER 7, 1949

To the Editor, *The New Yorker*,
DEAR SIR:

ROBERT COATES' theories as to Fannie Farmer's persistent use of quotes in referring to the "hard-boiled" egg are so ingenious and so much more amusing than the truth that I have hesitated for half a day to tell him the truth at all. I feel as I did the winter that my husband and I had a cricket in the cellar. We used to stand on the cellar stairs for a sentimental moment at bedtime when we were locking up the house and listen to the little, belated voice of the autumnal grass and feel wonderful. And then, one day, I made my discovery, and walked into his study.

"Had you rather live with a happy illusion," I asked him, "or do you prefer always to know the truth?"

My husband is, by profession, a philosopher.

"The truth, of course," he said. "What is this, anyway? Go on, I'm working."

I put my hand on his shoulder to comfort us both. "Darling," I said, "our cricket—"

"Is it dead?"

"No. It is a defect in our gas meter."

The fact of it is that Fannie was hipped on the subject of eggs' not being cooked at high temperatures. A picnic egg—let's call it that for the moment—was to her an egg that had been put in cold water, brought to a boil, turned off at once (or, more accurately, "set on the back of the range"), and allowed to stand in hot water until it had become as hard as a hard-boiled egg. The yolk of an egg cooked like this does not get that familiar coating of green, and its interior texture is rather more moist and delicate than that of a genuine hard-boiled egg without quotes.

"Hard-boiled," so, in quotes, then becomes a portmanteau word, meaning "an egg cooked to a consistency suitable for slicing on salad, which, for convenience, we will refer to by the familiar phrase 'a hard-boiled egg,' although both you and I understand that the use of the vulgar terminology does not imply that either of us would ever descend to the vulgar method." That's a good bit to get into a pair of quotes, and for my part I have always admired Fannie for it intensely.

My mother was a student in one of Fannie Farmer's classes for brides, a

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few years before the publication of the edition of 1906. While she did not learn there how to cook for herself, she did learn, mysteriously, how to teach inferior cooks to cook very well. Miss Farmer once singled her out for special notice. She paused before her, rapt, one day, and then said in a voice full of wonder, "I have never seen a more useless pair of hands."

Mother felt no resentment. When I married, she gave me a later edition of the book, and although I am one of those who cook by instinct, I have found it a never-ending source of delight. "Lamb," it says, "is the meat of lambs." And at the end of a recipe for peach custard: "Bananas may be used instead of peaches; it is then called *Banana Custard*." Those monitory italics, aimed at the intransigents who would persist in calling it peach custard, come hell or high water, please me even more than the pregnant quotes around the "hard-boiled" egg.

The other enchanting thing about Fannie is her capriciousness. You never know when she will explain everything, as in how to boil an egg, or nothing. I am unfailingly delighted by her recipe for Bunuelos, which in my mother's edition reads simply as follows: "Make the same as Swedish Timbales, except that you use a Bunuelos iron."

I'd love to see a Bunuelos iron. I went into Jordan Marsh's housewares department and asked for one once years ago, when I lived in Boston. They asked me what it was. I said, "It's for something like Swedish timbales." They said, "What is a Swedish timbale?" I just looked at my watch and backed off, muttering something about its being later than I thought.

Sincerely yours,
VICTORIA LINCOLN

•

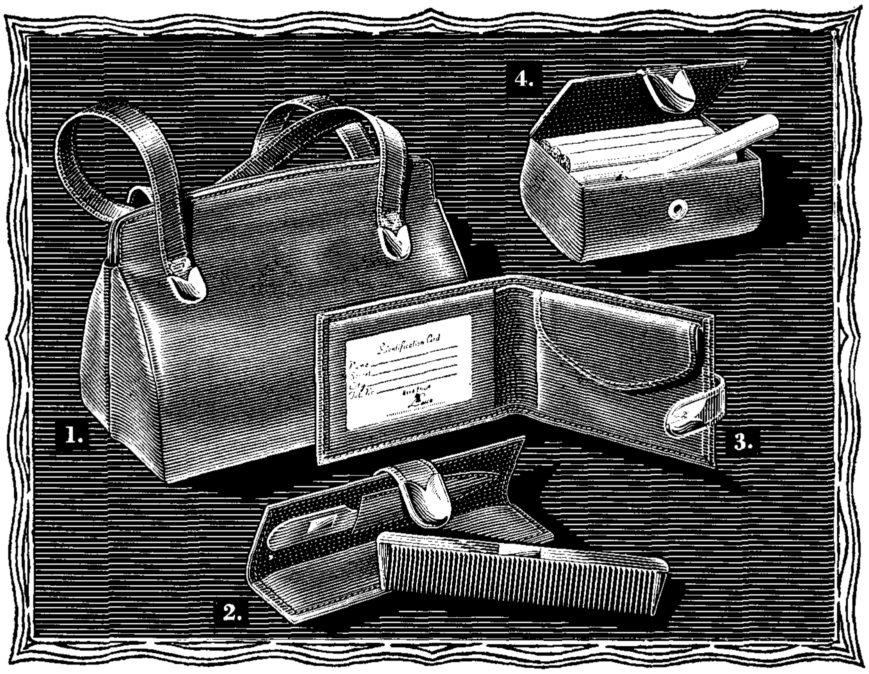
Two things the American tourist is sure not to miss in Paris are the Louvre and the Folies Bergere. The pictures don't change in the Louvre. The Mona Lisa has eternal fascination. The Venus de Milo has still enough attraction to be regarded as the most beautiful statue in the world. There are 17 miles of galleries in the Louvre. BeBe Shopp and I went through almost on a dead run, wishing for bicycles.—*Virginia Safford in the Minneapolis Star.*

A motorcycle is *so* much easier, silly.

•

Mr. and Mrs. John Bowley are the parents of their child, a daughter born at Windsor hospital on August 15.—*Rutland (Vt.) Herald.*

Weight, please



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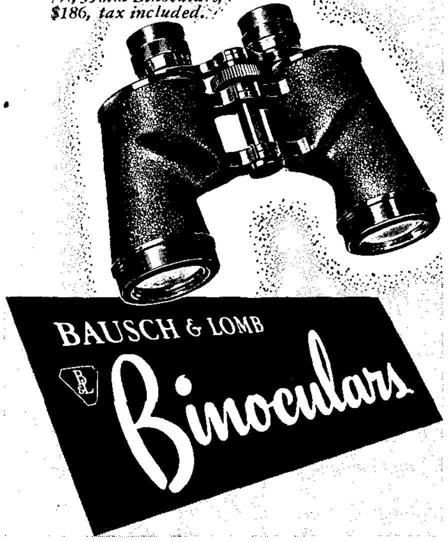

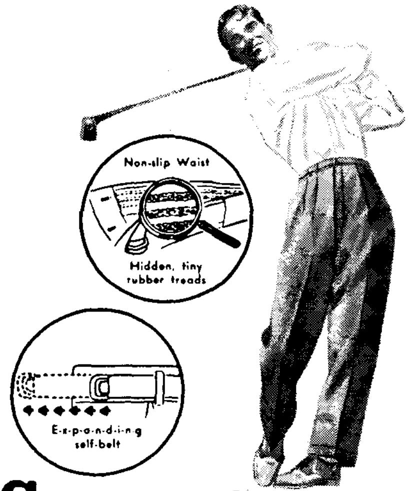

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Popular Records

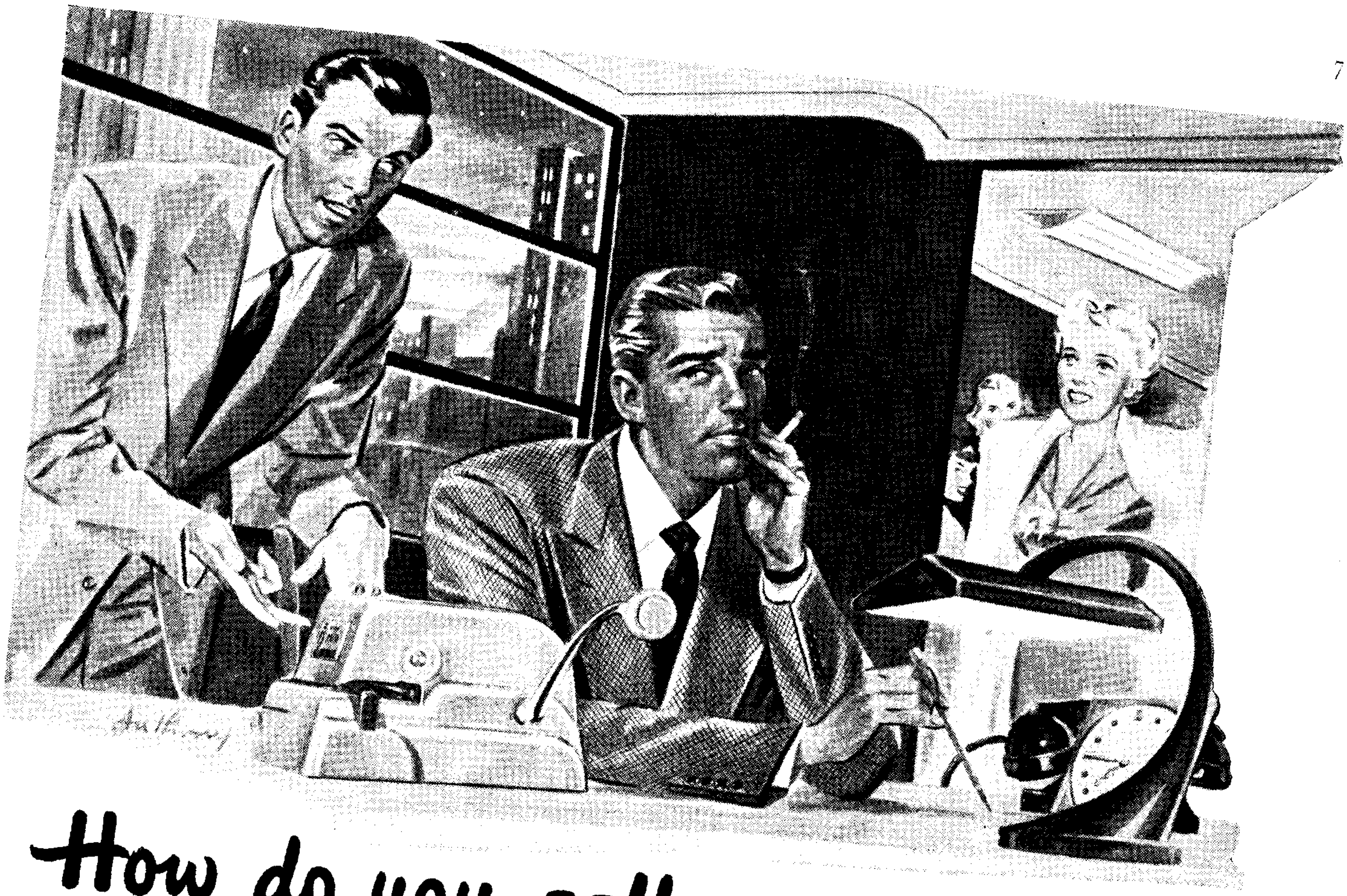
LISTENING to several new records by George Shearing and some by Errol Garner, I was unable to decide which of these gifted pianists is the more stimulating. It doesn't really matter, of course, because both men are displaying more delightful originality than any other pianists currently being recorded, and their styles are quite dissimilar. Shearing, who can be heard dominating a trio and a quintet—and also doubling on the accordion now and then—is the more refined technician. His playing is as graceful as the flight of a bird. Most of his new records present bop improvisations, lightly performed, but the two sides that gave me the greatest pleasure are in a more literal form. One is "September in the Rain" (M-G-M 10426), played by the quintet, and the other is "You Are Too Beautiful" (M-G-M 10487), played by the trio. In "September in the Rain," before the piano is heard, the main theme, captivatingly altered, is played twice; then Shearing, his music climbing nimbly in arcs of single notes, comes in for the middle section, after which his supporters state the theme as before. Following that, there is more handiwork by Shearing and the others, and then the theme returns at the end. "You Are Too Beautiful" consists of a few full introductory chords and a single chorus, slowly and delicately played by the piano, with all the emphasis on the right hand, striking pairs of notes simultaneously throughout. "Bop, Look, and Listen" is the companion piece to "September in the Rain," and "Good to the Last Bop" is on the other side of "You Are Too Beautiful." Both are excellently played, but they sound pretty much alike, neither being very tangible or very interesting.

Among Shearing's bop records, I was entertained by "To Be or Not to Bop" (let's just ignore these titles, shall we?), a trio number with a rather lively subject. On the other side is a somewhat overly romantic treatment of "Poinciana," also done by the trio (London 444). A couple of things—"Sorry, Wrong Rhumba" and "Cotton Top"—in an album (Discovery 12) devoted to the quintet proved mildly titillating, but on the whole the set, made up entirely of performances in the bop idiom, is unrewarding. "Four Bars Short," "Cherokee," "Bebop's Fables," and "Midnight on Cloud 69" are the other selections.

Shearing's piano playing, in its clean, swift, cool invention, reminds me greatly of Benny Goodman's clarinet style. Errol Garner plays in a darker, heavier, and more poetic manner. There is a fascinating uncertainty about his playing; it is full of surprises—almost always pleasant ones. "Love for Sale" and "Sloe Gin Fizz" (Dial 1031), piano solos, show Garner in a vein that is different from his usual one. Both pieces are strongly rhythmic, the first employing a left-hand figure reminiscent of one used several years ago by Cy Walter in "Begin the Beguine" (Liberty 302). Despite the intrinsic appeal of "Love for Sale," I was more attracted to Garner's own composition, "Sloe Gin Fizz," in which the interplay between the right hand and the left is intricate and rollicking. Garner's more familiar style can be found in his performances of "Love Walked In" and "I Surrender, Dear" (Savoy 701); on these sides he has the support of bass and drums. The two numbers are played very slowly and are enriched by full harmonies and sensitive phrasing.

I suppose that in the long run Shearing gives you more to think about and Garner is more moving. I'm grateful to find them both so productive.

AN agreeable collection of show tunes is sung with distinction by Mary Martin in a new album (Columbia MM-843) and on long-playing record ML-2061. The rarest of the lot is "I Want to Be with You," from "Take a Chance." The lyric is a bit ordinary, but the music, by Vincent Youmans, is fresh and lovely, and calls to mind all the unique sentiment of his writing. The two other pieces that I enjoyed most in this set are "My Funny Valentine" and "Glad to Be Unhappy," both by Rodgers and Hart. Irving Berlin's "It's a Lovely Day Tomorrow," Arthur Schwartz's "I See Your Face Before Me," and three Gershwin numbers, "A Foggy Day," "But Not for Me," and "Maybe," complete the program. One of the bright things about this unhackneyed collection is the inclusion (except in the Schwartz selection) of the verses of the songs. This introductory matter to a popular song, often omitted by today's writers, because performers generally ignore it, is frequently as interesting as the chorus in works by



How do you sell a man who has his mother along?

Bud Bhrit's the Silver Spoon Kid in this town—VIP family, church pillars, with pieces of local banks . . . famous father who left a flock of friends, and successful businesses when he died, and they say his mother sort of snoots Local Society. Bud has personality, and good looks enough for twins . . . too much of everything! Loafed through school and in college was strictly a good time Charley.

He took the War hard, though . . . in as a boot Marine, out as a First Looie with a *smorgasbord* of ribbons. Came home to the family businesses, and a year ago he tossed out the trustees and started to run things—but good! Also picked up a metal furniture factory on his own . . . Which disappointed the tut-tutters who figured the poor little rich boy in business would flop hard!

Anyway, I thought he could use a few postage meters . . . He said he'd see me, if I came at six p.m. to the furniture factory.

He caught on quick to the postage meter. "Prints postage, eh! Oh, I see . . . die makes an ink impression on the envelope . . . meter stamp, postmark—and with the meter stamp, an ad free! . . . Hmm—print anything but threes?"

I indicated the dial you turn to get *any* amount of postage, for any kind of mail. He liked the idea of buying postage by having the postoffice set the meter, then printing it as you need it—and always having your postage protected and also automatically accounted for by the meter.

"DIM FUTURE for ordinary stamps," he said. "About time, too. I threw away wads of airmails in the Islands—fouled up with sweat . . . What's this?"

He tried the device for sealing envelope flaps, and played with the meter as if it were a machine gun, asked about the fast service metered mail gets in the postoffice . . . then seemed to cool off.

"Fine thing in some offices, but we don't need one. Not much mail around here, and anyway, the girls can whip it out."

But before I could say anything . . .

"Why Bud, your secretary was still working on the mail a half hour ago when I got here. Serve you right if she leaves. Give the man his order—it's after seven now, and I don't like men who make me wait for my dinner!"

Bud laughed. "There's the boss," he said, and introduced his mother . . . sixty something and still beautiful, with a wonderful smile and voice.

Bud excused himself to wash up.

Mrs. Bhrit lowered her voice. "I *hated* sticking stamps and sealing letters when I worked for Bud's father thirty years ago . . . I would have liked a postage meter then!"

Oh Boy! Wonder if Research could get lists of office girls who married their bosses! What a slogan for postage meters! . . . *Ask the girl who didn't have one!* . . . Well, anyway, I now have five meters in Bhrit enterprises . . . and three still to go!

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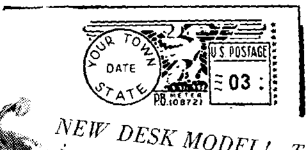

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our more artful composers and lyricists. Certainly this album gains considerably by the presence of the verses. Miss Martin has a warm, expressive way with a good song. I inadvertently discovered, in playing some other records shortly after listening to the Martin set, that her manner of singing ballads is pretty much like that of Kay Thompson, which is perfectly agreeable to me. The background arrangements, played by a small band (flute, bass, guitar, harp, and piano) under the direction of Lehman Engel, are unusual and admirable.

SOME worth-while new singles have turned up recently, such as:

PUSSY WILLOW and DREAM OF YOU—Tommy Dorsey's orchestra. A good, swingy instrumental piece by William Finegan, smartly played, and a well-arranged but only so-so ballad, with vocal. (*Victor 20-3492 and 45-r.p.m. 47-2958*)

TAKE LOVE EASY and I COULD GET A MAN—Duke Ellington's orchestra, with vocals by Dolores Parker. Ellington wrote both songs. The first is a winning selection from the show "Beggar's Holiday." The second is moderately entertaining. Miss Parker sings them engagingly. (*Columbia 38519 and Microgroove 1-266*)

PORGY and MY MAN—Billie Holiday, with piano, bass, and drums. Miss Holiday renders the first, which is the melodious "I Loves You, Porgy," from "Porgy and Bess," in her familiar lazy and oblique style. On the other side, she does little to resuscitate the early torch song. (*Decca 24638*)

GOOD-BYE and I LOVE YOU—Billy Eckstine, with orchestra. "Good-Bye" is Benny Goodman's old closing theme, a melancholy and memorable piece of music by Gordon Jenkins, with some words that make little sense but don't get in the way, either. "I Love You," from the musical "Miss Liberty," is an Irving Berlin waltz in the idiom he used over and over again at the beginning of his career. It is an effortless, meaningless song. Eckstine sings both pieces effectively against handsome orchestral backgrounds. (*M-G-M 10472*)

BLACK VELVET and ADAM'S ALLEY—Illinois Jacquet's orchestra. Both are instrumentals. The first, and better, has a catchy theme, and the boys in the band give it lots of lift. (*Victor 22-0027 and 45-r.p.m. 50-0011*)

SMOKE GETS IN YOUR EYES and BARNEY GOOGLE—Charlie Ventura's orchestra. A superb sax solo, by Ventura, highlights the first side. Its companion is a boppish version of the novelty song of the twenties. (*Victor 20-3467 and 45-r.p.m. 47-2930*)

—D. W.

•

WEST LOS ANGELES—David M. Ellwood, 44, painter of 5017 10th Avenue, Los Angeles, was arrested last night at Castle Rock Beach on a charge of indecent exposure. The arrest resulted from a complaint by Mrs. Myra C. Wilbur who with her daughter Dion Lee, and Patricia Spencer, were walking along the beach, they told police, when Ellwood appeared in bathing trunks.—*Santa Monica Outlook.*

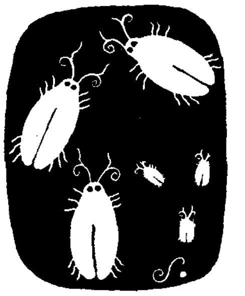
Sort of thing that scars a child for life

IN THE JURY ROOM

THE jury trials that have been filling the papers in recent months kept reminding me of the time I served on a jury. As a matter of fact, I hung it. It was a perfectly ordinary jury, made up of seven other women and four men, and the trial was a very obscure one in our county court, but whenever I read that twelve men and women whose decisions will make history have retired to the jury room, I wonder whether their deliberations will sound very different from ours.

The case, to me, seemed simple. More than two years previously, a little boy on a bicycle had darted from a side road onto a busy highway. The driver of the nearest oncoming car, instead of running into him and killing him, had swerved sharply across the highway, and the little boy on the bicycle had run into the car's back fender, demolishing the bicycle, breaking his own leg, and not doing the car any good. Now, in due legal course, the little boy's mother was suing the driver for damages.

The boy stood on a chair in front of the jury box and showed us a scar his leg still carried. Two excellent local physicians testified, one that the boy would permanently have a ten-per-cent disability of the leg, the other that the leg was as good as new. Two eyewitnesses testified, one that the driver had been exceeding the speed limit, the other that he had been going along at a moderate pace. The driver's wife told the court that she had gone to see the little boy in the hospital and he had said that the accident was his own fault, and that his mother had then come into the room and shushed him. The mother testified that he had said nothing of the kind. The boy himself told us that he could easily have crossed the road in front of the car if it hadn't unaccountably swung left just as he entered the intersection, while the driver testified that he had done the only thing that seemed to offer any possibility of avoiding an accident. All this, plus the lawyers' summing up, took the better part of two days. By the time we were locked in the jury room together, we thought we knew each other pretty well.

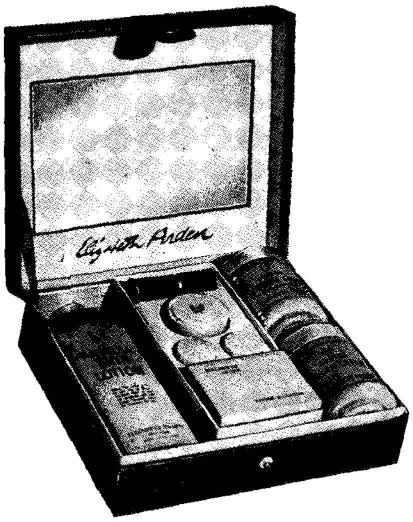


OUR Juror No. 1, the forewoman, was an ex-schoolteacher. Like me, she had been called to serve on this jury on her very first day on the panel. The others had been on the panel f several weeks, had been jurors in other trials, and were much more sophisticated about the whole procedure. By coincidence, two personal friends of the forewoman were on the jury—her pastor's wife and another woman member of the congregation. I had lunch with the three of them two days running, and thought that in some respects jury service was not too different from, say, a state convention of the Parent-Teacher Association. The four other women included an ex-detective and a grandmother. All of us were currently housewives. The four men were a telephone lineman, a storekeeper, a machine-shop foreman, and a man whom I got to know only as the father of a dentist. Once we were sent to the jury room while the judge and lawyers said things we weren't to hear, and the minute the door was closed, he handed around his son's professional cards. After that, he asked me for a cigarette. Just as I extended my package to him, a bailiff opened the door to escort us back into the courtroom.

"I'll smoke it later," the dentist's father said, taking a cigarette and putting it in his vest pocket.

Our jury room, to which we returned the next afternoon for our deliberations, was square and clean, with one large window opening on a court. It contained a coat rack, a water cooler, and a table with twelve uncushioned wooden armchairs around it. After we were all inside, the bailiff wheeled in the blackboard on which the witnesses had drawn conflicting diagrams of the accident. Then he closed the door and turned the key in the lock. We smiled at each other as we sat down around the table, but I think that being locked in frightened us all a bit.

The dentist's father asked me for another cigarette, and I gave him one. Our forewoman, the ex-schoolteacher, who had immediately and without hesitation sat down at the head of the table, said plaintively, "Some of you men will have to help poor little me. I never was on a jury before and I don't know what to *do*." The telephone man, sitting on her right, made suggestions. The first of these was that we should poll the table informally and see how we stood. He started it, saying he thought there was no cause for action. The man sit-



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and I, who was third in line, agreed with them. I was glad to have company. It turned out that, as a matter of fact, I was in the majority. Eight of us thought there was no cause for action. The four others felt the boy and his mother ought to have something.

Somebody asked whether the driver had insurance. Somebody else said he certainly did, and that the doctor who had testified that there was nothing wrong with the boy was an insurance-company doctor. Someone else said we weren't supposed to know about that, and that a mistrial could have been caused by the mere mention of the word "insurance." The grandmother argued that if the driver didn't have insurance, it was his own fault. That was all the more reason for making him pay for the damage he had done, she said. The idea of riding around the countryside without insurance, endangering everybody's life! The lady ex-detective said that insurance-company doctors were no good anyway; once some plaster fell on her head and an insurance-company doctor examined her, and did we know what the examination was? Well, he asked did it hurt, and she said no, and that was all. And *he* got paid for it, and she didn't get a penny.

We redrew the diagrams on the blackboard, showing how the accident had happened, and every now and then we found ourselves shouting at each other. After a while, we took a vote around the table again and discovered that we now stood nine to three in favor of the defendant. This made the majority feel comfortably sure that we were getting somewhere, and we broke up into little groups trying to convince the three holdouts individually. They were the grandmother, the shop foreman, and the storekeeper.

The storekeeper had known of a case exactly like this one in California some years before; a car had run over a boy on a bicycle and killed him, and the driver had had to pay ten thousand dollars. "He was drunk," the storekeeper added. I spent a while pointing out the dissimilarities in the two cases, but I could see I wasn't making any impression, and I joined the group arguing with the grandmother. One of her sons had once been injured in a football game, she said. The whole team had fallen on him, and he'd had to go to the hospital, and nobody had paid her a cent. She knew just how a mother felt.

The shop foreman had a point with me logic to it. "He said he was going

Lucius Beebe, distinguished columnist and arbiter of good taste, is a member of the Aqua Velva After-Shave Club.

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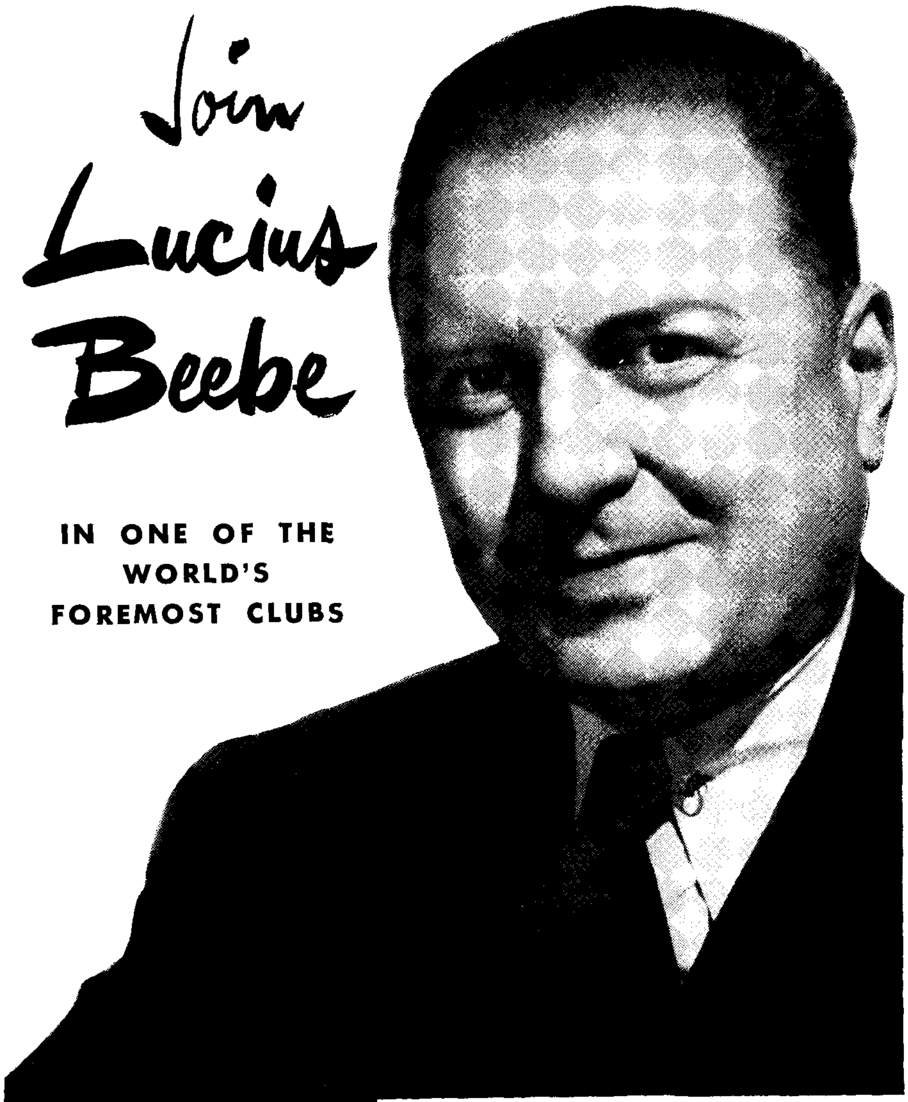

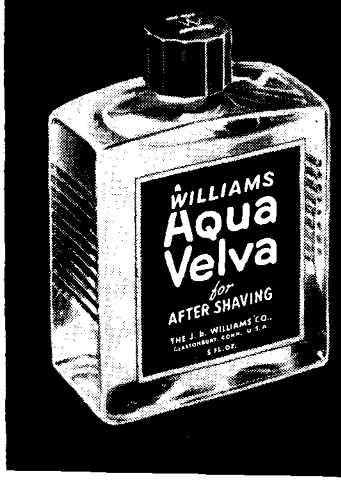

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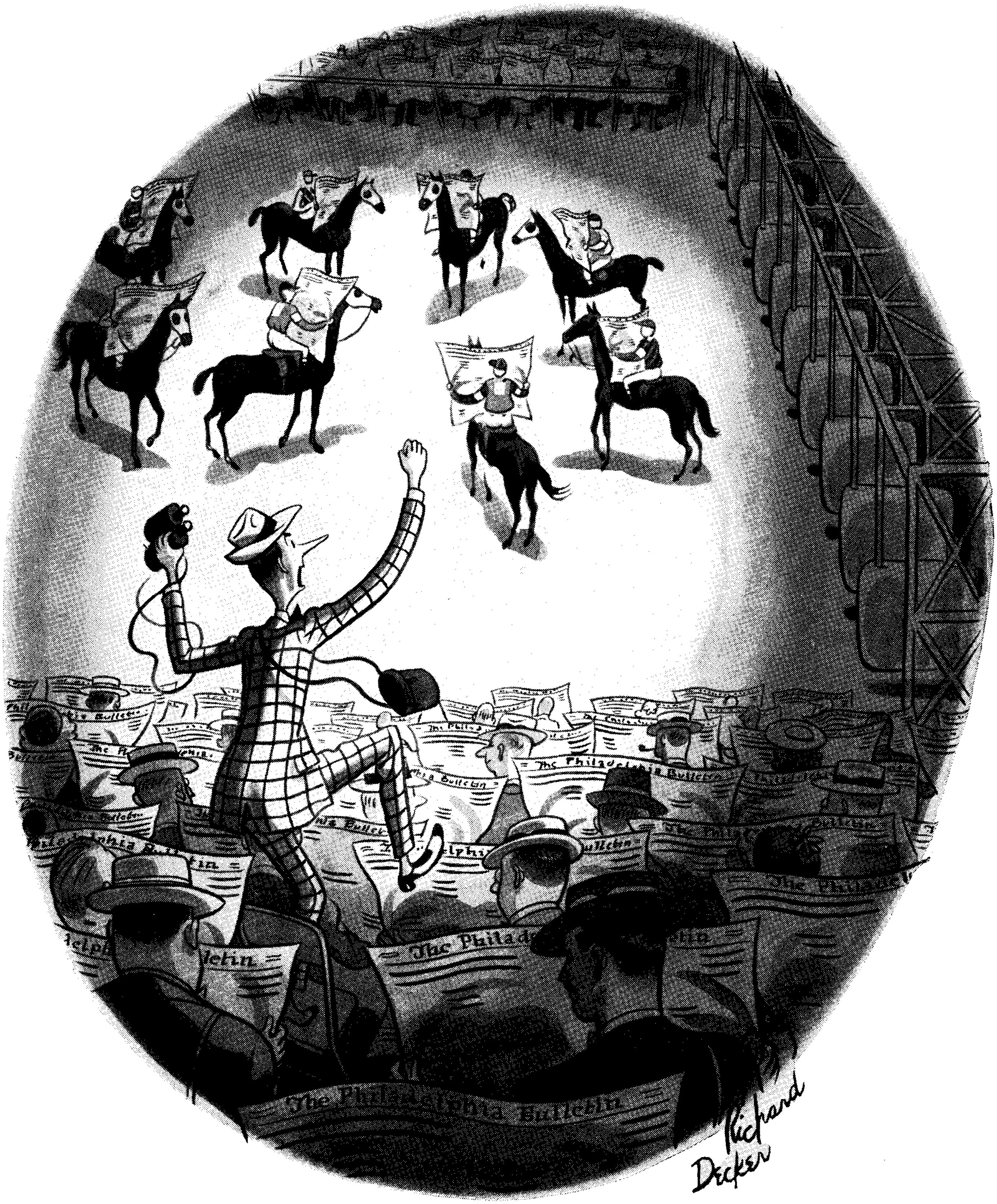
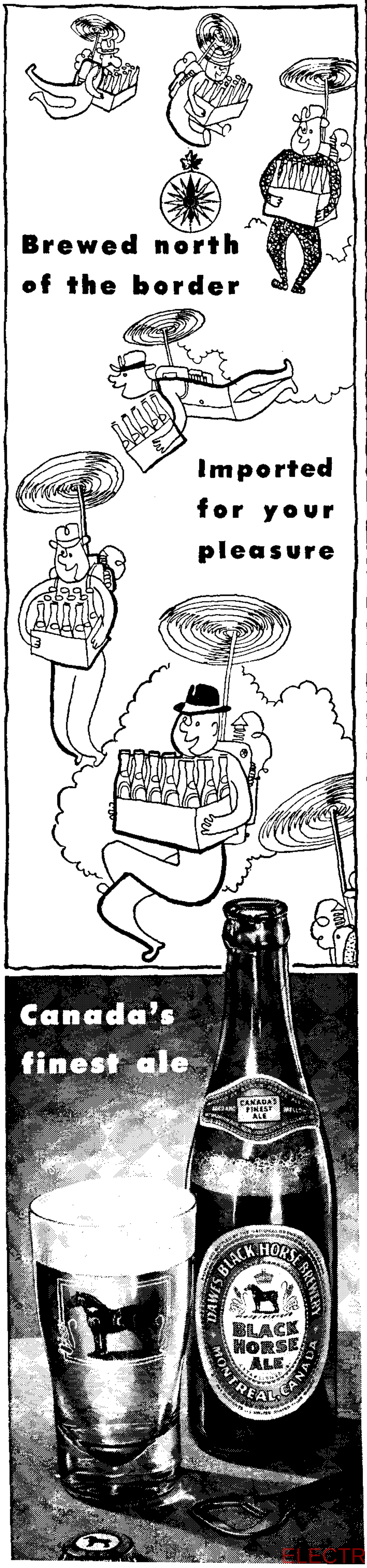

The Philadelphia Bulletin
Richard Decker

In Philadelphia nearly everybody reads The Bulletin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thirty, thirty-five miles an hour," he reminded us. "We've all driven that stretch of highway, and you all know *nobody* goes that slow. He'd of been holding up traffic. You know good and well he was going forty-five, fifty. Well, if he lied about that, why wasn't he lying about the rest of it?"

"But if he'd said he was doing forty-five or fifty, we'd all have thought he was going sixty," I protested.

"If he lied about that, why wasn't he lying about the rest of it?" asked the foreman.

IT began to look as if we weren't going to do any more winning over. The periods of excited debate alternated with intervals of blank silence. The preacher's wife asked whether we minded if she opened the window; the smoke was bothering her. The dentist's father borrowed a third cigarette and said, "So let's compromise."

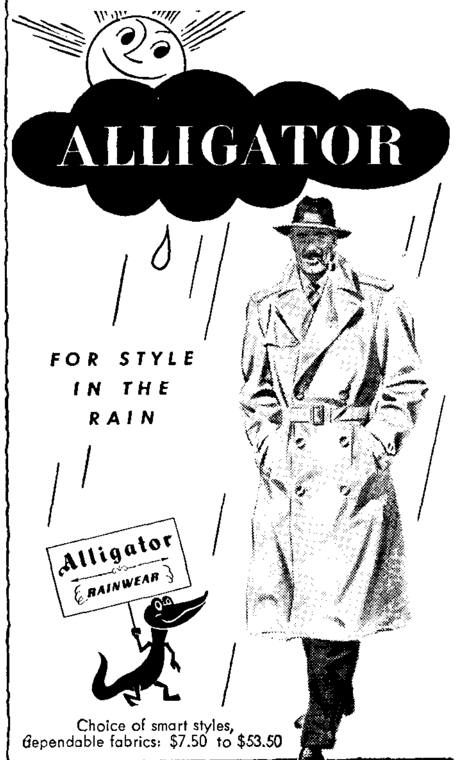
"Suppose we just give them the actual expenses—hospital and doctor bills," the shop foreman said. "How much would that be?"

The grandmother said she'd never consent to that, not in a thousand years. They could lock us up in a hotel overnight if they liked; that poor woman ought to have enough to send her boy to college.

The minister's wife said you couldn't tell anything about automobile-accident cases. There was the time a parishioner's automobile ran into her husband's. Just a block from the church it was, Sunday noon, and her husband always drove very slow, not more than fifteen miles an hour. This other car ran smack into him just as he was going around a corner, broke his collarbone, and the driver got right out and said, "Why, Reverend, I didn't know it was you." Her husband's insurance company had paid, just as if it had been his fault, and nobody had given *her* anything for all the weeks she had nursed him.

We took a vote around the table again. The telephone man said he still thought it was the kid's fault, but he wanted to get out of there that night, and if the only way we could do it was to award the plaintiff some money, he'd be reasonable. The man next to him said he felt the same way about it. At this point, I got stubborn. I hoped the extent of my stubbornness was not going to be tested, but, sure enough, when the polling was completed, I was the only holdout.

"I'm not going to change my mind," I said. "I think the driver saved the



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own, and I'm not going to vote to penalize him for it."

I began to feel good. It was just like the times in school when I had been coerced into playing hockey and when, in the midst of the game, I had seen the ball coming straight at me and had managed somehow to hit it. The other jurors looked at me with hatred in their eyes, and I thought of my three children at home with no dinner and no preparations for any. But I still felt good.

"We'll all have to go to work on her," the telephone man said with a rather forced jocularity.

"*I'm* not going to change *my* mind, either," the grandmother said. "That poor woman ought to have some money for all she's suffered."

I could see she wasn't going to give ground. I looked at her, and I am afraid I found the face of a stubborn woman unattractive. She had, I thought, a pursed-up little mouth with a sly grin at the corners, and she looked as if she were enjoying herself.

"Let's compromise," the dentist's father said. "I gotta get out of here tonight. Let's give them expenses. How come we can't compromise?"

The next time we polled the table, we were nine to three for the defendant again. "If we can't get out of here anyway, I may as well vote the way I really feel," someone said, undoubtedly expressing the majority's attitude.

We were still nine to three, and it had been dark a long time, when we finally decided that our forewoman should knock on the door and report to the court that we couldn't reach an agreement. As we filed back into the gloomy courtroom, I found I couldn't look at the little boy and his mother. The judge, who doubtless wanted his own dinner, dismissed us without much formality. We all came back again the next morning, members of the panel waiting to be called for another jury. During the three weeks I served, I never got anything but automobile-accident cases. The grandmother, I heard, had a murder.

—ANNA MARY WELLS

•

WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE DEPT.

[*From the Parents Association Bulletin of the High School of Music and Art, New York City*]

From that day forward—neither my husband nor I have missed any of the meetings—and I can safely say that never have we come away feeling that it was an evening well spent

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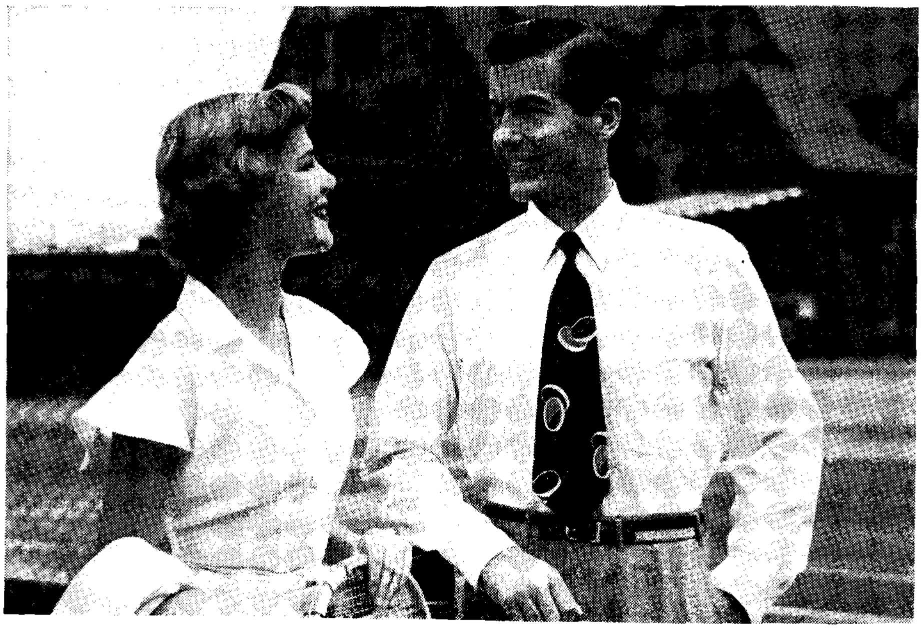

The Arrow "Dart"

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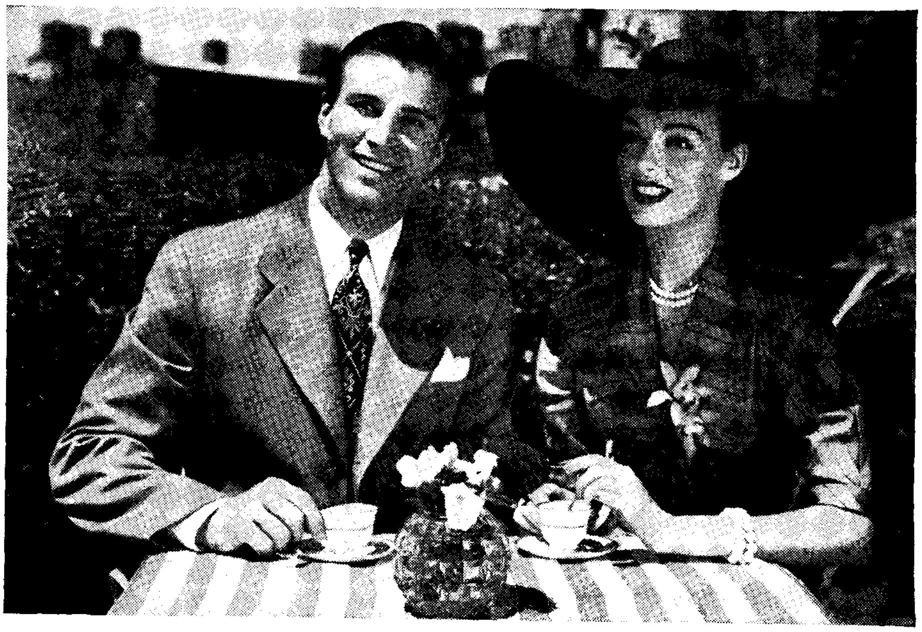

The Arrow "Dale"

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ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

ABOUT THE HOUSE

EVER since the experimental designs and techniques of Cincinnati's Rookwood Pottery—America's ceramic inheritor of the William Morris tradition—ruffled the artistic dovecotes of the eighteen-eighties, our householders have shown an almost pathetic and largely frustrated eagerness to set their tables with modern earthenware. If the fervent reception of the pottery Russel Wright, the streamliner, began to turn out some half century later did nothing else, it demonstrated that the passionate desire for color and new forms on the part of our citizens was such that they were evidently ready to swallow a large helping of eccentricity and some vulgarity in their appetite for modern crockery. Mr. Wright's success may thus have served to persuade designers and potters with more talent but less business acumen that the production of earthenware with a contemporary feeling would be a shrewd venture. Certainly the craftsmanship in household pottery has improved enormously in recent years. Wherever the credit lies for this happy burgeoning of taste and skill—and undoubtedly the sound instruction offered by the New York State College of Ceramics, at Alfred, and by Mills College, at Oakland, California, is partly responsible—it is good to learn that there is now on hand here in town a fair amount of native pottery of dignity and simplicity.

Some of the most delightful examples are to be found at the Rabun Studios, 810 Madison Avenue (68th), an admirable shop dedicated to American handicraft. Unlike most such enterprises, which appear to be on the embarrassing verge of breaking into folk dances, this place is one of great elegance. Here one can see the beautiful, modest table ceramics of Minnie Negoro, in forms, hues, and textures that are a joy. The Negoro work is of vitrified stoneware, thrown, or shaped, on a potter's wheel, fired at intense heat, and decorated with the lightest and most casual-looking brush strokes. The decorations are limited to three deep colors—a reddish brown, a dark brown, and a rich green. Each piece is developed to relate to the other pieces rather than to duplicate them. Thus, while a light-brown teapot of strong Japanese feeling, with a bamboo-wrapped handle we say, match the cups and saucers that go with it, the set is united in the purest harmony. The cups, which come with or without handles, are of the same light brown as the pot, but their only decoration is an irregular rim of dark brown. I had better mention that the cups and saucers are made to order. A similar rim appears on the saucers. The teapot costs $15, and a cup and saucer cost $4. Oatmeal-colored salad plates, with narrow dark-brown rims and a few reddish-brown, Japanese-looking brush strokes in the centers, are $4.50 each, and a striking bowl that goes with them costs $20. Another example of the Negoro work is a magnificent punch bowl; it is made of the same vitrified stoneware, but the addition of various metallic oxides to the glaze produces an entirely different texture, also of notable beauty. The shell, which is brown-black and is set on an intricately pierced foot, has the smoothness of porcelain or enamel and something of the sheen of old lustre.

Also shown at the Rabun are a few specimens of the work of the California potter La Gardo Tackett. These are startlingly fanciful in design; one might overlook their excellent craftsmanship while admiring their lively wit. The ware is hand-thrown, of California terra-cotta clays, and some of it is almost incredibly light—lighter than anything I have ever seen before in this rude, bricklike material. Whether Mr. Tackett's ceramics are all designed after fish, I can't say, but certainly what is displayed at the Madison Avenue shop suggests an ironical piscatory preoccupation. Here are a long, slightly upcurved platter done into a very freehand likeness of a pike, a generously proportioned dish modelled after a flounder, and a strange, jewellike vessel that obviously was inspired by a fish of Mr. Tackett's imagining. The terra-cotta ware of the platter and the dish is lightly washed with white clay, and the design—the bony anatomy of a fish, something like a Klee drawing—is scratched through, by the ancient Italian process known as *sgraffito*. Prices of these facetious objects, which would enhance any informal lunch table, run from $12.50 to

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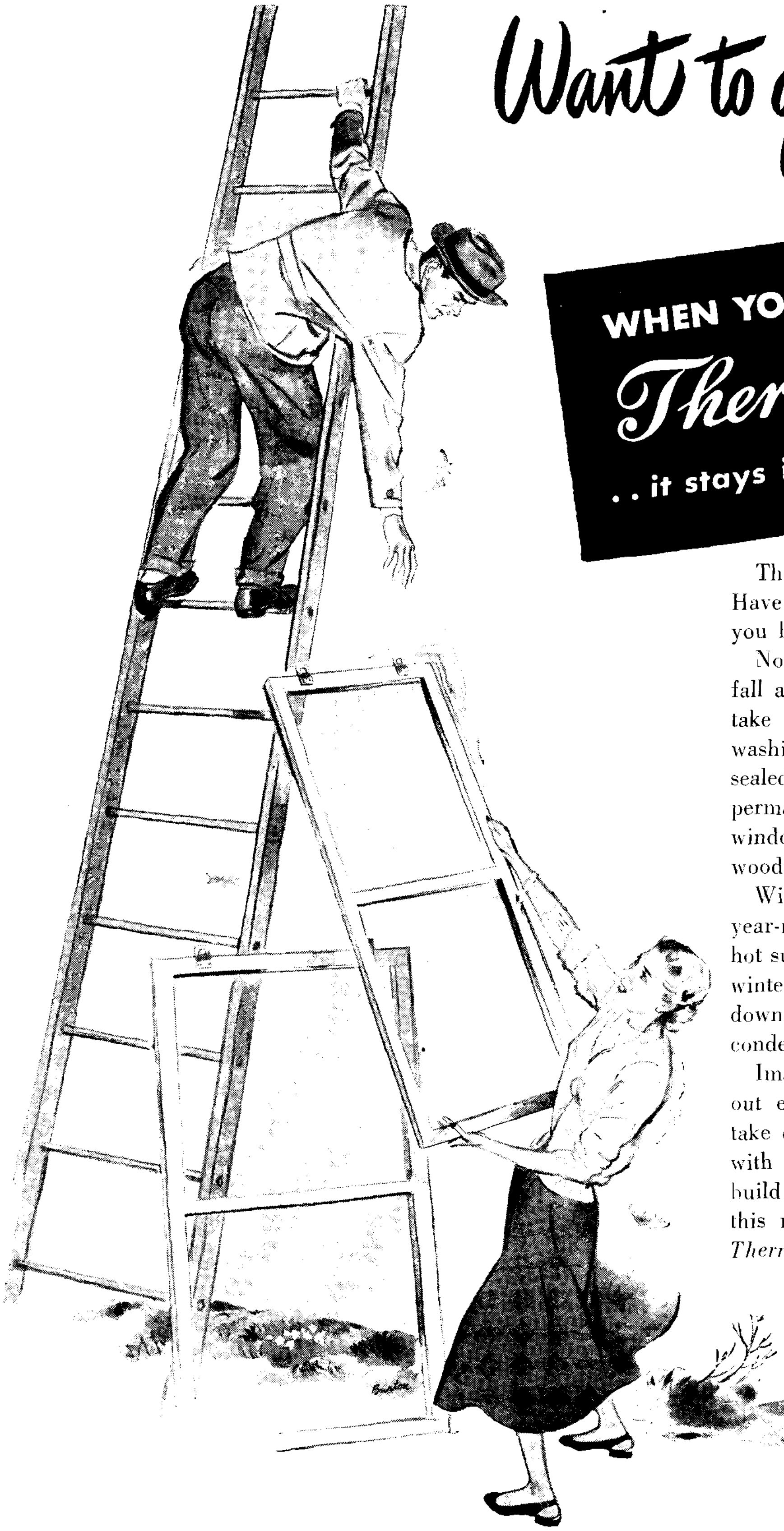

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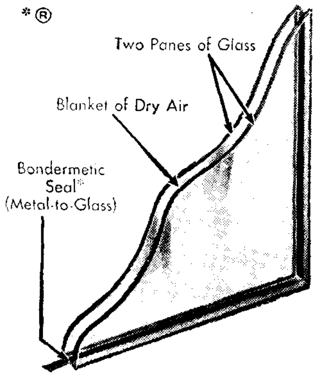

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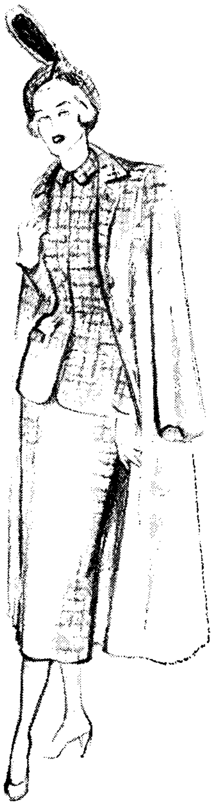

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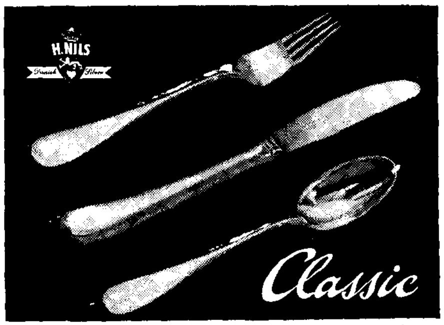

From Denmark. One of three plain designs in sterling table silver. All available in complete service and serving pieces. 6-piece place-setting (dinner size) with monogram and tarnish-proof bags: "Classic" $46, "Cardinal" $55, and "Ripple" $63, Fed. Tax incl. Write for gift folder.

HANDWROUGHT

$15. The jewelled fish (it is $25) owes its effect to the use of zinc oxide, which causes bubbles to form during the firing and to refract the glaze as it cools.

THE much graver work of another Californian, F. Carlton Ball, is to be seen at Jacques Seligmann, 5 East 57th Street. To the layman—at least to *this* layman—there doesn't seem to be a single flaw of style or feeling in these vessels. Lest this eulogy implant the notion that Mr. Ball's pottery is more suited to museums than to dinner tables, I hasten to add that it is utilitarian, and that although it is presented in chaste forms of great restraint, it is as far removed from self-conscious intellectualism as it is from the soggy banality of peasant handicraft. Most of the pieces are of hard stoneware with absolutely no embellishment, unless one could use that word for the contrast between the outside texture of the shells and their glazed lining. The various parts of a luncheon or dinner service, for instance, have an outside surface of brown stoneware and an interior glazed in a brown-flecked beige, which is especially effective in the teacups, some wide, shallow cereal bowls, and a good-sized cream jug; these pieces sell for $6 each. Among other vessels, the service includes luncheon and dinner plates, also $6 each, and covered dishes that start at $10. There are, in addition to the service, numerous brown stoneware bowls, with a transparent gray glaze, and some ornamental vases, in which crushed colored sand has been mixed with the clay to give a bubbly texture and a variety of hues.

RENA ROSENTHAL, at 71 East 57th Street, has a small collection of Marguerite Wildenhain's hand-thrown stoneware, the most arresting characteristics of which are imagination, freshness, and an invariable honesty of craftsmanship. This combination of sincerity and skill is especially apparent in an eighteen-piece tea set of brown stoneware ($125), in which easily grasped handles, non-dripping spouts, and practical lids have been as carefully worked out as the clean, firm lines.

THIS report is concerned chiefly with ceramics as tableware, but it would be a pity, assuming one is still on East 57th Street, to neglect the fragile, decorative works of Gertrud and Otto Natzler, at the Van Diemen-Lilienfeld Galleries, at No. 21. The complemen-

to make an authentic gift that should, I think, considerably enlarge the scope of modern ceramics. The collection at the Van Diemen-Lilienfeld consists of vases, circular platters, ashtrays, and round and oval bowls; an almost endless variety of textures, colors, glazes, and patinas gives interest to them all. The thinness of the shells of some of the bowls is hardly to be believed; others are marked by eruptions within the glaze that form small, rough craters in a surface of turquoise or lazuli blue, and there is one oval vessel, of a porous, lavalike substance, with a blue glaze overflowing down the outside, that must be unique. Prices range from $7.50 to $150.

LEAVING the rarefied atmosphere of the Natzler ceramics, one should by all means consider two laudable contributions to pleasant everyday living that have recently appeared—the Edith Heath tableware and a line of pottery called Town & Country, designed by Eva Zeisel and manufactured by the Red Wing Potteries, of Red Wing, Minnesota. Both these wares are ovenproof; that is to say, they can be put in a hot oven without harm, but they should not be exposed to direct flame. Mrs. Heath's stoneware, though machine-made, is produced in relatively small quantities, and she has managed to retain an astonishing feeling of spontaneity and freedom in her forms. Not that there is any attempt to disguise the up-to-date mechanical processes involved; on the contrary, part of the charm of the ware is its frank admission and respectful observance of the limitations of the machine. Most of the glazes used are mixed with a large amount of clay to form a very pleasing mat surface, similar to that of smooth rocks or pebbles. The practical consideration that Mrs. Heath has given to lids, spouts, and handles will charm anyone who has been plagued by crockery designed more for looks than for use. New Design, at 33 East 75th Street, has selections of the ware in blue and a sand color, and America House, at 485 Madison Avenue (52nd), has some in green and in a shade called sea-and-sand. An enchanting twelve-cup, flat-bottomed teapot, built on the lines of an old-fashioned iron teakettle, costs $15, at New Design, and a dozen cups and saucers cost $30.

Eva Zeisel, the designer of the Town & Country ware, maintains that since inexpensive earthenware has, what with chips and abrasion, a life expectancy make it appear as solemn and important as china, which should, of course, be an investment for all time. The thirty-odd items of tableware that she has designed for the Red Wing company are, therefore, as lighthearted as one could wish—nice for the luncheon table and for buffet meals, and perhaps too informal for conventional dining. There is a large selection of marmites and casseroles, each with a practical thumb grip on the cover, as well as a stubby handle on the vessel itself; these, the graceful cups and saucers, and a serenely comfortable-looking and altogether satisfactory six-cup teapot are my favorites among the Town & Country shapes. A weird salt-and-pepper set, some elongated serving dishes, and some cream jugs with outlandish handles, which Miss Zeisel has apparently experimented with just for fun, do not amuse me, but I will say that most of the forms and all the colors (rust, blue, gray, chartreuse, forest green, and a metallic brown) are splendid. Prices, at Cardel, 615 Madison Avenue (58th), and at Wanamaker, run from around $1, for dinner plates, to around $3, for the teapot.

A MOST attractive hard stoneware, in shapes that are, for the most part, simple, agreeable, and highly useful, has been created by Glidden Parker, of Alfred, New York. This pottery, which is ovenproof, is distinguished by a mat surface, soft color combinations, and, in general, well-thought-out forms that one won't see duplicated in other wares. The teapot, the cream jug, and the sugar bowl I found somewhat clumsy, but I liked the bowls, covered and uncovered; some shallow vessels, with handles, that look like frying pans; the square and the oval casseroles of all sizes; and some unusual hors-d'oeuvre platters. These articles are available at Altman; at Cavallon Olds, 101 West 11th Street; and at Americraft, 903 First Avenue (51st). A shirred-egg dish with a handle costs around $2, and a two-quart oval casserole, with a cover that can be used as a separate baking dish, costs around $4, which should give an idea of the prices. The ware comes in a number of colors, of which the off-white and the terra-cotta lined with white, both to be had at Cavallon Olds (a recently opened shop that is well worth a visit), seemed to me the best-looking.

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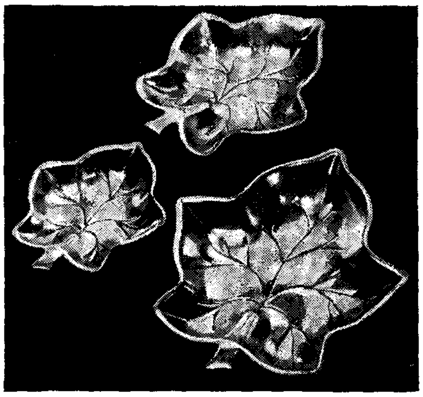

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Fifth Avenue (50th); many of the shapes are the same as those turned out before the Civil War, and the hand methods of production—crude potter's wheels, wood-burning kiln, and all that—are no more modern. The pottery, made by rural folk in North Carolina, is just about as unpretentious and as pleasantly bucolic as tableware can very well be. The shop never has much of a stock on hand—only around a dozen pieces now and they don't know when they'll be able to get any more—but I think that what pieces there are, with their generous shapes and rich brick coloring under the high glaze, are worth attention. Prices run from $1.25, for a cup and its saucer, to $4, for a large chop dish.

ABOUT as far removed as one can imagine from the rusticity of the Jugtown pottery is some fine earthenware made by an anonymous California designer and sold at Bergdorf Goodman. This tableware may not mark any new development in ceramics, but for reviving a lunch table I have rarely seen the equal of its fresh pattern of clear-scarlet cherries and bright-green leaves on a background of cool, crackle-glazed gray. Prices start at $3, for a cup and saucer, and go on up to $35, for a dozen dinner plates; Bergdorf says it has an almost unlimited supply of the pretty stuff, and that is probably just as well.

—S. H.

•

GENEVA, Aug. 26 (UP).—A Danish psychiatrist, Dr. P. J. Reiter, suggested today that "every leading figure in every branch of government" in all countries be tested both mentally and physically.

He told the annual assembly of the World Federation for Mental Health that boards composed of a psychiatrist, psychologist, sociologist and a medical man should carry out the tests.

Each member of the board also should be tested, he added.—*The Herald Tribune.*

And then *those* testers better damn well be tested—don't forget that!

•

MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

[*The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the Scranton* (*Pa.*) *Tribune*]

PASADENA, Calif., (U.P.)—Mrs. Jean Tharp's luxuriant ornamental hedge was the envy of all her neighbors, many of whom borrowed slips to produce similar hedges for their own homes.

But when Mrs. H. B. Ramage, a neighbor, took a sample of the hedge to a nurseryman, he advised her to call the

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LETTER FROM EDINBURGH

SEPTEMBER 8

BLESSED with fair weather and ornamented with unwithered grass and a splendor of flowers in a summer that elsewhere has been unsightly and disgruntling, Edinburgh has moved into the last days of the third season of the International Festival of Music and Drama, its reputation as a purveyor of the arts fixed firmly. So dazzling a triumph is unexpected in John Knox's town, which has traditionally been dedicated to the austere and institutional matters of the law, the state, and the Church of Scotland, none of them loving caretakers of entertainment. One would not expect a community that nurtures an enterprise called the Royal Scottish Society for the Self-Aid of Gentlewomen to give a rousing welcome to French ballet. But while the laws are very blue in Edinburgh, and a festival-goer is not the same thing as a merrymaker, the festival's director, Mr. Rudolf Bing (whose departure this autumn for New York and the Metropolitan Opera Company is spoken of in an elegiac key), made no mistake when he picked this setting for his multi-ring circus, since the Athens of the North, as it likes to be called, is hard to match for elegant scenery and for architectural good looks. The arena is fully as well contrived as the show within it.

At the moment, Edinburgh is a marvel. The sun, in a picture-postal holiday sky, embellishes the circular terraces of the Georgian houses in the New Town and almost overdoes its showing off of the two hills, a mile apart, at either end of Princes Street, the one crested by the Palace of Holyrood, where Her Majesty the Queen was in residence last week, the other by the Castle of Edinburgh, from whose battlements it is possible on these luminous days to watch the freighters plying the Firth of Forth. The Union Jack and the flags of noble Scottish families fly from every standard and fly, as well, from the trolleys of the double-decker trams. The Indians, who have been ubiquitous this summer, obediently do as they are bid and buy sprays of lucky white heather to pin to their saris, and the autochthons in large numbers oblige the visitors by wearing kilts that show their knobbly knees. By night the flower beds in the public gardens of Princes Street are floodlit, and so is the handsome square tower of St. Giles' Cathedral, in the medieval town across the railroad tracks that barbarically cleave through the heart of Edinburgh. Illuminated less felicitously is Sir Walter Scott, who sits in a tall Gothic gazebo, pondering what it is hard to tell, whether the dénouement to "The Heart of Midlothian," a shop called the Fifty Shilling Tailor, or half a dozen other shops, whose windows are hung with lengths of tartan and which offer to sell visitors from overseas tobacco pouches in the shape of bagpipes, powder compacts in the shape of tam-o'-shanters, true grouse claws with silver mountings (for an unstated purpose), and souvenir pillows covered in genuine Macpherson and bearing, often, an appliquéd figure in kilts and a balmoral and the legend, picked out in red silk, "Frae Bonnie Scotland." The most rewarding of the nocturnal spectacles is the Castle, which, sudden and ghostly above the shadows of the hills' flanks, appears to sail a smooth black sea. Every night there is, on the Castle esplanade, a military display, not connected with the festival but well worth looking at. It begins with community singing led by a kilted good fellow who is partial to "It's a Long Way to Tipperary," "John Brown's Body," "Pack Up Your Troubles," and "There's Something About a Soldier." But this is followed by a prepossessing demonstration by the Queen's Royal Lancers and the Scots Guards, arrayed in all their prewar finery; and dancing by the Highland Light Infantry, to the accompaniment of bagpipes, whose sound near at hand almost passes the threshold of pain but distantly enchants; and a terminal salute by the Royal Scots Greys, who trumpet from abruptly lighted battlements above the gate. This and similar peripheral doings attract queues as long as those at the halls. On Saturday last, certainly as many people watched Fanny Blankers-Koen taking the hurdles at the Highland Games as listened to Rudolf Serkin playing Beethoven's "Hammerklavier" Sonata. During the four-day visit of Queen Elizabeth and Princess Margaret, the supreme sideshow, the populace ap-

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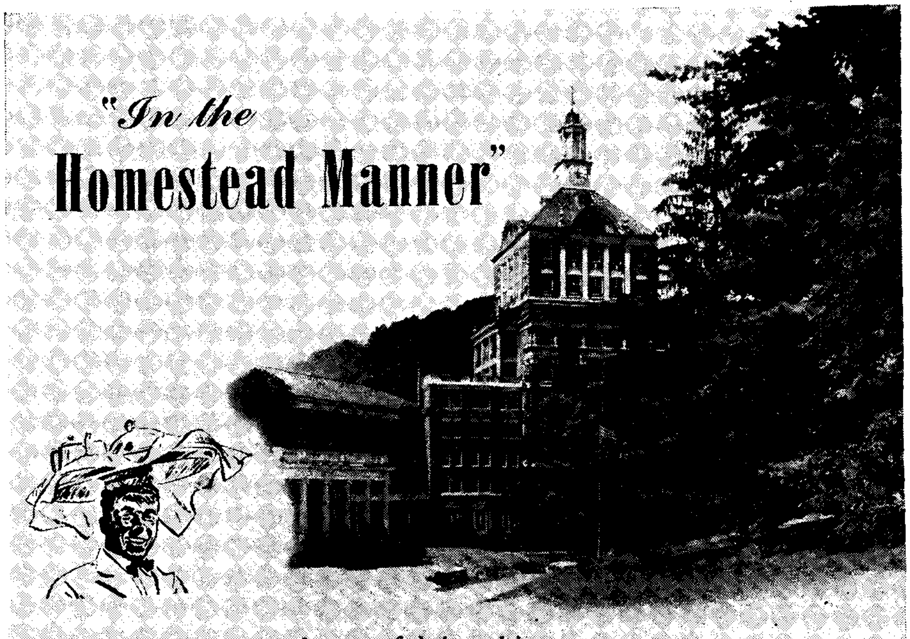

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awaiting the passage of the royal car from Holyrood to the theatres, to get a glimpse of Her Majesty, magnificently giving the queenly impression of loving the world and all its parts at every moment of her life, and of Her Royal Highness, usually looking bored silly. Smaller throngs lay in wait for the goings and comings of the Princess Royal, whose resemblance to the Queen Mother was remarked each time by every spectator and whose entourage included her son Lord Harewood and his recently acquired fiancée, Miss Stein, a refugee from Vienna, who was generally conceded to be charming, mannerly, and not at all stuck-up. And it was agreed that it was all right for her to sit beside the Queen at a performance of Allan Ramsay's ballad opera "The Gentle Shepherd."

THE costly, incompetent, well-intentioned hotels, slowly serving tattle-gray food that would stop a clock in Liggett's, have been booked solidly from the beginning and will continue to be until the Lord Provost's closing speech. Largely from the British Isles, Canada, and America, the patrons are resolute aficionados and complain surprisingly little about the reiteration of steamed cod on the dinner menu. A handful of restaurants and clubs provide livelier fare, but while Edinburgh may be the Athens, it is not the Paris, of the North. It is worth noting that with haggis, a savory compound of oatmeal and liver, one should drink, as on the recommendation of a waiter at the Apéritif Restaurant, in Frederick Street, "the sauce that goes with it." Neither this nor any other sauce flows freely in Scotland, and there are three hours daily of total abstinence when the pubs are shut and the wine merchants put up the boarding over their windows.

As hard come by as a bed in Edinburgh is a ticket to any of the main billings. This week, unless a ticket-holder dies, a late-comer will miss both the new importations: Kathleen Ferrier, singing lieder with the Paris Orchestre du Conservatoire, conducted by Bruno Walter, and Gustaf Gründgens and the Düsseldorf Theatre Company, playing an umbrageously staged, noisy, intelligently spoken "Faust." Nor can he, for that matter, without improbable luck, get a taste of the other specialties of the season, which have been brightly exhibited from the start, among them Carl Ebert putting the Glyndebourne Opera through its stylish paces in, on alternate nights, "Un Ballo in Maschera" and "Così Fan Tutte," the latter sung with as much winning wit and good nature as Mozart could have hoped for and dressed to the nines by Rolf Gerard. Admission cannot be had for love or bribes, either, to the indigenous smash hit "Ane Satyre of the Thrie Estaits," a morality play of the sixteenth century, directed by Tyrone Guthrie, who provides such adroit pleasures for the ear and eye in his plangent pageantry that no audience, this summer or last, has been put off by its abstruse political jokes or by the fact that it is read in Middle Scots, a language which, anyhow, is not appreciably more difficult to understand than that spoken by the tram conductors, to whom it is unwise to apply for directions unless one wants one's destination to be a surprise, many miles, through obscure turnings, from one's point of departure. Another north-of-the-border sellout, also the work of Mr. Guthrie, who is surely one of the most accomplished producers in Britain, is "The Gentle Shepherd," an artful jollification romped through by candlelight at midnight in the hall of the Royal High School, where, at the interval, the patrons drink gin-and-lime in the schoolboys' library. Two plays presented here earlier were T. S. Eliot's "The Cocktail Party," ardently applauded by everyone for its structure and nimbleness and roundly attacked by many for its esoteric message, which, the loudest voices say, they wouldn't have liked if they had understood it; and Peter Ustinov's "The Man in the Raincoat," which was dropped from conversation at sherry parties as soon as it left the boards.

There are innumerable subsidiary companies, delivering such tested goods as "Hedda Gabler," "She Stoops to Conquer," and "East Lynne." Probably because there is, strictly speaking, no Scottish theatre and therefore no national taste for the theatre, Drama has not the robust complexion one would wish for at a festival that advertises the doubleheader Music and

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Drama. It is perplexing that modern playwrights are so poorly represented—this year, by only Eliot and Ustinov, and both for short runs. Bewitching as they are on their native soil, Mr. Guthrie's archaisms would *not* survive transplanting, and, pellucidly spoken as it is, the "Faust" at the Lyceum is still spoken in German and is still literary. These are slim pickings indeed, and one wonders what's happened to Shakespeare, if they must be highbrow.

Less stingy but also less appealing than the meal for this year's playgoer was the one set out for the balletomane. Night after night, Les Ballets des Champs-Elysées tried and failed to please with bits and pieces of fustian and foam. For many witnesses, the brightest moment of this consistent fiasco was the evening of the Queen's appearance. The ballet is housed in a cinema theatre, and while the seats are filling, advertisements are shown on the screen—presumably to relieve the tedium of the wait—for dry cleaners, for Milanda bread, and for a medicament called Askit. At the prescribed hour for the Queen's arrival, the screen went blank and a bodiless harbinger announced the approach of the regal party. It petitioned the audience to give the Queen, on her entrance into the grand tier, the warmest of Scottish salutes, and at this moment there materialized before all eyes a cinematographed hearty in a tam-o'-shanter considering, before he downed it, a pint of barmy bitter. But not this lightsome error and not the bespangled presence of majesty compensated for the stunning dullness that followed—relieved only occasionally by cabaret vulgarity—of Roland Petit's "13 Danses" and Boris Kochno's "La Rencontre," a do between Oedipus and the Sphinx, more wriggled than danced.

MUSIC is the forte of the festival and, except for a few noteworthy disappointments, has been stalwart from the beginning. Lustrous in the galaxy have been the studious morning concerts of Dr. Reginald Jacques' string orchestra, the Busch Quartet, and the Prague Trio, playing to the most musically educated visitors; the sharp and loving faculties of the Orchestre de la Suisse Romande, sensing out, under the direction of Ernest Ansermet, what there is in Mozart's "Prague" Symphony, in Debussy's three nocturnes, and in, joyously, "Petrouchka;" the limpid playing of Rudolf Serkin; and Ginette Neveu's devoted fiddling of Sibelius with the Orchestre du Con-

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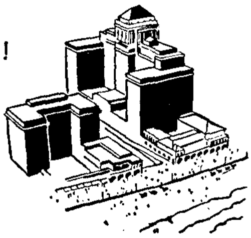

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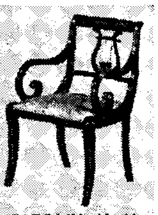

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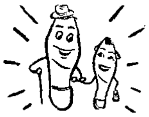

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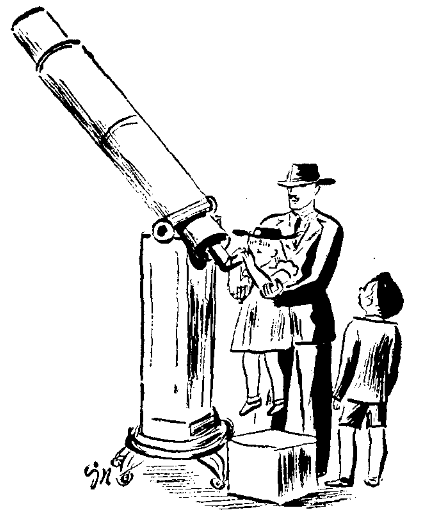
servatoire. Sir Thomas Beecham came with the Alpha and left before the Omega, and while he was here packed them in with his sovereign conducting and had them in the aisles with conniption fits of rage over his quasi-Shavian mots, in which he chose to impugn Edinburgh, to state that music in Britain existed only because of the eleemosynary support of the United States, and to revile the Labour Government. The citizenry still splutters over his bad manners after his second concert, when, to a capacity audience in Usher Hall, he vivisected the administering party and, having called its leaders "addlepated noodles," promised to make "more sensational revelations about the body politic and musical" at the end of his last appearance. His final concert, a brilliant Sunday shooting at such sitting birds as Bantock's "Hebridean Symphony," Delius's "Folkeraadet" Overture, and Chabrier's "España," brought him six times to the podium, where he inclined his head to the thunder and the cries of "Speech!" but where he said nothing. Later, to the press, he presented a choice of reasons he had held his tongue—that he had forgotten the whole business, that he was tired, that the Princess Royal was in the audience, and that he had been warned by an ecclesiastical bigwig that in Scotland speeches were not made on Sunday.

THE Scots motto, "*Nemo me impune lacessit*," which can roughly be translated "Nobody who insults me goes scot free," so inhibits the on-the-spot reporters of this handsome shindig that, if you believe the papers, everything is fun and games. And most of it is, to be sure. But it would take some looking to find, for example, a longer, tougher pull than that undertaken by a non-Scot at a Scottish concert when tenors sing quaint songs produced local-



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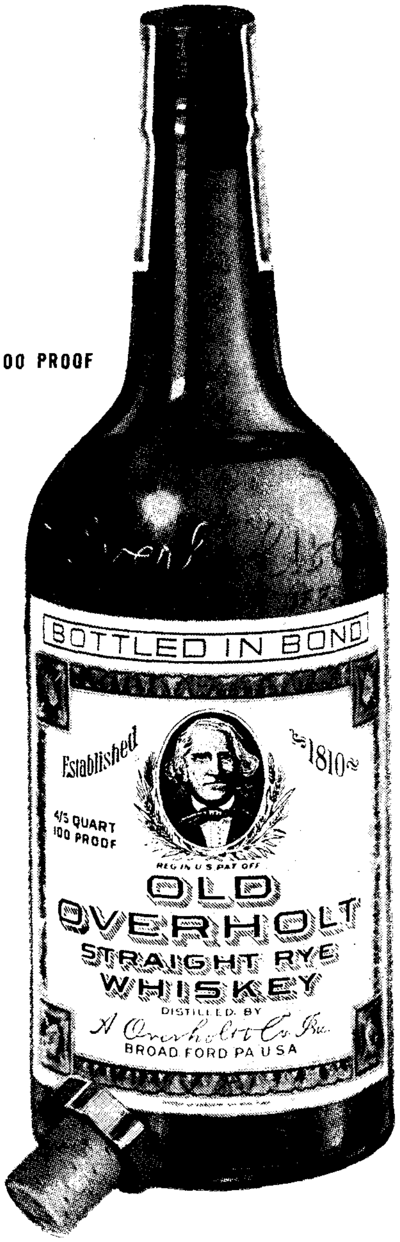

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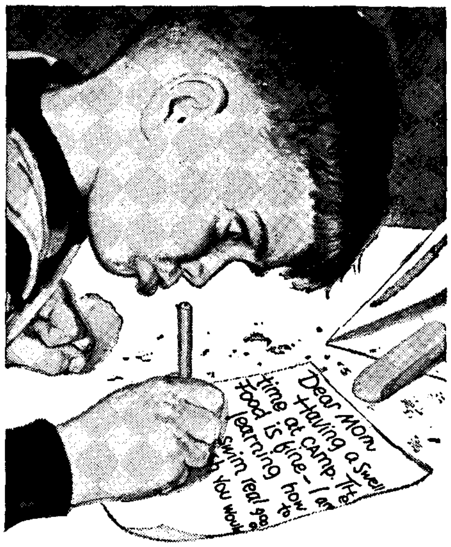

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ly, such as an item called "Tam i' the Kirk":

O Jean, my Jean, when the bell ca's the
congregation
O'er valley and hill wi' the ding frae its
iron mou',
When a' body's thoughts is set on their ain
salvation,
Mine's set on you.

This is the sort of thing that chills the blood of a person who at the age of five had to wear a taffeta Mackenzie hair ribbon and sing "Comin' Thro' the Rye" for the pleasure of a Presbyterian pastor in California recently uprooted from Dundee. Still, it is reassuring to have the proof at first hand that the Sweet Singer of Michigan is a global character and that vulgarity was not invented in America.

It is to the enormous credit of the Arts Council of Great Britain that the festival loses little blood from the gashes made in its body by an overwhelming superabundance of sights to see—for besides the music, the drama, and the ballet there are documentary films, there are exhibitions of Scottish painters, there are garden tours and games and shows of national artifacts—which tends to give the place a nervous air, and by its amateur accommodations. One knows with certainty that the festival is here to stay forever, getting better and better, and if the nettles tease and sting, they do so in a garden full of first-rate songbirds.—JEAN STAFFORD

•

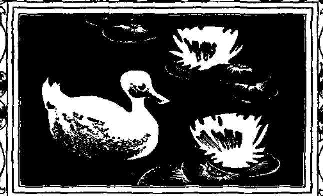
SOCIAL NOTES FROM ALL OVER (AND WITH TYPEWRITER AT WHITE HEAT)

[*From the Greene* (*N. Y.*) *Chenango American*]

A wailing and screaming fire siren roused slumbering Greene citizens and firemen to the imminence of blazing danger at the early hour of 2:55 A.M., Monday morning.

The flaming menace had broken loose in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Forsberg on Monell street and was hungrily consuming furniture, carpeting and woodwork with a hot, greedy appetite.

The Greene fire department rushed every piece of equipment to the ravaging scene. Within minutes of the first wail of the siren, hose lines were coupled to hydrants, and in the words of Chief Knickerbocker, streams from 2½" hose were engaged in "knocking down" the leaping, crackling flames. This "toe-to-toe" combat between the Greene firemen and the lust-tongued inferno lasted 20 minutes before the advancing, offensive action of the flames crumpled and withdrew in subdued defeat. After that it was a matter of seeking out small pockets of burning resistance and wetting them down with the small 1½" streams.



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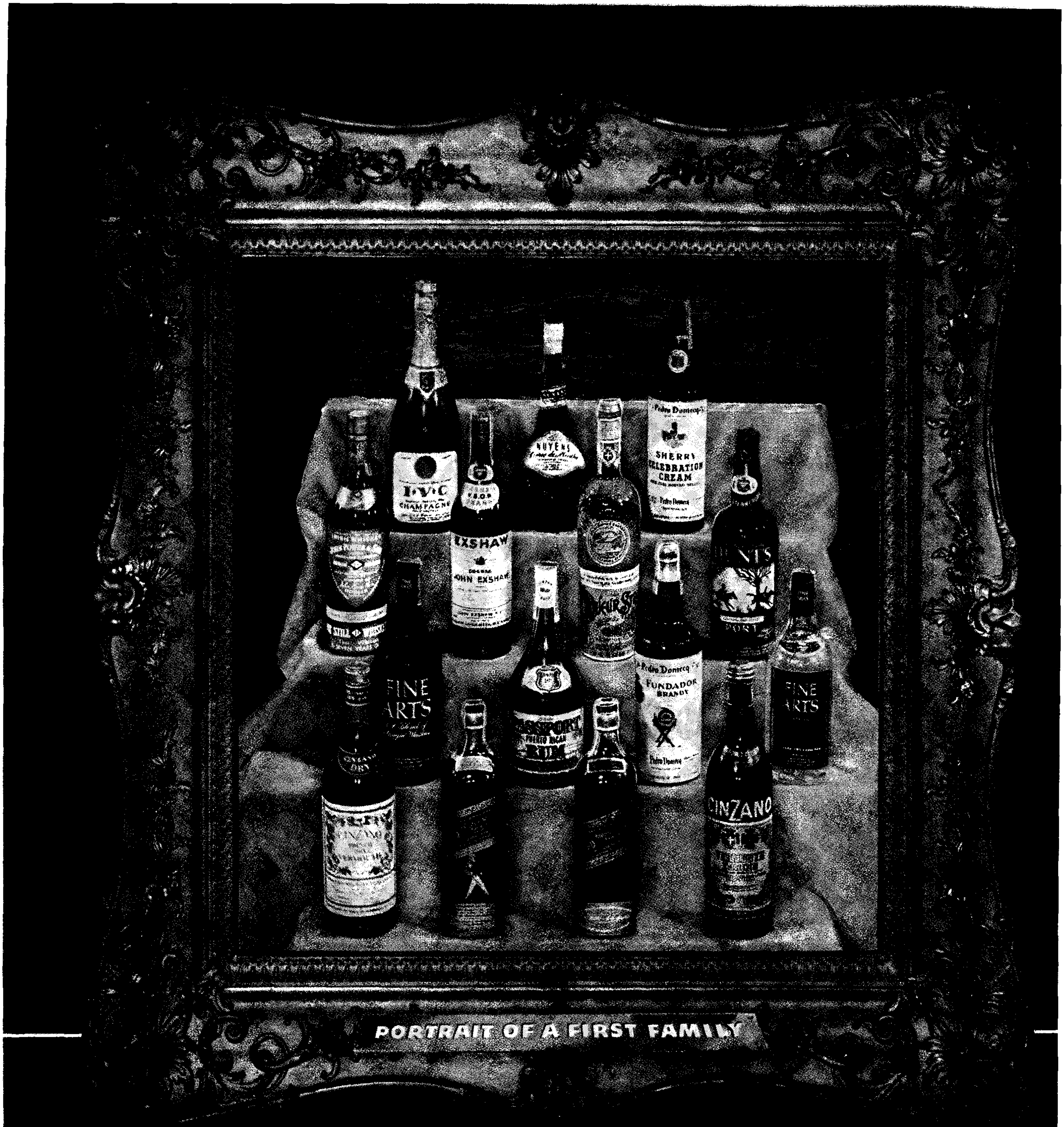

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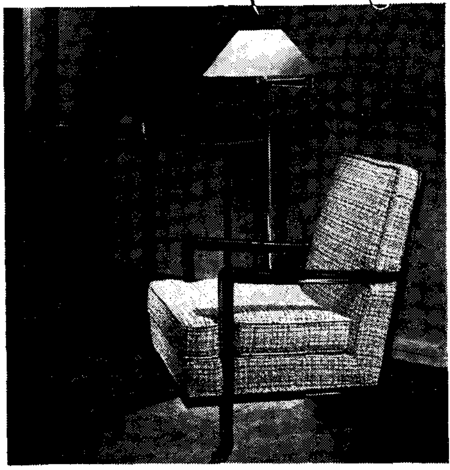

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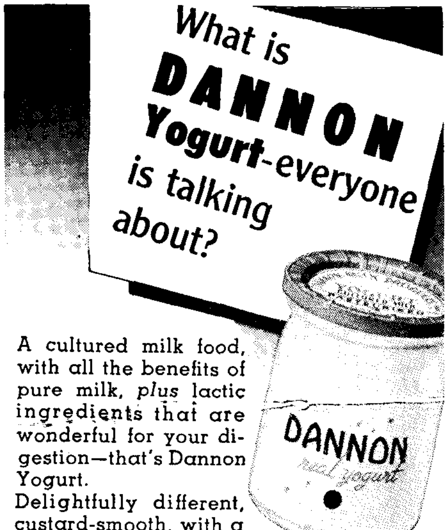

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fire. Different versions are advanced and it would appear that first detection honors must be divided. It was a tie between Donald S. Brown, a neighbor, and a couple driving back to Greene over the Stillwater road. The couple, Mrs. Dorothy Hoyt and Charles Heath, saw the threatening glow from across the river, stepping on the gas they drove across the bridge and down Monell street. What they saw at close range galvanized them into fear-spurred action. Clamping down on the horn-button, Heath headed for the fire-house with the horn blaring all the way. Arriving at the station he pressed the button that sounds the alarm.

At this same precise time the telephone operator, having received the call from Donald S. Brown, was also pressing the siren button in the telephone exchange. Thus the sounding of the fire alarm became something of a duet and explains why the wailing was so prolonged.

A large crowd of curious on-lookers dressed in various states of night dress was on hand for the excitement. At first a disquieting fear tremored through the crowd that the Forsbergs were trapped inside the blazing house. But this fear was dispelled by investigation by the firemen and the fact that the family car was absent from the garage.

A fireman, posted at the entrance to Monell street from Genesee, stopped a car about to enter. "You can't go down this street," said the fireman, "the Forsberg house at the other end is on fire."

The fireman didn't know he was talking to the Forsbergs themselves.

Going around by Mill street, Mr. and Mrs. Forsberg were greeted by a sight which for sheer drama is equalled only in fiction tales. What they saw was crowd-lined sidewalks, fire-apparatus-choked street, shafts from spotlights streamed from the fire trucks, revealing firemen with hose shooting streams of water through blackened and charred window openings into their home. It was a scene to strike fear into the heart of any person and Mrs. Forsberg collapsed to the sidewalk, overcome with shock. The emergency squad placed her on a stretcher and removed her to the home of Mr. and Mrs. Earl Maxon on South Chenango street.

Practically the entire interior of the house was reduced to smoke-blackened and fire-charred ruins. Aside from some personal clothing and a piece or two of bedroom furniture, the complete contents of the house were consumed by the fire. The furniture was covered by insurance.

The house is owned by Arthur Reynolds and was only partly covered by insurance. Mr. Reynolds estimates the damage from $4,000 to $5,000.

Thirty firemen responded to the urgent wails of the siren. Two hours were required to stamp out all danger of recurring fire and it was not until 6 A. M. that a lone fireman was posted to stand guard. He stayed on hand until Mr. Forsberg arrived at 8:30, at which time the fireman left.

Coffee at 4 A. M., underneath such exciting occasions is a sublime tonic desired by all. Mr. and Mrs. Avery Sawyer and Mr. and Mrs. Willard Smith played hosts and served steaming cups of the brew to the tired firemen. Cookies donated by the

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ON THE COURTS

Battle of the Century

THE match all followers of tennis had been hoping for since last fall—a National Singles final between Frederick R. Schroeder, Jr., and Richard Gonzales, the Californians who hold the Wimbledon and United States singles championships, respectively—took place at Forest Hills last week, and it did more to advance the wavering cause of amateur tennis, at least for the time being, than any similar encounter in recent years. The quality of the tennis was as fine and furious as the most exacting onlooker could ask for, and Gonzales' performance in pulling through after losing the first two sets to a man who had never before lost a major match carried to five sets was the most extraordinary comeback I have ever seen. When he dropped the opening set, 16–18 (the longest on record for a National Singles final), despite having had Schroeder at set point on five occasions and having served no fewer than seventeen aces, the most frequently heard remark in the stands was "Well, that does it." When Schroeder took the second set, 6–2, breaking Gonzales' service twice in the process, the gallery wrote Gonzales off as a thoroughly gone goose. In the third set, however, Schroeder seemed to let up slightly after Gonzales broke his service in the second game; at the same time, Gonzales' volleys and backhand passing shots started developing immense speed and accuracy and kept Schroeder almost constantly on the defensive. This turnabout was enough to give Gonzales the set, 6–1, but when the two went out for the ten-minute rest period, it was pretty well established in the minds of most of the spectators that Schroeder would finish off the match more or less as he pleased. It could conceivably go to five sets, they told one another, but since Schroeder was known to be the greatest five-set artist in the business, it was just not in the cards for Gonzales, whom he had beaten in seven out of eight previous encounters, to turn the trick.

Well, as you know, Gonzales *did* turn the trick, winning the last two sets, 6–2, 6–4, and not because Schroezales simply proved to be the better player in almost every department, and as long as he remains an amateur, I can't see his being seeded second to anybody again.

If Gonzales relinquishes his amateur standing—and there have been a number of rumors to the effect that he is considering signing up for a professional tour with Bobby Riggs and Jack Kramer—the brief renaissance of amateur tennis in this country is likely to end at the same time. Schroeder has indicated that he wants to retire from tournament tennis and devote himself to business. Our other top players, William Talbert, Frank Parker, and Gardnar Mulloy, are all over thirty and showing signs of tennis senility, and there don't seem to be any really good junior players at the moment. If Gonzales turns pro and Schroeder retires, the Davis Cup will probably be taken back to Australia next year by Frank Sedgman and Billy Sidwell. With the two big men out, Arthur Larsen, the San Francisco youth who carried Gonzales to five sets in the quarter-finals and who struck me as having improved more than any other player this season, might then have a clear shot at next year's championship.

DURING the semifinals, in which Parker started out as if he were going to wipe up the court with Gonzales, and Talbert had Schroeder down, 2–1, at the end of three sets, there was considerable speculation as to what kind of list the U.S.L.T.A. Ranking Committee would come up with for the year in the event of a Parker-Talbert final. The Committee should now have little difficulty in placing the first ten. The first five positions are almost automatic: Gonzales, Schroeder, Talbert, Parker, and Mulloy. My guess is that Larsen will be in sixth place, followed by two fellow-Californians—Sam Match and Earl Cochell—and Edward Moylan, of Trenton. Herbert Flam, another Californian, who ranked ninth in 1948, just might squeeze into the No. 10 position, in spite of a far from prepossessing tournament season. Or, come to think of it, the Committee might put J. Gilbert Hall, the perennial Veterans' Champion, in that spot. They could do a lot worse. —P. W. W., JR.

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BOOKS

Goethe Two Hundred Years After

A GENERAL eagerness to wring some usable wisdom from Goethe, preferably in condensed form, on the two-hundredth anniversary of his birth has pushed the great man from the company of the poets into the company of the philosophers, for the twin barriers of language and of time do not matter so much in the realm of philosophy. Metaphysics, by reason of its airiness, can seep from one period to another, and when one deals in abstractions, the partitions of language are fairly thin and yielding. But poetry, and particularly lyric poetry, is forever stuck fast in its original tongue. And although Goethe from youth on was surrounded by philosophers and knew them as close friends and as correspondents, and although his liking for abstractions, symbols, and enigmas steadily increased, he remained a poet *pur sang*. Schiller, who, Goethe said, "cared more for speculation than for the direct vision of things," found him but an indifferent Kantian, and if he showed a strong sympathy for certain portions of Spinoza's thought, it is doubtful that he followed through to the end Spinoza's complicated and geometric arguments.

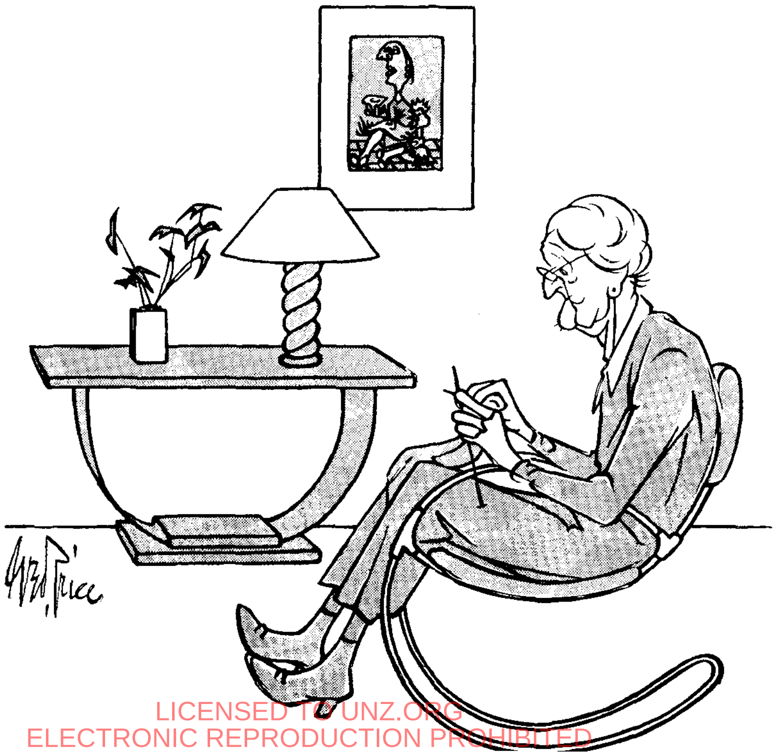
Being a poet, Goethe thought in images, trusted his intuition, and, in his own words, dwelt "in the truth of the five senses." This innate empiricism prevented him from being thrown off his course by the metaphysics all about him, and he boasts, in one of his lighter verses, of having achieved splendid results because he *never* lost his way "thinking about thought." We must not be led astray, therefore, into believing, because of the enormous range of his interests, that he possessed a variety of approaches toward his subjects. One approach—that of the interpretative imagination—underlies all Goethe's researches, from the theatre through the plastic and graphic arts, from the nature of the universe through the conduct of life, from religion and sociology through botany, mineralogy, and optics. Thomas Mann has spoken of the combination in Goethe of true naïveté with extraordinary intellectual power. Goethe's was the poet's naïveté, and this pleasing gift never dwindled.

Language is the insuperable barrier between Goethe and ourselves. Translations are not much help to the poetry, and Goethe's thought, at its purest and most forceful, is embedded in the poetry. "Goethe was particularly unfortunate in his English translators," D. J. Enright truthfully observes. "All along [his] natural, idiomatic German is debased into some or other kind of awful synthetic poesy. . . . The modern reader . . . *after* he has glanced at one or two of the Faust specimens [in English], may be led into abandoning Goethe on the ground that no really great poetry could ever look quite so dreadful in translation. But it can." C. F. MacIntyre's version of the first part of "Faust," published by New Directions in 1941, has helped dispel this unhappy tradition. One way of getting at "Faust" is to get it onto the stage. The ideal celebration this year would have been a full-dress production of "Faust," in the exciting manner of Reinhardt's production of the second part in Salzburg in the early thirties. It would have put Goethe's poetry where it belongs—in the mouths of living and breathing characters.

The barrier of time is difficult to overcome. For Goethe is the epitome and one of the prime movers of a cultural period that was not only short-lived, in contrast to its importance, but, when it was over, was gone for good. It was the period between the charming yet rather sinister excesses of eighteenth-century German rococo and, on the other hand, German middle-class materialism (the Biedermeier version of English Early Victorian). It was the period of the informal park, midway between the stiff, formal parterres of the past and the hideous, formal geranium and begonia beds of the future. It was the period of "bourgeois classicism" so well described by C. L. Laing when, writing of Beethoven, he says:

> The sentimental irrationalism of the *Sturm und Drang* emptied into the quiet world of ideas. . . . The genius [of the times] recognized the validity of objective norms; boundless humanism gave way to a humanism which recognized its own limits. This moderation and equalization ripened into a classicism of which the German phase is the very symbol. Classicism beatified life and gave it lastingness by viewing it from the heights of the ideal. . . . Its art was devoted to the ideal of plastic beauty which it believed to be absolute; its principal object was man living in consort with nature, man beautiful in body and soul . . . man who became aware of his inner harmony, and who was the measure of all things. The result was an aesthetic world-picture, a Germandom reborn from the spirit of Hellas.

It was this idealism of an enlightened middle class headed toward freedom that provided the climate for the time's "explosion of genius." Goethe, the young bourgeois from Frankfurt, all fire and temperament, was one of the constructors of this ideal and point of view. The gradual development of his feeling for classic depth, clarity, and equilibrium showed itself in his growing control over his life and



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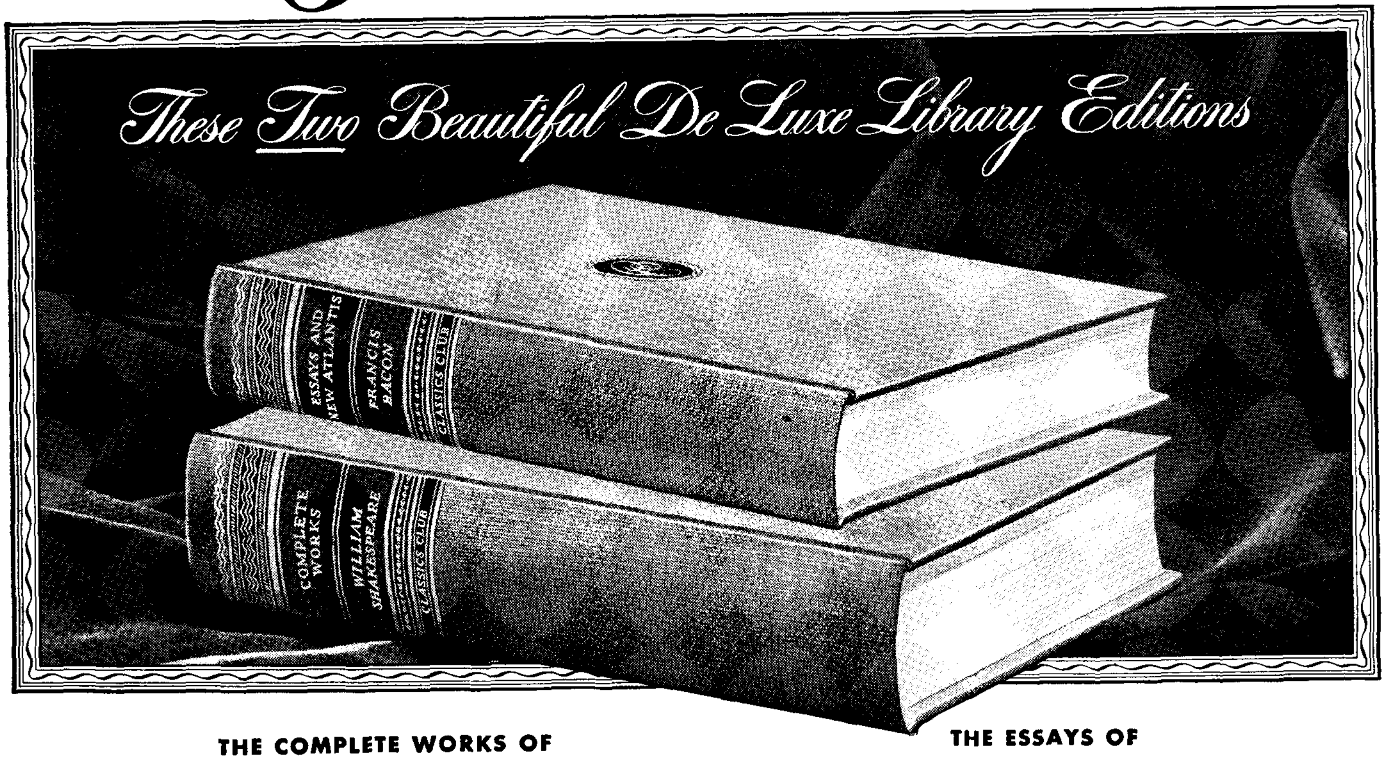

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impressed itself upon his surroundings. Far from being "a Prince's valet," he was the guide and teacher of his Weimar duke, and succeeded in making a humane man and ruler out of an irresponsible boy. We must look back at this period, of course, from across the Romanticist period that followed it (and that Goethe distrusted), and it is not easy to keep focus on the distant scene. That the period had its effect beyond the borders of Germany is proved by the reverence and admiration given it during its brief existence by the rest of Europe and even by America. It is the only cultural bridge between the eighteenth and the nineteenth centuries, at a time when France was exhausted by its fit of power and England had retreated from eighteenth-century "liberalism" into reactionary anti-Jacobinism and the small and dull frivolity of the Regency.

Goethe, as a matter of fact, made no great impression upon English thought or letters. English industrialism was a going concern long before Goethe's death. His point of view appealed more to Scotch moral idealism and American transcendentalism than to British hardheadedness. And soon, all over Europe and in America, Romanticist doubt, melancholy, and soul-searching began to negate the classic ideal. Goethe's age was at an end, and the poet for whom every living and evolving thing had importance, who was an enemy of the dry specimens of the museums, was turned over to the scholars and the commentators to be explained, ticketed, and mummified.

When we look for modern writers who have understood and profited from Goethe's poetry and ideas, we come upon an unexpectedly lively list. We find, to begin with, a young man who, visiting Rome in 1851, linked Goethe, quite naturally, with Dante, Shakespeare, and Michelangelo. This was Gustave Flaubert. We find continual references to Goethe in Flaubert's "Correspondance." He defends Goethe against detractors, and everywhere tenders him admiration and praise, and one Goethian maxim helps him to run his life: "*Qu'est-ce que ton devoir? L'exigence de chaque jour.*" The influence of Goethe upon Flaubert was a creative one as well; the first "St. Antoine" derives directly from "Faust II," and the first "L'Education Sentimentale" from "Wilhelm Meister." In our own time, we find Gide, in his "Journals," constantly referring to

light and attempts to translate it. He notes that "nothing in life so calms me as the contemplation of this great figure," and that "the greatest influence to which I have *submitted* is that of Goethe." We find among modern critics, philosophers, and historians who have submitted themselves to Goethe's intelligence and intuition the names of Santayana, G. Lowes Dickinson, Valéry, Toynbee, Albert Schweitzer, and, of course, Mann.

Schweitzer's "Goethe: Four Studies" (Beacon Press), translated by Charles R. Joy, is the most authoritative as well as the simplest and most direct presentation of Goethe that has been published this bicentennial year. For Schweitzer brings to his task of elucidation a humble disciple's insight along with the learning of a tremendously gifted scholar. Goethe's picture of the world, Schweitzer says, is far from unique and is neither complete nor ordered. "It is one of the expressions of the simple philosophy of nature, which reappears under ever diverse forms in European and Chinese thinkers"—in Lao-tse, for one. And Schweitzer quotes a central Goethian sentence: "Let your aspiration be filled with love, and let your life be action."

The other volumes brought on by the Goethe anniversary are in completely different categories. "Goethe: The Story of a Man" (Farrar, Straus) is Ludwig Lewisohn's wide and varied selection from Goethe's correspondence, diaries, and other papers, together with passages from the letters and reminiscences of friends and visitors. This pieced-together account often has great interest, but it lacks solidity because it is not built around the work, which is the armature of the life. Mr. Lewisohn's translation of a series of lyrics fails, as it must, and had better be skipped. "Goethe's World: As Seen in Letters and Memoirs," edited by Berthold Biermann (New Directions), is another, and shorter, compendium of passages by and about Goethe, with beguiling illustrations and an excellent introduction. "Goethe: Wisdom and Experience" (Pantheon) gives us maxims from his work, translated by Hermann J. Weigand and arranged by Ludwig Curtius under abstract headings ("Nature," "The Social Sphere," etc.). If one conquers the headings, these snippets are full of interest and charm.

"A Study of Goethe," by Barker Fairley, published in 1947 by the Oxford University Press, is the best modern critical work in English and should be consulted by anyone truly concerned with the poet's achievement. Professor Fairley gives us a sensitive analysis of Goethe's inner life. The recently issued "Goethe the Poet," by Karl Viëtor (Harvard), contains a careful analysis of the entire Goethe canon, both poetry and prose. And "A Commentary on Goethe's 'Faust,'" by D. J. Enright (The Direction Series: 10), provides a readable and forthright exegesis of the great drama.

To those who, although permanently baffled by German, can read French, a new and complete translation of "Faust," published in Paris in 1947 by Albin Michel, can be recommended. It includes the Gérard de Nerval version of "Faust I," together with "Faust II," translated, with absorbing comments, by Alexandre Arnoux and R. Biemel. For those who can cope with German, a neat and well-printed pocket edition of "Faust," in two volumes, has been published in New York by Frederick Ungar.

The best way through to Goethe's lyric poetry for the non-German reader is music. Forgetting all the attempts of Romanticist composers to deal with Goethe's work—from the sweetenings of Gounod, Tchaikovsky, Thomas, Massenet, and others, to the horrification of Berlioz—he can turn to three songwriters, two of whom were Goethe's contemporaries and one of whom is a modern. Beethoven's songs and incidental music for "Egmont," and Schubert's songs written to Goethe's lyrics, bring us close to the poet's own music. The most extraordinary evocation of Goethe's power and poetic range, however, comes to us through the fifty-one songs written to his lyrics by Hugo Wolf. "Music as such," a learned critic says of Wolf's settings, "was never an aim to him, only a means to enhance the poem." Anyone who has listened to the wild longing of the Wolf-Goethe "Kennst Du das Land?" or to the noble and transcendent beauty of their "Prometheus" and "Ganymed" has experienced the only world it is important to share with any great poet—the world of his intense emotion and his piercing vision. —LOUISE BOGAN

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE ASPHALT JUNGLE, by W. R. Burnett (Knopf). Mr. Burnett's new cops-and-robbers thriller gets going with a bang; Herr Doktor Riemenschneider, the great interna-

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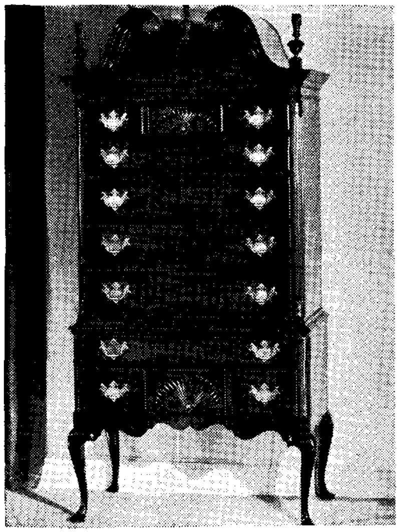

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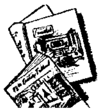

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after his release from the penitentiary, recruits an ideal team of co-workers, and removes a million dollars' worth of jewels from Pelletier & Co. Then the man hunt is on, and the results are exactly predictable in terms of the virtues and failings of each of the characters, conveniently presented as stereotypes for easier calculation: the iron gunman whose heart belongs to a vanished Southland, the double-crossing lawyer whose cowardice is matched only by his avarice, the safe-cracker who has settled into domesticity, the cocktail-party girl battling against what Burnett calls "the long, easy slide down into the mire." "Little Caesar," twenty years ago, had the qualities of shock and rawness, but Mr. Burnett long ago transferred his talents to the manipulation of tinted cinema pieces on a morality chess-board.

SECRET VALLEYS, by John Cousins (Knopf). Describing the last stand against the present Greek regime of an old, experienced guerrilla leader in the mountains of Crete, Mr. Cousins makes little effort to illuminate the twists of contemporary Greek politics but does give a well-proportioned view of the island and of the people involved in the skirmish. They include, besides the old hill-fighter, three former R.A.F. airmen who once dropped supplies to the Cretan when he was badgering the Nazis. Having made a postwar pilgrimage to find him again, the three soon join him in a stubborn but hopeless battle against the government forces. The author is at pains to point out that this fight has almost nothing to do with political labels and a lot to do with personal integrity, and he acutely appraises the value of the latter in the mind of each participant.

DEPARTURE AND OTHER STORIES, by Howard Fast (Little, Brown). The nineteen stories in this volume constitute a remarkably mixed collection, ranging from such mechanical jobs of hammer-and-sickling as the title story and "An Epitaph for Sidney" to a charming genre story of adolescence, "The First Rose of Summer." Mr. Fast impartially uses Nexö, Dreiser, Hemingway, Steinbeck, and Isidor Schneider as models, and at one point he revamps Benét's wonderful "Jacob and the Indians" into a dilute story called "Where Are Your Guns?" The principal confirm what many readers of Mr. Fast's historical novels have long suspected—that his works are likely to survive, but only as excellent juveniles for the fourteen-to-eighteen age group.

PLACE CALLED ESTHERVILLE, by Erskine Caldwell (Duell, Sloan & Pearce). In such books as "Tobacco Road" and "God's Little Acre," Mr. Caldwell's special vision of Southern life was a unique compound of unabashed sex, violence, and earthy humor. In this, his twelfth novel, the sex has become only the dreariest sort of titillation, the violence is pointless and arbitrary, and the humor has disappeared. Two straw Negroes, Ganus Bazemore and his sister Kathyanne—entirely passive, Christlike, and unbelievable characters—are set up in the small Southern town of Estherville and repeatedly knocked down by white villains from the old ten-twent'-thirt' melodrama. It is difficult to say which is more thoroughly travestied, the bleak enough reality of race relations in the South or the courage and pride of Southern Negroes as we see those traits reflected in the works of writers like Richard Wright, but it is easy to say that this is Mr. Caldwell's cheapest and most disappointing book.

THE RIVER JOURNEY, by Robert Nathan (Knopf). A fantasy about Death, a river barge, and an elderly Iowa couple named Minerva and Henry Parkinson. Minerva, learning that she has only a year to live, draws all her money out of the bank and buys the barge, so that she and Henry may have the pleasure of a holiday alone together before she dies. Henry and Minerva are rather nice, but they don't get a word in edgewise after Death comes aboard, in the person of a syrupy travelling salesman named Mr. Mortimer. Most of the little book is taken up with Mr. Mortimer's whimsical philosophical observations, which are very hard to endure.

THE MAN WITH THE GOLDEN ARM, by Nelson Algren (Doubleday). It would be almost impossible to imagine a story more sordid and depressing than this account of Frankie Machine, a morphine addict and small-time gambling-joint dealer in Chicago's Polish section, and some of it may be too strong for most stomachs to take. Algren's scenes of life in Antek Witwicki's Tug and

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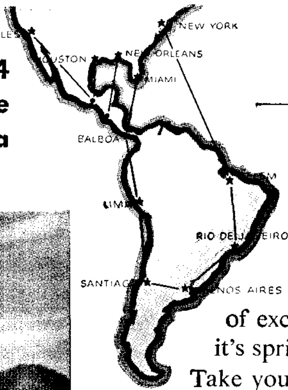

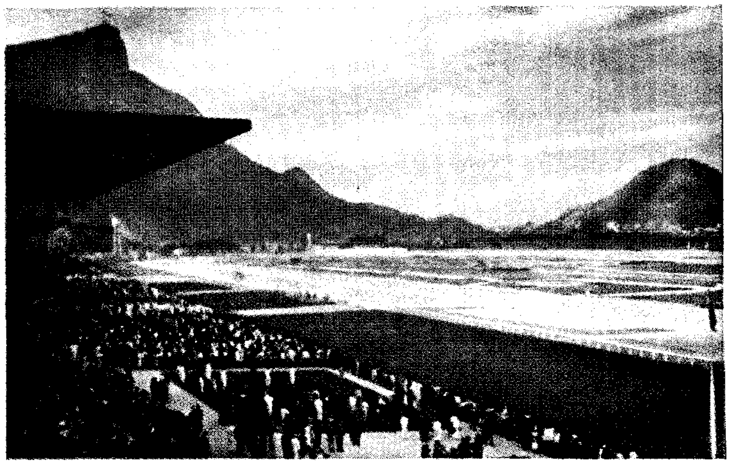

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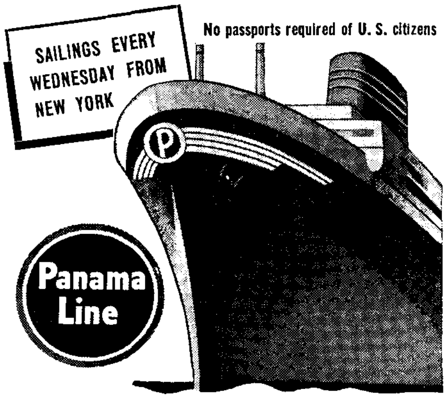
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ski's squalid tenement, in Zero Schwiefka's crooked cardroom, in Nifty Louie Fomorowski's junkie retreat, and in Captain Bednarski's filthy jail cells are absolutely and dishearteningly convincing, but the book's grimness is redeemed by his broad compassion, his charged, metaphoric style, and a surprising streak of Rabelaisian humor in the adventures of Sparrow the Dog Stealer and his relationship with Violet and Violet's husband, Stash, which culminates in a very funny fight scene. Mr. Algren's poetic prose sometimes spills over into corn, and his plot, with its motivations of guilt and doom, seems contrived, but these faults are overshadowed by his virtues.

THE BORGIA TESTAMENT, by Nigel Balchin (Houghton Mifflin). According to Mr. Balchin, the infamous Borgias didn't have the makings of one first-rate murderer among them. Cesare Borgia tells the story while waiting for Pope Julius II to let him out of prison. At the time, Cesare is twenty-nine years old, but he starts his story back in the days when he was playing in his mother's garden with his favorite companion, his sister Lucrezia. The way Cesare remembers it, Lucrezia was a nice girl who got a little hard after her second husband was stabbed to death, and the worst that could be said about the two boys, Giovanni and Giuffre, was that they were inclined to be lazy and too fond of show. Their father, Pope Alexander VI, is a simple but imposing old man who likes to see everybody have a good time. Speaking for himself, Cesare complains that he had a lonely childhood and was always being misunderstood in later years, especially by his family. He writes in a tone of hurt bewilderment, telling a very painstaking story, and one gets the impression that almost any other fifteenth-century Roman would be more fascinating to read about than any Borgia.

THE PRIMITIVE, by Feike Feikema (Doubleday). The first volume of a trilogy that will be distinguished—if its beginning is a fair sample—by its author's impassioned, headlong style and by his gift of total recall, which is nearly the equal of the late Thomas Wolfe's. Mr. Feikema lacks Wolfe's rhapsodic qualities, but he shows a similar preoccupation with the day-by-day organic and aesthetic sensations of his hero,

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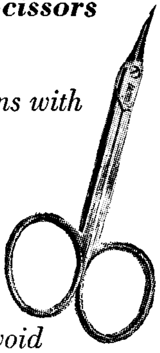

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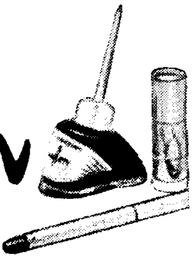

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his way through a small denominational college in Michigan. The young man's accretions of experience, often painfully acquired, are described with immense detail in Mr. Feikema's inclusive and monolithic prose.

SILVERLOCK, by John Myers Myers (Dutton). Resembling an enormous Coney Island peepshow of figures from mythology, folklore, and classical literature, Mr. Myers' book is something of a refreshing novelty, if not exactly a novel. After shipwrecking a smugly Philistine American upon an *imaginary* seacoast, Mr. Myers causes him to encounter in a few packed weeks practically every major literary character from Circe to Captain Ahab. Nearly all these people are caught at moments as tense as the final reel of a movie serial, and nearly all of them inexplicably speak an argot as brusque and ungraceful as silent-movie captions. The resulting dialogue is often tryingly capricious. The indigestibly large array of literary allusion will probably entertain or irritate the reader in proportion to his intellectual purism.

MANY DIMENSIONS, by Charles Williams (Pellegrini & Cudahy). This example of the late Mr. Williams' personal blend of mystical insight and fictional polish first came out in England in 1931. It is a more purely moral work than his "Descent Into Hell," but it lacks that work's memorable evocation of the supernatural in everyday surroundings. Here Mr. Williams has constructed a considerably less plausible framework for a treatise on the extremes of good and evil, centering on an ancient precious stone possessed of various miraculous powers. There is a comparatively cut-and-dried struggle between forces seeking this talisman for worldly ends and those interested in the object's spiritual connotations, but at the story's climax Mr. Williams combines a glimpse of a quite purposeful and profound philosophy with his usual adroit interplay of characters.

CITIES OF THE DEEP, by Edward Lyons (Appleton-Century-Crofts). Billed as "a novel of the American dream," Mr. Lyons' ambitious first work never gets very close to defining that dream, but it does present two exceedingly violent aspects of it in prose that is at times just clangorous and at others sonorous. The author's method of handling his

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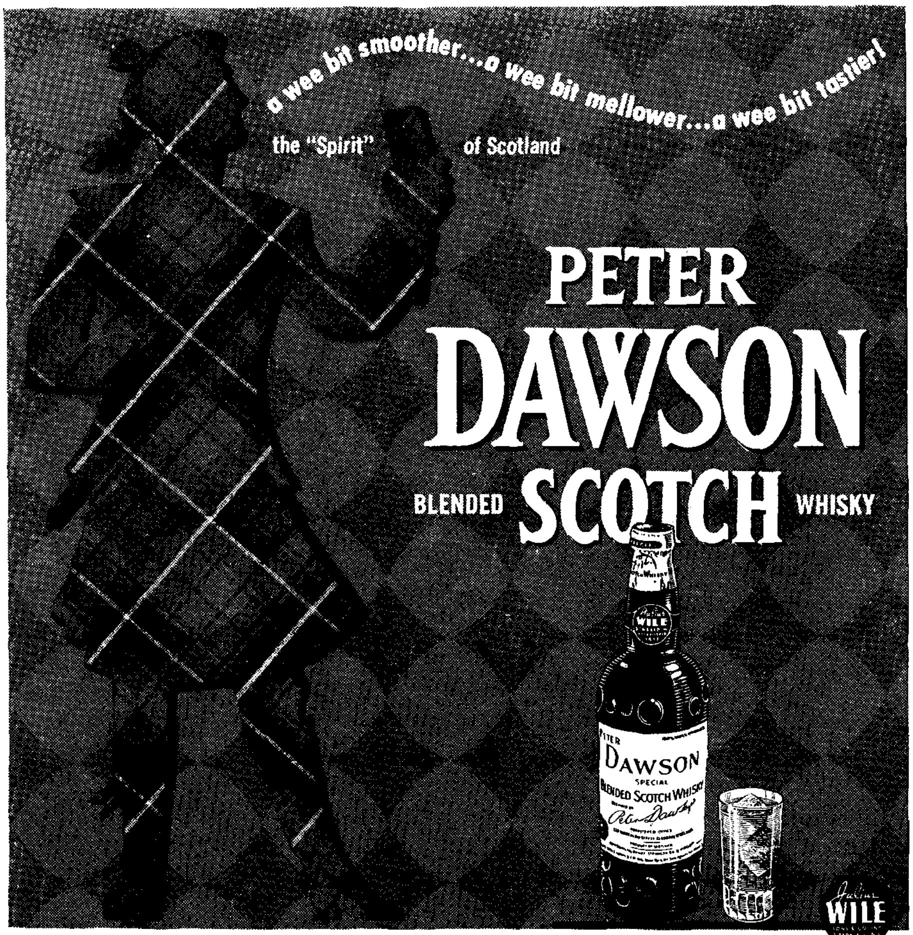
theme is disturbingly unresolved, jumping from the Homeric boyhood adventures of his hero in a wild coastal region of the South to the still more fantastic battles that the man gets into in Wall Street. The Southern chapters contain a not unpoetic sense of unchecked human and natural forces, but the financial episodes drop into a tortured Horatio Alger vein, about which the author himself seems a trifle uneasy.

GREEN BOUNDARY, by Boris Ilyin (Houghton Mifflin). The boundary that Mr. Ilyin is concerned with is the Russo-American line of demarcation in Germany, and he breaches it in a fairly unsurprising way, by means of a romance between an American officer and a pretty Soviet interpreter. Happily, this situation is saved from complete ideological and literary banality by the author's brisk and sometimes amusing style and by his characterization of the hero, who, like Mr. Ilyin himself, is of White Russian parentage and therefore capable of relatively acute analyses of his erstwhile compatriots. There are a few of the inevitable clichés, but there are also effective cracks at military stuffed shirts on both sides.

GENERAL

GENIUSES, GODDESSES, AND PEOPLE, by Winthrop Sargeant (Dutton). In the first section of this book, called "Olympus by the Back Door," Mr. Sargeant reminisces in a rambling and entertaining manner about various "geniuses" (some of whom could be more accurately classified as plain eccentrics) with whom he rubbed shoulders while performing as a violinist with the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra and, later, with the New York Philharmonic. The second section, in which Olympus is viewed from the journalistic sidelines, consists of studies of Toscanini, Frank Lloyd Wright, Artur Rubinstein, Rita Hayworth, and other celebrated people, and is prefaced by some categorical remarks about the habits and preferences of artists. All of them, the author feels, can be divided into aural, visual, and cerebral types, and then subdivided into bourgeois (the musicians) and bohemians (the painters), a thesis that seems hardly worthy of the extended belaboring it is given here. Since Mr. Sargeant's most prolonged and intimate association has been with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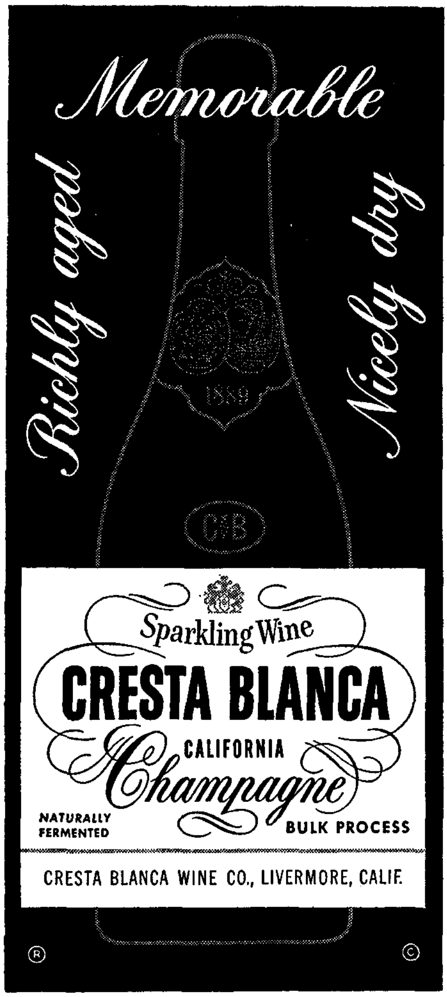

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MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME, by Elliot Paul (Random House). Another item in what the author calls The Grand Account, a series of memoirs of his peripatetic career, the already recorded portions of which were passed, not uneventfully, in Linden, Massachusetts, and Trembles, Montana. Now, in 1909, Mr. Paul's base of operations is a boarding house in Louisville, an easygoing city with a faulty drainage system on which Mr. Paul was supposed to be concentrating his engineering attention. Fortunately for his audience, however, he was far more preoccupied with the tangled and preposterous affairs of his fellow-boarders and their friends. The latter included the Louisville Superiors, players of some of the earliest authentic jazz; the occupants of a bordello; some dabblers in psychic phenomena; and a thousand Shriners, accompanied by camels and other mascots, who took over the town for a convention. The antics of all these people are so plausibly related that Mr. Paul's most skeptical readers may end up with the conviction that Louisville in that era was one of the really diverting places in America—perhaps even half as diverting as he would have them believe.

MORNING FACES, by John Mason Brown (Whittlesey House). A drama critic who is at the same time an enthusiastic paterfamilias delineates in a series of sketches some of the pleasures and perplexities confronting parents in general and metropolitan parents in particular. In the course of four years, Mr. Brown and his two young sons undergo such familiar but unpredictable experiences as a large-scale birthday excursion to the Rodeo, a Sunday-afternoon inspection of the tapestries at the Metropolitan Museum, a dancing-school session, and—most rewarding of all—a cross-country jaunt to Colorado. Present-day parents, who like to appear both disenchanted and doting, will find this rather difficult combination of attitudes achieved here with dexterity and warmth.

THE UAW AND WALTER REUTHER, by Irving Howe and B. J. Widick (Random House). A compact and exceptionally well-presented history of the United Automobile, Aircraft, and Agricultural Implement Workers of America and of the

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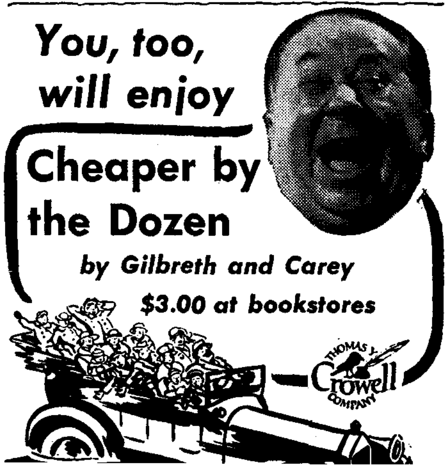

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"the Reuther group" in the struggle for power within the union. The authors, a professional writer and a professional labor leader, respectively, do not pretend to be objective toward labor in general—they are too thoroughly committed to the idea of industrial unionism for that—but they take no sides in their account of the U.A.W.'s internal politics. Reuther is, on the whole, sympathetically treated, but the authors see danger in the success he has had in purging the union of dissident elements, on the ground that he has wiped out intelligent opposition and is on the way toward making the union a rock-bound bureaucracy.

Ortega y Gasset, Existentialist, by José Sánchez Villaseñor (Regnery). A critical study of the thought, and the sources of the thought, of the contemporary Spanish philosopher by a young Mexican Jesuit. On the surface, the analysis is a dispassionate one, complete with scholarly trappings and an air of reasonableness; on not very close examination, however, it becomes apparent that the author is out for blood. Ortega is arraigned, indicted, and convicted on charges of "legitimizing" Nietzsche's ideal of the immorality of great statesmen, of bearing the responsibility for turning philosophy into a mere "acrobatic sport," based on a pessimistic attitude toward life's mystery, and of defending and promulgating atheism, but no evidence is offered and no proof is adduced. Eventually, the book turns into a long metaphysical scolding, in which all final answers are blandly referred to a supernatural arbiter.

Lydia Pinkham Is Her Name, by Jean Burton (Farrar, Straus). The nineteenth-century Massachusetts businesswoman who touted her favorite blend of true and false unicorn root, liferoot, black cohosh, pleurisy root, and fenugreek seed so astutely that she became a figure in American folklore and balladry is set forth in this biography in a somewhat unexpected light—that of a crusader, whose ideas paralleled and antedated those of Jane Addams and Lillian Wald. Mrs. Pinkham's advertisements, it appears, were based on a formula just as surefire as that of her vegetable compound: one part social message ("the man of business yields nothing to the interest of humanity, but . . . MURDERS WHILE HE SMILES") and one part commercial-

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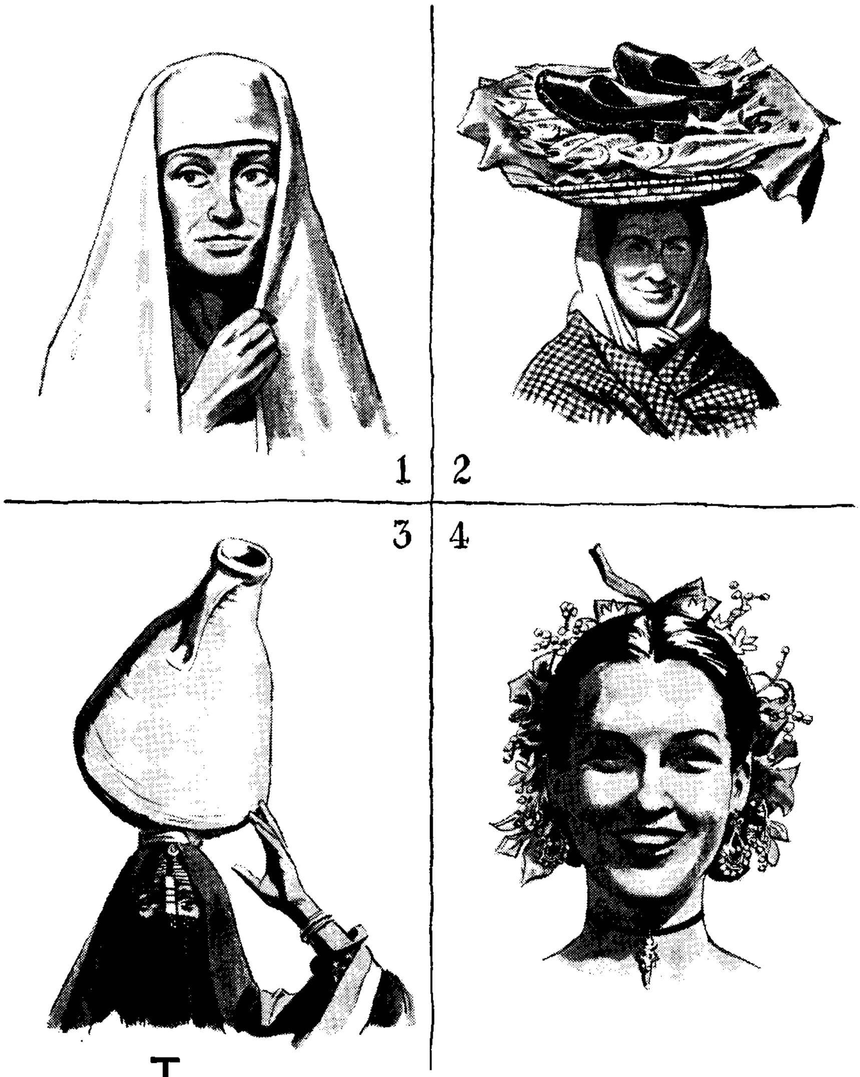

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of the first soundly written facts-of-life manual—free to her customers—which evidently had a resounding and salutary effect on the ladies of her era. Rather too much space has been allotted to Mrs. Pinkham's childhood and to the family squabbles that took place after her death, so that the portrait of her as an adult is nearly as hazy as the one in the famous trademark on the bottle.

MELVILLE'S USE OF THE BIBLE, by Nathalia Wright (Duke). Although the theme of this book, which is that Melville exploited the Bible almost as thoroughly as he exploited the whale, has been dealt with before, Miss Wright is probably the first writer to give it a full-dress treatment, which it may or may not deserve. In any case, as a result of her concentration on the subject, we now know that Melville didn't think nearly so well of I Corinthians and II Kings as he did of the Psalms, that he alluded to the Bible six hundred times in "Clarel" and two hundred and fifty times in "Moby Dick," and that he liked to think of the world as having got under way in 4004 B.C. On these and similar details, Miss Wright superimposes her claim that Melville was intellectually at one with Sir James Frazer and James Joyce, a statement that, though it certainly ranks as the most stimulating feature of her generally lustreless book, doesn't offer anything like the wagering possibilities of her I Corinthians and "Clarel" material.

BLACK LIBERATOR, by Stephen Alexis, translated by William Stirling (Macmillan). An exhaustive biography of Toussaint L'Ouverture by a Haitian diplomat and writer. This translation has been considerably abridged, in order to simplify the mazelike history of the Negro revolt in St. Domingue—the present Haiti—and the abridgment turns out to have been a good idea, as far as the casual reader is concerned. Mr. Alexis is a warm admirer of his hero—an astonishing man, who lulled his white masters into thinking him a tame and loyal servant for forty years before he struck—but he leaves Toussaint's personality something of a riddle. Very readable, nonetheless.

MOONSHINE AMERICA, by Leonard Wayman (Anglobooks). A little dollop of gall in the cup of international friendship. The author, an Englishman, examines the American character and gives it zero. "There are

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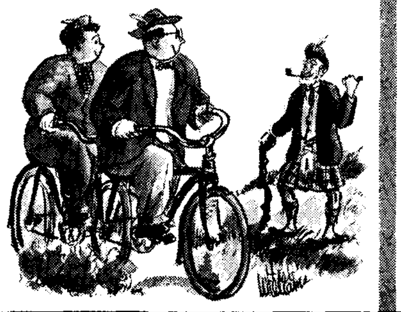
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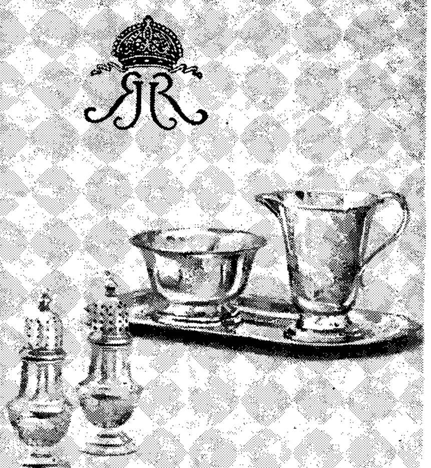
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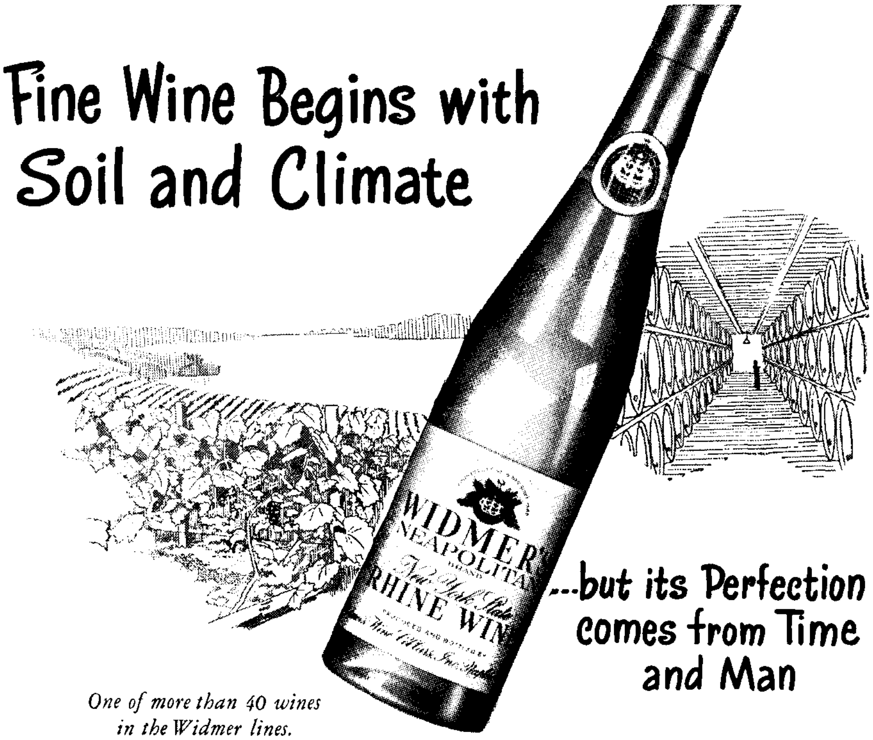
than anywhere else in the world," he says. Americans, he finds, are noisy, greedy, dishonest, and lacking in culture and intelligence. They debase everything they touch and they are striving to reduce the entire world to the level of the "hubba-hubba mind." What worries Mr. Wayman most is the danger that the American malady of herd thinking will infect Europeans; at the same time he consoles himself with the conviction that this empty-headed civilization of ours carries the seed of its own downfall. His book presents an almost unrelieved picture, without much humor and without any perspective. At times, however, he touches some sensitive spots.

THE NATURAL HISTORY OF MOSQUITOES, by Marston Bates (Macmillan). The author, a biologist, entomologist, and public-health expert, has here assembled and correlated a mass of scientific data on the nature and behavior of the mosquito. The book is somewhat technical, but much of it should be of interest to any human blood bank who wants to know what is eating him. Dr. Bates discusses the sex life of mosquitoes (a drab enough business); the varieties, feeding techniques, and distribution of mosquitoes (no part of the world, except a few South Pacific islands, is free of them); mosquitoes as vectors of viruses; and mosquitoes' attraction to certain smells and sounds. The only comforting passage in the book is one that tells of the midges and other insects that prey on the mosquito and pester the life out of him. Drawings and photographs.

NIAGARA COUNTRY, by Lloyd Graham (Duell, Sloan & Pearce). A new volume of the American Folkways series, dealing with the rugged country around the Niagara River and Niagara Falls. A full half of Mr. Graham's chronicle is devoted to various kinds of violent bloodletting, for control of the Niagara River was long and fiercely contested by the Indians, the French, the British, the Canadians, and the Americans; it was not until construction of the Erie and Welland Canals, following the War of 1812, that the region settled down. At its best, the book is a lively account of the history of the Falls, especially during the balmy days of the commercial exploitation of the cataract, but toward



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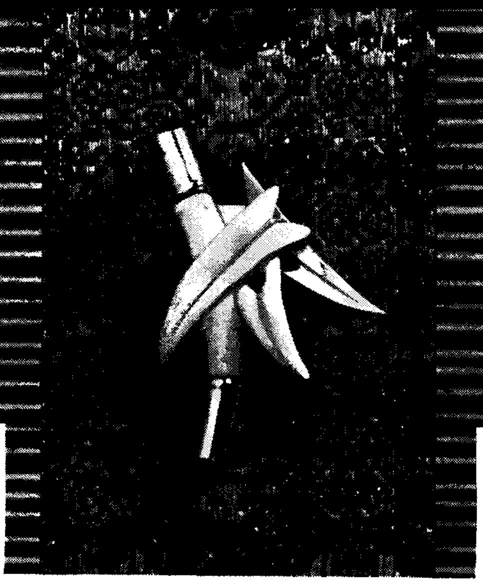

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of dull local notes on Buffalo and environs. No pictures, unfortunately.

WOMEN ARE HERE TO STAY, by Agnes Rogers (Harper). A handsomely got-up volume in which photographs, drawings, and cartoons illustrating the mores of our recent feminine forebears are placed in juxtaposition with some illustrating those of our contemporaries. The album manages to give, in a relaxed and often hilarious fashion, an excellent idea of what American women have been up to in the last fifty years in such fields of activity as social service, murder, athletics, the arts, education, and the raising and lowering of hemlines. Miss Rogers is commendably unruffled about the status of modern women, and she does relatively little theorizing in the commentary that accompanies the pictures. It's possible, though, that many young ladies now in their twenties may be incensed by her hint that they are resting on their oars and lack the gumption for which their grandmothers were noted, if not always beloved.

THE PORTABLE MATTHEW ARNOLD, edited by Lionel Trilling (Viking). A roundup of Arnold's most instructive essays, best poems, and most revealing letters. In his long and interesting introduction, Mr. Trilling is at pains to point out that the phrase "sweetness and light," which has done Arnold as much harm as three words are likely ever to do anyone, wasn't his creation at all but was borrowed by him from Swift.

THE SPECTACULAR SAN FRANCISCANS, by Julia Cooley Altrocchi (Dutton). The fourth volume of the Society in America series, which got off to such a fine start with Cleveland Amory's "The Proper Bostonians." It turns out to be just another book about San Francisco and its gay carryings on. All pretty familiar stuff by now.

NEW MEXICO VILLAGE ARTS, by Roland F. Dickey, illustrated by Lloyd Lózes Goff (University of New Mexico Press). The intricate background of New Mexican native life and art today, which combines Spanish, Indian, and even Aztec influences with more modern American ones, is here explored with an unusually effective mixture of learning and sympathetic understanding. Everything from the construction of an adobe house to the life that goes on inside it is investigated, and the ink-and-wash illustrations, though they in the text, help a good deal in the creation of an appropriate atmosphere.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

THE MAN NOBODY SAW, by Peter Cheyney (Dodd, Mead). A British private investigator, operating in a fashion that at times seems to deliberately parody that of the traditional Hollywood detective, endeavors to find out who murdered the owner of the agency he works for. This undertaking involves considerable personal risk, since the agency's clients are addicted to blackmail and kindred unpleasantness, but the hero comes through successfully, apparently sustained by a singular barroom philosophy. ("Life was rather like a Bacardi cocktail. If you wanted one, you wanted it like hell; if you didn't want it, it was either too weak or too strong. But you still drank it.") A disappointing job on the part of a usually capable and conscientious practitioner.

AND DANGEROUS TO KNOW, by Elizabeth Daly (Rinehart). Henry Gamadge, the private detective with the silken manner, is consulted by the attorney for the Dunbar family about the disappearance of one of the daughters of that conservative New York clan. In the course of pondering problems like why the well-heeled Miss Dunbar bought cut-rate garments on the day she dropped out of sight, Gamadge runs into two corpses and several other tokens of skulduggery. Although his final interpretation is sound enough, his method of trapping the scoundrel may seem, even to his admirers, to be on the shaky side. Agreeably written and moderately wry.

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CORRECTION OF THE RECORD

MR. BROOKS. Mr. Speaker, I ask unanimous consent to correct the RECORD of yesterday, on page 4564, first paragraph, middle column, to have the words "smack-dab" read "efficient."

THE SPEAKER. Is there objection to the request of the gentleman from Louisiana?

There was no objection.

—*Congressional Record.*

Well, *we* object.

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A THOUGHT FOR THIS WEEK

[*From the San Francisco Call-Bulletin*]

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PHOTOGRAPH BY PAUL HESSE

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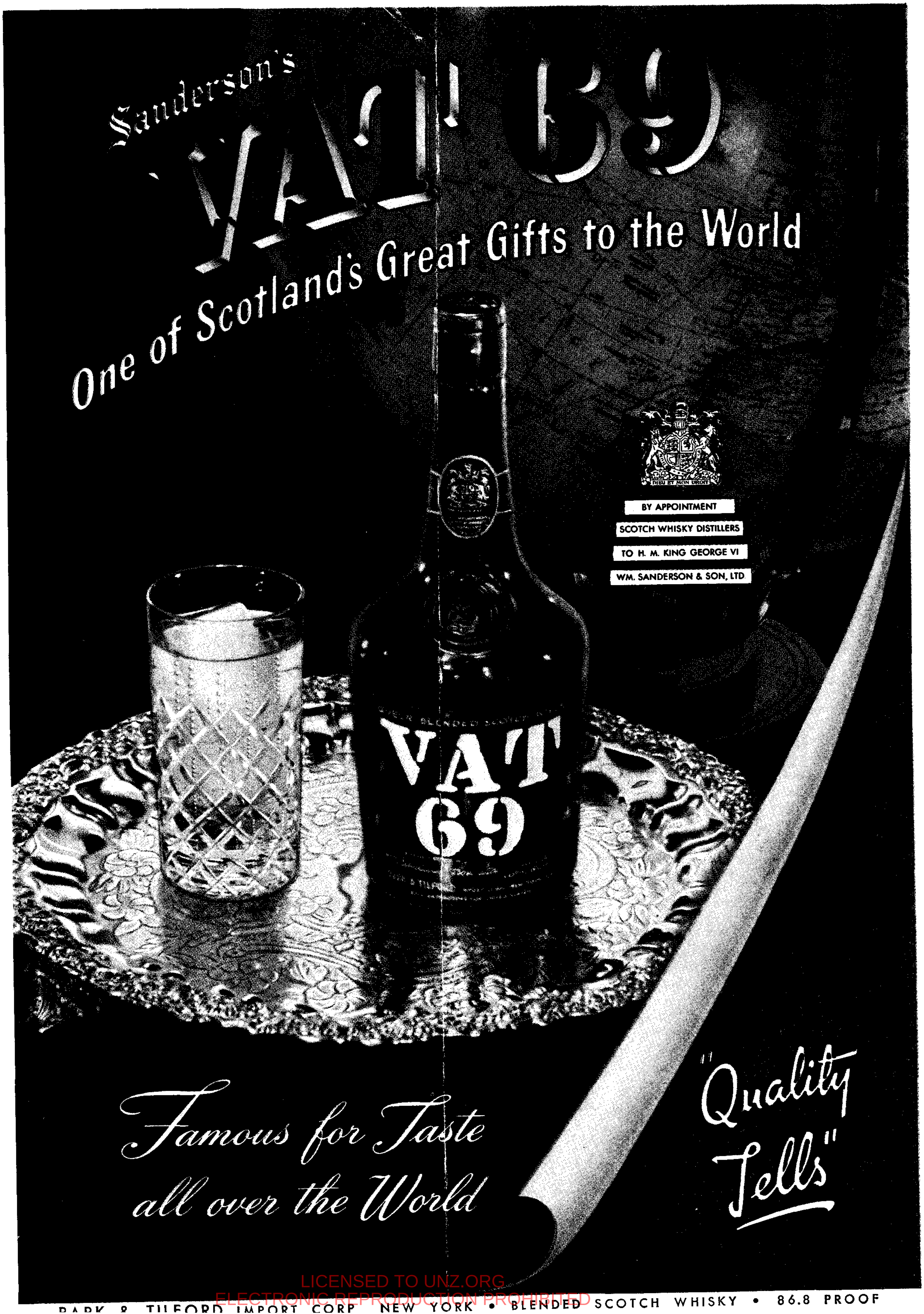
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